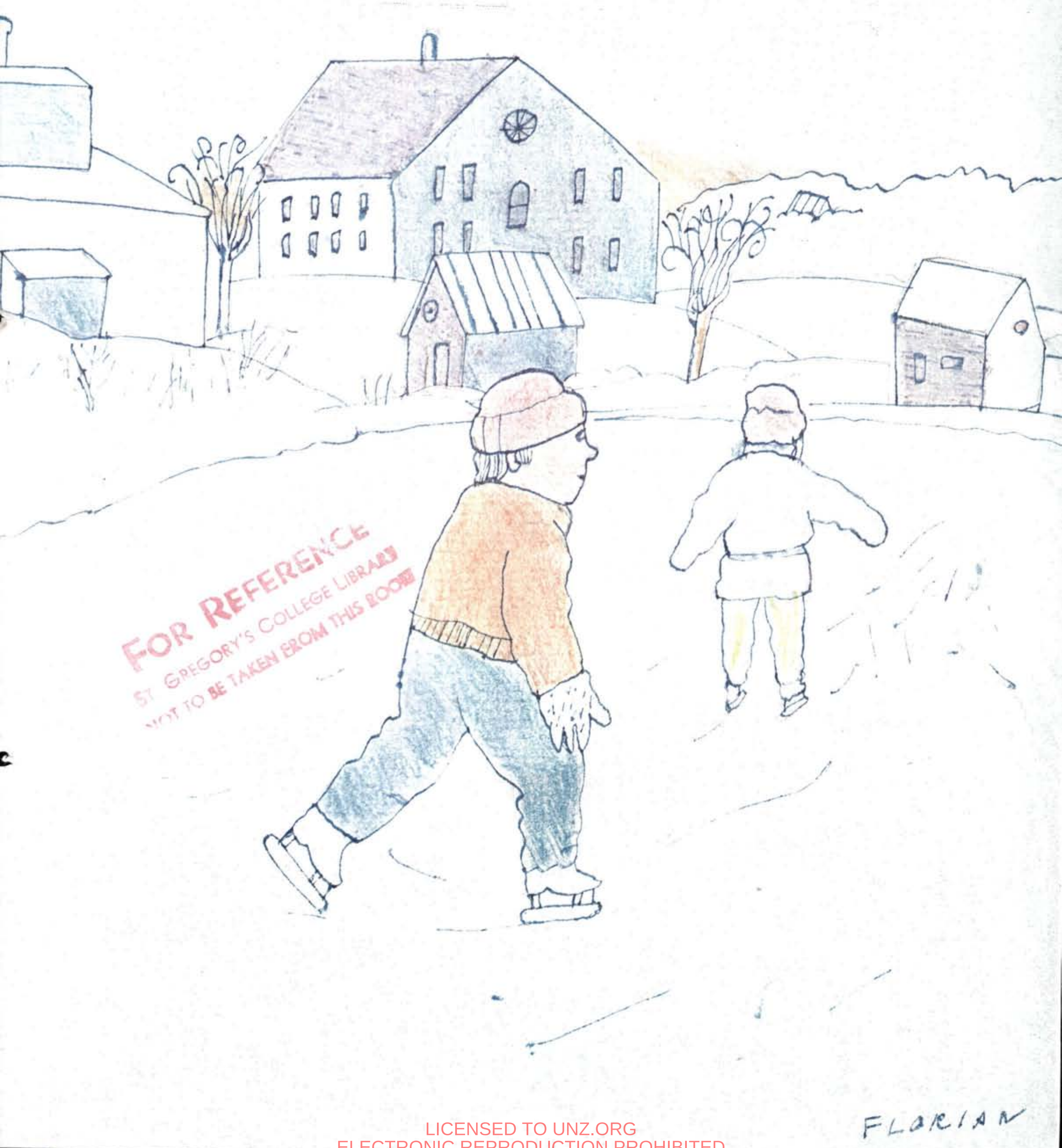
Jan. 23, 1978
One Dollar

THE NEW YORKER



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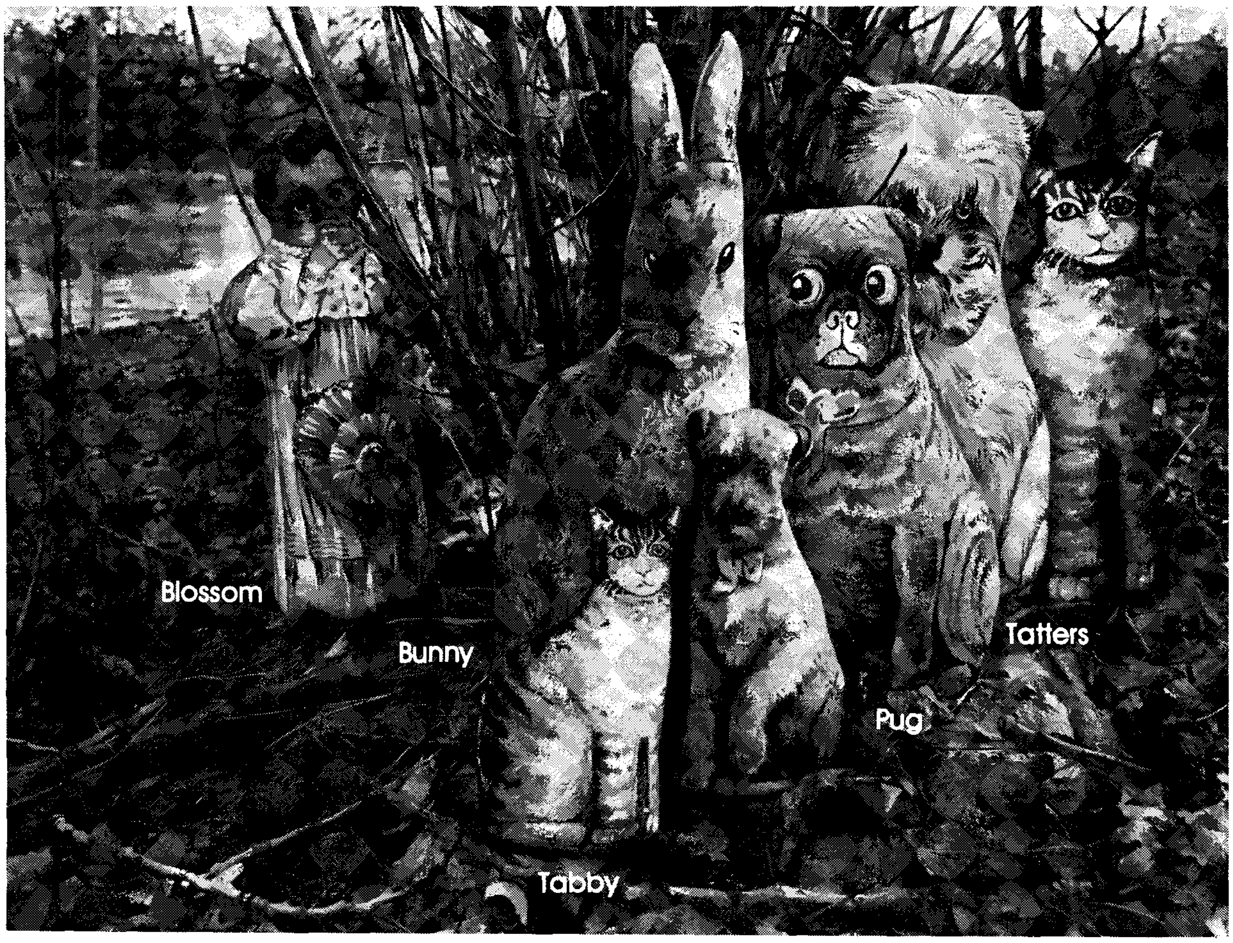

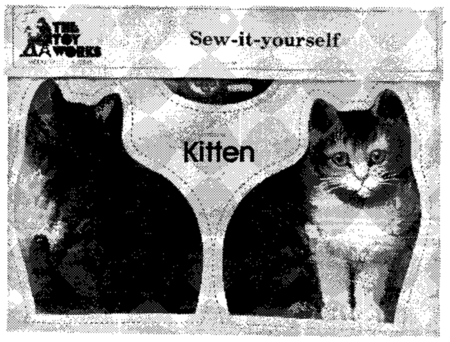

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—We are in a Las Vegas night club, watching a gifted performer do a series of star turns. The performer is played by Liza Minnelli and she *is* gifted, but who would want to be in Vegas? (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

An Almost Perfect Person—Running for political office and making love are, it appears, related activities. A comedy by Judith Ross, with Colleen Dewhurst, George Hearn, and Rex Robbins, directed by Zoe Caldwell. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Block Party—A play by Joseph Lizardi. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22. Free.)

Chapter Two—A new comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Judd Hirsch plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cheaters—A comedy by Michael Jacobs, with Jack Weston, Lou Jacobi, Rosemary Murphy, and Doris Roberts. Directed by Robert Drivas. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—Ronald Ribman's curiously divided play—the first act seems to have very little to do with the second—is an occasion for some admirable acting by Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Do You Turn Somersaults?—A skimpy little two-character play. Luckily, the characters are played by Mary Martin and Anthony Quayle, who are singly and jointly irresistible. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dracula—Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dybbuk—A revival, under the powerful, resourceful direction of Joseph Chaikin, of S. Ansky's play about demonic possessions and Chasidic rites of exorcism. The production, as a whole, is fascinating. The remarkable actors in the leading roles are Richard Bauer, Bruce Myers, Paul Zimmet, Jamil Zakkai, and Marcia Jean Kurtz. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 29.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical **Allegro** is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 29. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fefu and Her Friends—A play by Maria Irene Fornés. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

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Frankie and Annie—A play by Diane Simkin. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Jan. 22, at 7:30.)

Golda—Glimpses of the life of an eminent public personage. Anne Bancroft is superb in the title role of William Gibson's play. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—Elly Stone and Joe Masiell return to their original roles in seven performances of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Jan. 19; Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 21-22; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28; and Saturday, Feb. 4, all at 8. Matinée Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—A revival of the Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (score) musical. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Satur-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mandrake—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Molly—Tammy Grimes has the title role in a play by Simon Gray. Previews through Thursday, Jan. 19. Opens officially on Friday, Jan. 20, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 5. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My Astonishing Self—Donal Donnelly as George Bernard Shaw in a one-man show (first seen in Dublin) devised by Michael Voysey from the writings of G.B.S. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 7, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 5. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Old Man Joseph and His Family—Lou Gilbert heads the cast of a play by Romulus Linney. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Moves on Wednesday, Jan. 25, to the Westside, 407 W. 43rd St., 541-8394. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

One Crack Out—A play by David French. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 29.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paul Robeson—James Earl Jones in a one-man play by Phillip Hayes Dean. Directed by Lloyd Richards. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 19. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Photograph—In music, dancing, projections, and brief scenes, Ntozake Shange tells the story of an ambitious black photographer and the loving women who are the victims of his stormy temperament and bitterness. She has subtitled her play "A Study of Cruelty," but there is much more to it than that—humor, liveliness, and dramatic invention, among other things. Avery Brooks, Michele Shay, Petronia Paley, Count Stovall, and Hattie Winston are the good actors, under Oz Scott's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

A Prayer for My Daughter—The events of this evocative, fascinating play, by Thomas Babe, take place at a police station on the night when a homosexual guru and his junkie disciple are pulled in for a murder, and when the daughter of the sergeant in charge threatens suicide. The atmosphere of the precinct house at a time of emotional crisis is as convincing and pervasive as that of the rock scene in Mr. Babe's "Kid Champion," and the acting, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is exceptionally good. The actors are Jeffrey De Munn, Alan Rosenberg, Laurence Luckinbill, and George Dzundza. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Saint Joan—Shaw's superb play, acted with care and considerable feeling by a company that includes Lynn Redgrave as Joan and Paul Shyre, Philip Bosco, and Tom Aldredge. The director is John Clark. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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A Touch of the Poet—O'Neill's radically imperfect play—one of a sequence that he abandoned—is being bravely dealt with by Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Milo O'Shea. The director is José Quintero. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ulysses in Traction—Albert Innaurato's satire about a play rehearsal at a college with a race riot going on outside, and about many other matters besides, is certainly scattered, but it is also sporadically strong and affecting, and often very funny. The acting, under Marshall W. Mason's direction, is exceptionally good. With William Hurt, Trish Hawkins, and Jake Dengel, among others. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

The Water Engine—David Mamet's play about Chicago in the thirties, and about a young scientist who invents an engine that runs on water, is set in a radio studio and is itself disguised as a broadcast. In spite of many good touches, the play doesn't work, partly because the disguise is not quite secure. It is well acted, though. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Where the Mississippi Meets the Amazon—In this recital of poetry by the poets Ntozake Shange, Thulani, and Jessica Hagedorn (to the accompaniment of a jazz band under David Murray's direction), words, music, and movement combine to make a charming show, which could go on twice as long as it does. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Sundays at 4 and 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

Long Runs—**annie:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the club:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the fantasticks:** 7,368 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **for colored girls who have considered suicide:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **i love my wife:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **mummenschanz:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **same time, next year:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **side by side by sondheim:** An evening of delectable songs by the cleverest (and sometimes the most touching) of contemporary popular composers. The performers are Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **sly fox:** Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes Vincent Gardenia, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **the wiz:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geof-

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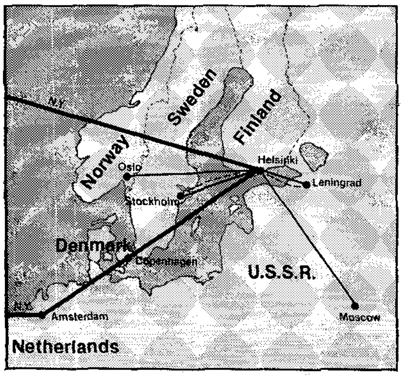

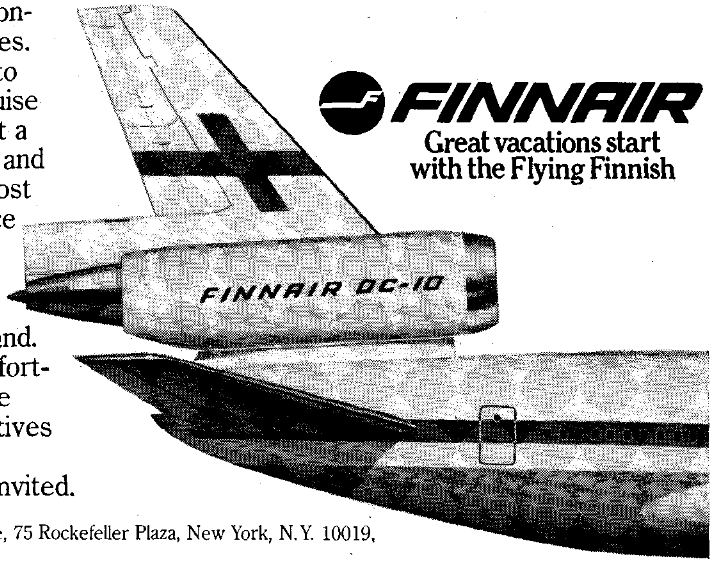

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frey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 18, and Friday, Jan. 20, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Jan. 19, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 21, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 22, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Episodes," "In G Major," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Calcium Light Night" (première), "Tzigane," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Calcium Light Night," "Allegro Brillante," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "An Evening's Waltzes."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Calcium Light Night," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 22, at 1: "Scotch Symphony," "Firebird," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 22, at 7: "Jewels."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack." ... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Calcium Light Night," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Kammermusik No. 2" (première), and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." ... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Kammermusik No. 2." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Joyce Trisler Danscompany—A program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. *Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 25-28, at* 8, and Sunday, Jan. 29, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

●

Jim Hall (Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. 242-1785. Through Sunday, Jan. 22, from nine-thirty.)—Jim Hall's rare New York appearances are doubly valuable: in addition to his continued restoration—and modernization—of the guitar (it was unwittingly turned into an arpeggioed bore by Charlie Parker in the forties), he is one of the consummate jazz improvisers. Each solo is a complete and graceful essay. Hall, unlike most improvisers, who rely on previously discovered patterns (their own and others'), *thinks*, and his silences and short repeated phrases and occasional runs and complicated rhythmic dodges are all part of a carefully designed invention that celebrates both the composer and the improviser. Freshness and delicacy and intensity shine from every phrase. Hall's experiments with duos (guitar and bass) have been fascinating. The *instruments, with their similarities and dif*ferences, challenge and recharge one another, and his choice of bassists has been both first-rate and fearless. (Jay Leonhart, Jack Six, Ron Carter, Michael Moore). For the past several months, he has been working with **red mitchell**, an exceptional player who is the best of the immediate descendants of Oscar Pettiford and Charles Mingus. (Mitchell lives in Sweden, and hasn't played in New York since the mid-sixties.) He can do anything the young *terribles* can do (dying sing-song notes, guitar chords, vaulting arpeggios), but he does it with humor and without sacrificing melodic clarity and urgency. Hall and Mitchell work together like wind and wheat—in tight unison ensembles, in easy counterpoint, and behind each other's solos. Hall's materials are generally familiar (they are easier to catapult from), and a set will include a couple of ballads ("Fly Me to the Moon," "In a Sentimental Mood"), a blues, and perhaps a Mitchell or Hall original. A distinguished engagement that should be twice as long and twice as visible.

●

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop, new-jazz, and, sometimes, veteran bebopping musicians are booked into these quarters by its sympathetic proprietor, drummer Rashied Ali. Drummer **keno duke** leads his quintet through Saturday, Jan. 21; on Tuesday, Jan. 24, violinist Billy Bang will arrive with *his* quintet. Mondays are session times for trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels and his fourteen-piece band, called Energy, which is sometimes gangly, frequently free and robust, and nearly always accessible. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Organic jazz and out-there apple juice. Brass Proud, an ensemble made up of five trumpets and a rhythm section, will perform on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20-21; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, tenor saxophonist **chico freeman** will work with cellist **abdul wadud.** Sets begin at nine-thirty and midnight.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—with a self-conscious portrait of the club interior hanging near the stage. Pamela Myers, a large-voiced singer who includes an Ethel Merman medley in her show, goes on Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **dardanelle** is on hand from seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in a variety of jazz players to perform in its cocktail lounge. Pianist John Hicks is in charge of a trio through Saturday, Jan. 21; Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 25-28, tenor saxophonist **dewey redman** will be leading a trio. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This place is considered by many to be the Metropolitan Museum of Rock and Roll, with its safe collection of artists. On Wednesday, Jan. 18, baritone folk-rock singer Tom Rush is here; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20-21, jazz-disco-pop-bossa-nova flutist Herbie Mann will lead his band; Sunday *through Tuesday, Jan. 22-24, ventriloquist* Charles Ludlam will trade sets with **stormin' norman and suzy**, a ragtime, slapstick-rock sextet; on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 25-26, Dr. Hook, a rock septet, will visit; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, rural-blues singer and guitarist **john hammond** will re-create the mannerisms of the Robert Johnson period. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A seemingly inexhaustible supply of devoted patrons and a new grand piano. **jimmy rowles** and his bassist **sam jones** provide the music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**bucky pizzarelli** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a brilliant trio, with **tony monte** on piano and **ron naspo** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—While Bobby Short is away, singer Michael Carney will play in the Café Carlyle. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 24, piano stylist and occasional breathy vocalist **george shearing** will become the Bobby Short Substitute (while B. S. takes his semester break). Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dinner and supper.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **marian mcpartland** rules the keyboard from about nine-thirty Mondays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**alberta hunter**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced blues singer, songwriter, and legend (she's eighty-two), has returned with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall, and she's still delighting her audiences. Sunday music is provided by **rose murphy**, a shrewd, swinging singer and an excellent Earl Hines pianist. Music nightly from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—This room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty, tenor saxophonist **buddy tate** shares the tiny bandstand with a trio.

Daly's Daffodil, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—While the fastidious pianist **ellis larkins**, his bassist, **billy popp**, and his drummer, **jack mcallister**, take breaks from their concise sets, you can watch the "Odd Couple" on color TV. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. On Sundays, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, harpist **daphne hellman**,

Anne Burgess

Alan Arkin in The Defection of Simas Kudirka

The true story of
a Soviet seaman
who risked all
for sanctuary in
America. His
English was poor,
but his appeal
was eloquent:
"I want free!"

January 23 CBS

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

guitarist EDDIE BERG, and bassist Tibor Tomka team up. Dinner.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Warren Vaché, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Jan. 24, trombonist EDDIE HUBBLE and soprano saxophonist KENNY DAVERN will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Jan. 22, tenor saxophonist HAROLD ASHBY will bring in a quartet. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; Sundays from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays from ten to three, AL HAIG, JAMIL NASSER, and EDDIE DIEHL perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist CHUCK WAYNE leads a trio. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist HOD O'BRIEN usually holds down the fort with FRANK LUTHER on bass, JOE PUMA on guitar, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. This foursome works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session, from seven to three. Weeknights from seven to ten, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Double Image, a lyrical quartet copiloted by David Samuels and David Friedman—they both double on marimba and vibraharp—winds up a two-week visit on Saturday, Jan. 21. On Monday, Jan. 23, CHICO HAMILTON, a wily, melodious drummer and a smooth, witty showman, will begin working with a sturdy young quartet that plays rhythm and blues at its subtlest. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one, and no music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—While Roy Eldridge is away, Max Kaminsky takes his place through Tuesday, Jan. 24; Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 25-28, RUBY BRAFF will take charge. The loyal resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt—hang in weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—BROOKS KERR, the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, has moved into these quarters along with his fatherly associates: clarinettist and saxophonist RUSSELL PROCOPE, bassist AARON BELL, and drummer SHELTON GARY. Kerr and company perform Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr, Bell, and longtime Ellington drummer SONNY GREER are here Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Music and lots of wisecracks from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Gil Wiest has brought back DICK HYMAN'S Perfect Repertory Band (PEE WEE ERWIN on trumpet, BOB WILBER on reeds, Hyman on piano, MILT HINTON on bass, and BOBBY ROSENGARDEN on drums), and this time, it is concentrating on George Gershwin. The Perfect Repertory Band goes very hard when it has to, plays straight ad-lib numbers without sagging, and floats easily through ballads. A delightful evening. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Percussionist RAY BARRETTO and his energetic young salsa band perform here Thursdays through Saturdays, and the place could get crowded. Music from about ten. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Wednesdays through Sundays, Darryl Rhoades and the HaHavishnu Orchestra present set-long sophomoric parodies of rock and roll. Folkie Stephen Forbert opens the shows, which begin most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Peter Brown, 168 W. 96th St. (866-4710)—Hard bop comes to the upper West Side in the form of the Reggie Moore trio, Thursdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. Stan Rubin's band plays through Sunday, Jan. 22; on Tuesday, Jan. 24, Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra will arrive. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Geraldine Fitzgerald, lately a singer of street songs, shares the facilities with pop singer Gerri Griffin through Saturday, Jan. 21. Miss Griffin appears at nine, and Miss Fitzgerald at midnight. On Tuesday, Jan. 24, two young singers will start alternating sets: Randy Edelman and Barbara Soehner. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from six to seven-thirty, you can hear BLOSSOM DEARIE play and sing old favorites like "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Shadowing You," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua." Dinner.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Mondays, bassist CHUCK ISRAELS heads up a nine-piece ensemble; on Tuesdays, guitarist JIMMY PONDER works with bassist LISLE ATKINSON; Wednesdays are LEE KONITZ nights, as the altoist leads a nonet; on Thursdays, saxophonist RONNIE CUBER is present with a quintet; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20-21, pianist RONNIE MATTHEWS will head a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, vibraharpist Vera Auer will bring in a quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—JIM HALL (*see above*) and bassist RED MITCHELL are here through Sunday, Jan. 22. Monday, Jan. 23, is reserved for pianist MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS and his quartet; and Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 24-28, bassist RON CARTER and his sidemen—pianist KENNY BARRON, drummer BEN RILEY, and bassist BUSTER WILLIAMS—will be in charge here. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20-21, beginning at nine-thirty, MC COY TYNER, an intense, rhythmic, and vertiginous pianist, leads his sextet; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, drummer ART BLAKEY will drop by with his current crop of JAZZ MESSENGERS, and so will guitarist LARRY CORYELL, whose recent rather arty solo performances might be entitled "Rodrigo and Roll." On Monday, Jan. 23, a considerable number of good jazz players will participate in a jam session, from eight. Upstairs: Bob January guides a fifteen-piece dance band on Sundays from seven to eleven. In the terrace bar, harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN, guitarist EDDIE BERG, and bassist LISLE ATKINSON perform on Thursdays from nine to midnight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Cool and placid trumpeter and sometime vocalist CHET BAKER and his youthful sextet finish up a week here on Sunday, Jan. 22; on Tuesday, Jan. 24, the HEATH BROTHERS—saxophonist JIMMY, bassist PERCY, and drummer TOOTIE—and a friend of the family, pianist STANLEY COWELL, will descend the stairs. The Monday-night institution within an institution, the THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS band, is alive, well, and, fortunately, home between tours. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Sadik Hakim and bassist Errol Waters. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The premises are divided among students on a break, students playing pinball, and students (and others) listening to the COUNTSMEN—DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN, DILL JONES, FRANKLIN SKEETE, and JO JONES, JR.—who will perform through Sunday, Jan. 22. Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 24-26, clarinettist Art Miller will lead a quintet; and on Friday, Jan. 27, saxophonist George Kelly will come in with his Jazz Sultans. Music from nine to one-thirty, except Monday, Jan. 23, when rare records will be played and swing trumpeter Ed Lewis will comment on them, starting at eight. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Music in a thirties-chic bar area the size of a kitchenette. Patrons sit atop stool-high banquettes with the room-dominating baby grand practically in their laps. The music chores are divided up between three fine pianists—HAROLD DANKO, JILL MC MANUS, and JUDD WOLDIN. Music from nine.

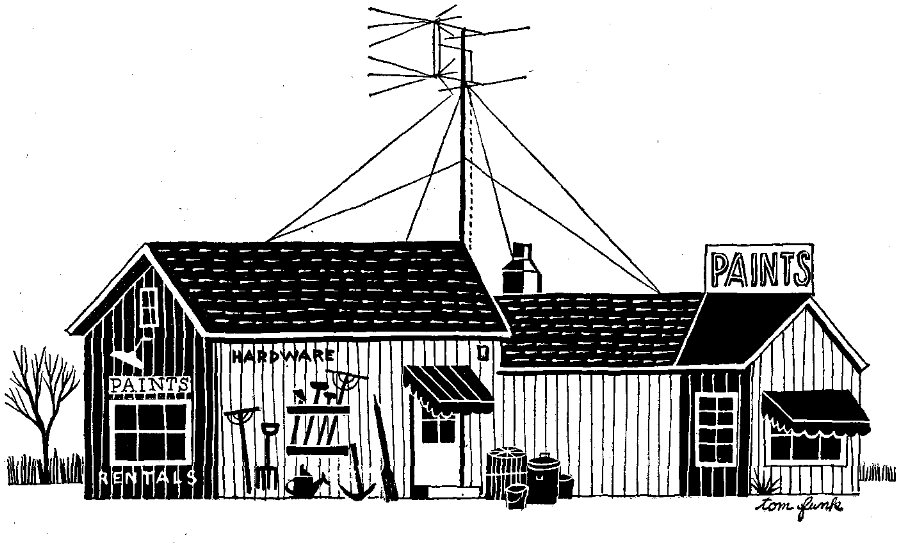
JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Elvis the Legend Lives—With Rick Saucedo as Elvis, the Jordanaires, and D. J. Fontana conducting an orchestra. (Rivoli, Broadway at 49th St. 247-1633. Wednesday, Jan. 18, through Sunday, Feb. 5. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sarah Vaughan, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, and **Mercer Ellington Conducting the Duke Ellington Orchestra**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8 and at midnight; and Sunday, Jan. 22, at 7:30.

Kirk Nurock and Natural Sound—The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.

Heavenly Jazz Concerts—The third in a series of six benefit concerts, this one performed by Joe Venuti, Bucky Pizzarelli, John Bunch,



Milt Hinton, Bobby Rosengarden, and Kenny Davern. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Walter Darby Bannard—Recent color-field paintings. Through Thursday, Jan. 26. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Watercolors of butterflies. Also collages and drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—*Several of her blimplike*, gaudily decorated Nanas; a papier-mâché penguin with bright insignia on his wings; and assorted graphics. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Esther Gentle—Watercolors and drawings, including a primitive self-portrait. Through Wednesday, Jan. 25. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Gerome Kamrowski—Surrealist paintings and works on paper, some of which make references to insects and aquatic protozoa; also Abstract Expressionist works. All are dated 1940-47. Through Feb. 14. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

John Opper—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, Jan. 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Bill Sullivan—A summer sunset on the Hudson and other views from West Side piers; also still-lifes and figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Richard Estes, Philip Guston, Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and others. Through Jan. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Abstract paintings by six contemporary Ecuadorian artists. Through Sunday, Jan. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: *British Pottery '77*, a collection of elegant porcelain works by fifteen potters working in England. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. . . . **ingber**, 3 E. 78th St.: Five contemporaries (Steve Conley, Stuart Diamond, Gerald Laing, George Parrino, and Modris Ramans) whose paintings, assemblages, and sculptures reflect the influence of Cubism. Through Feb. 1. . . . **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Helen Hokinson, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Feb. 4. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings and small sculptures by Boucher, Fragonard, Henry Moore, and others. Through Feb. 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **willard**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Paintings by Lois Lane, Joe Zucker, and others, and wall pieces by Barbara Schwartz. Through Feb. 9.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Stanley Boxer—Six new paintings—in soft blues, beiges, greens—whose textured surface is marked by a flowing feathery line. Through Feb. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Calvert Coggeshall—Abstract paintings and collages. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Kathleen Cooke—Seated-figure clay or stone sculptures and charcoal or pastel drawings. Through Feb. 11. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

William Copley—An ochre-colored wallpaper with a bold stripe running through it provides the background for mirror-Plexiglas cutouts of cavorting figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Hagin—Realist paintings of studio interiors. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Hare—Abstract paintings inspired by the landscapes of India and Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Through Feb. 11. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Norman Ives—Collaged materials (old printed matter, including musical scores) organized into squares or triangles. Through Feb. 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jane Kaufman—A series of two-panel works consisting of bugle beads applied to black velvet. Through Feb. 4. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Earl Kerkam (1891-1965)—Late works (twenty-two oils) by an artist who specialized in portraits and still-lifes. Through Feb. 18. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Mazur—Paintings and works on paper of apes in a Massachusetts zoo. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Yvonne Muller—New abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Jan. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Georges Noël—Overlapping, errant L-squares *painted with a mixture of pigment*, vinyl, and sand, giving them a gravelly surface. Through Feb. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Nathan Oliveira—About fifty monotypes done in series. Through Feb. 4. (Dorsky, 4 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Elaine Reichek—Multi-panelled see-through pieces in which organdie, cut in various shapes, is housed between two sheets of Plexiglas. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Peter Saul—A stagecoach robbery and works by other painters ("Nude Descending a Staircase," for one) are the bases for a new group of paintings by an artist who employs Day-Glo colors. Through Feb. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

American Primitive Art—Naïve paintings, sculptures, and embroidery by Edward Hicks, Horace Pippin, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, a book of original prints, and other works by Kasimir Malevich (1878-1935), along with works by other Russian nonobjective artists from the same period, among them Lazar El Lissitzky and Vladimir Tatlin. Through Feb. 11. . . . **hammer**, 51 E. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century American artists Prendergast, Twachtman, Eastman Johnson, and others. Through Feb. 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Helen Frankenthaler, Henry Moore, and Robert Natkin. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Americans who worked in this century and the last, including Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, and Charles Demuth. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Landscapes of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales by William Palmer, Charles Coiner, and William Thon. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **washburn**, 42 E. 57th St.: Four studies Léger made for an unexecuted mural, as well as sculptures and works on paper from the thirties and forties by Ibram Lassaw, Byron Browne, and others. Through Feb. 4.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Frances Barth / Arthur Cohen—Abstract paintings by a colorist. / Large-scale pastels. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Mel Bochner—Casein wall paintings of geometric figures. Also pastels. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Donald Cole—New paintings, combining abstract and representational elements, on unstretched canvas. Through Feb. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Dan Flavin—Four groupings of colored fluorescent lights that were conceived with the gallery space in mind. Through Feb. 11. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

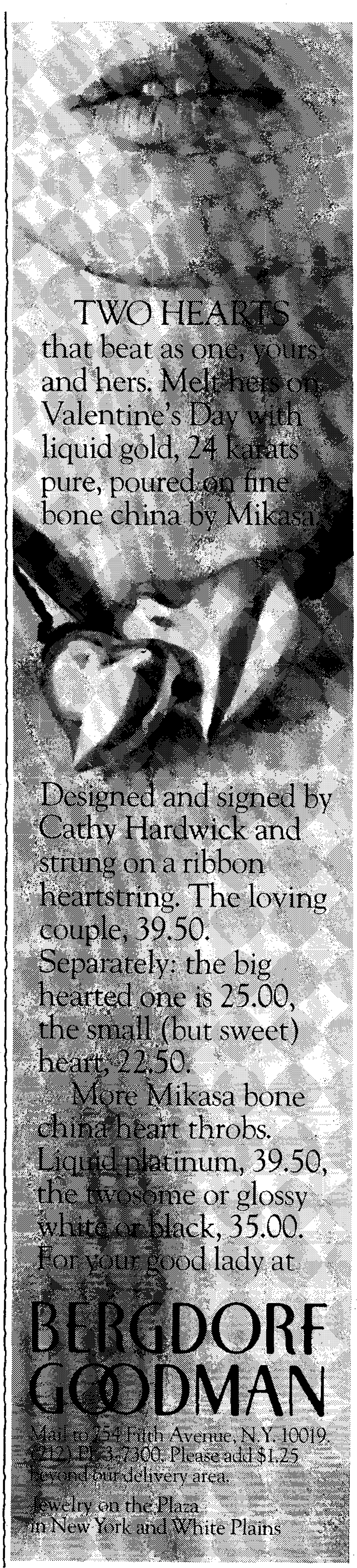
Helen Frankenthaler—An exhibit that reviews the artist's small-scale paintings. Through Feb. 11. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Emily Fuller / Mimi Smith—Monochromatic abstract paintings and works on paper. / Drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Sam Gilliam—Large abstract oils. Through Feb. 4. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Andrew Jansons—Abstract paintings in which light and dark areas are contrasted. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Christopher Knowles—Colored patterns made with a typewriter on sheets of paper up to ten



TWO HEARTS that beat as one, yours and hers. Melt hers on Valentine's Day with liquid gold, 24 karats pure, poured on fine bone china by Mikasa.

Designed and signed by Cathy Hardwick and strung on a ribbon heartstring. The loving couple, 39.50. Separately: the big hearted one is 25.00, the small (but sweet) heart, 22.50.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

feet long. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Richard Nonas—Weathered-steel and wood sculptures, and large drawings by a Minimalist. Through Jan. 31. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Sylvia Sleigh—Portraits of women (most of them sister artists) and a group portrait of members of the A.I.R. Gallery. Through Feb. 8. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

George Szekely—New works involving wallpaper and floor tiles on large sheets of freestanding plywood. Through Feb. 4. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Robert Wilson—Drawings for stage sets. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At **castelli**, 420 West Broadway: Drawings whose form derives from mathematical ideas (some incorporate numerals), by artists from several disciplines, including Paul Klee, Carl Andre, Steve Reich, and Lucinda Childs, in a show that was put together by a number of Yale University students and their teacher. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Unknown artists can show their works to the staff here four days a week, and the current show (works by ten young artists) stems from this process. Through March 11. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.). . . **soho 20**, 99 Spring St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by nineteen members (the entire roster) of a feminist gallery. Through Feb. 1. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Fred Gutzeit—Paintings done over a period of years during which time the artist's style shifted from representational to abstract. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

Margot Robinson—Abstract acrylic paintings, and sculptures. Through Jan. 29. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Tony Rosenthal—Eight thousand pounds of steel tubing are used in a sculpture that viewers can walk in and around. Through Friday, Jan. 27. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At **the new museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Joan Brown, Charles Garabedian, and William Wegman are among the contributors to a showing of works that, in one way or another, flout artistic convention. Through Feb. 28. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesdays until 8.). . . **pretto**, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St.: An exhibit of works that are outside the usual range of the artists involved—i.e., watercolors by Lucio Pozzi, drawings of caterpillars by Nancy Graves, an abstract collage on wood by George Segal. Through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)

Note: The exhibition space at 88 Pine Street, where Red Grooms' "Ruckus Manhattan" and Otto Piene's "Anemones" once were shown, is now the scene of a walk-around-in environmental work embracing most of the arts. The concept is by the artist Ann Wilson, who has re-created, on a modified scale, the imposing stage setting that Gordon Craig designed for a 1912 production of "Hamlet" in Moscow. Evocative scrims have been added to this, and performances of music, dance, and drama are offered on the stage from time to time. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 3; Saturdays, noon to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Herbert Bayer—The Museum of Modern Art is showing photomontages and other works from the twenties and thirties by this Austrian-born graphic artist, once of the Bauhaus. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Peter Beard—Photographs of roaming African wildlife juxtaposed with those of slaughtered animals. Through Sunday, Jan. 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Also open Sundays, 11 to 5, and Tuesdays until 8.)

Julia Margaret Cameron (1815-79)—Portraits of, among others, Rossetti, Tennyson, Herschel, and Alice Liddell, plus soft-focus prints of young girls and women swathed in gauzy fabrics. Through Feb. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Roger Cutforth—Sequential (in time) color photographs of Western landscapes. Through Feb. 4. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Walker Evans (1903-75)—Two hundred and fifty vintage prints from the thirties and forties. Through Feb. 4. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Gatewood—A photographic essay on the Wall Street area. Some of the images are near-abstractions. Through Jan. 31. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

David Hamilton—Almost painterly color photographs of women—some mistily draped, some not—in idealized poses and settings. Through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Images, 11 E. 57th St. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

Felix H. Man—Photographs by a German photojournalist. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.). . . ¶ Portraits. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Feb. 11.

Mary Ellen Mark—Pictures taken in the women's ward of an Oregon state hospital by a photographer who got the idea while doing stills for "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." Through Feb. 4. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904) / **Yousuf Karsh**—Yosemite Valley prints, plus animal-locomotion photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. / Portraits (what else?) of Winston Churchill, Georgia O'Keeffe, Hemingway, and others. Through Feb. 11. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

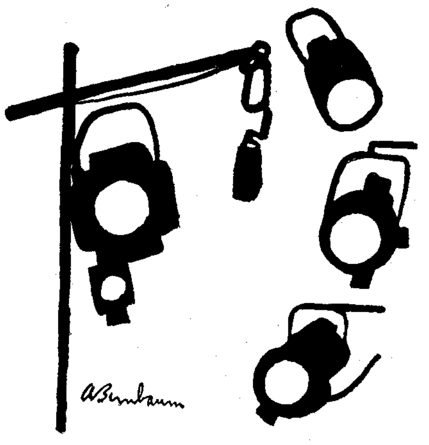
John Phillips—Photographs of the Arab-Israeli conflict in Jerusalem in 1948 (Phillips was on assignment for *Life*), and of fifty-one of the people who figure in those early pictures as they appear today. Through Feb. 27. (America-Israel Cultural Foundation, third floor, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Arthur Rothstein—A documentation of life in America from the Depression years through the late forties by a former member of the Farm Security Administration. Through Feb. 4. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Karl Struss—Platinum prints mostly from the Photo-Secession years. Through Feb. 11. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann / Francis Bruguière (1879-1945)—Surrealistic multiple-image prints. / Forty vintage photographs, many of them abstract. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Pictures by Harry Callahan, Alfred Stieglitz, Barbara Morgan, and about fifty other photographers, in an exhibit entitled "New York, New York." Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The impact of the advent of Christianity on art forms is the concern of a show called "The Age of Spirituality," which brings together more than four hundred objects—plaques, tapestries, jewelry, manuscripts—of disparate styles and subjects. Through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ A show of prints, photographs, architectural and ornament drawings, and illustrated books acquired by the museum during the last five years. The range is vast—Dürer to Weegee. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred items in the costume collection. For their time and place, they represent the ne plus ultra in luxury, such as a pair of seventeenth-century French white-kid shoes embroidered in pastel-colored and metal-silk thread, and a Fortuny evening dress from this century trimmed with Venetian-glass beads. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of ninety architectural drawings that Le Corbusier made for half as many projects (studio assistants had a hand in some of the sketches) between the years 1912 and 1962. Starts Friday, Jan. 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of collages and drawings by Jean Arp. Through March 5. . . . **photography:** Herbert Bayer. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by European artists (Braque, Dali, Klee, Moore) comprise a show, called "Forty Modern Masters," with which the museum salutes itself at the end of its fortieth year. Through Feb. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The last half of the Jasper Johns retrospective can be seen through Sunday, Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The American abstract painter Stuart Davis set his sights on a career in painting so early in life that he left high school in his first year and went to study with Robert Henri. This exhibit contains more than a hundred of his paintings and drawings. Starts Saturday, Jan. 21. . . . ¶ "Peasant Paintings from Huhsien County of the People's Republic of China," a show of eighty genre gouaches done by Chinese farmers in their spare time. Through Sunday, Jan. 22. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Reptiles and Amphibians is now open, and the inmates are hard to ignore, though stuffed: Komodo dragons, which are the biggest lizards in the world; a twenty-five-foot python; a fourteen-foot crocodile. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of drinking vessels and such, made of metal (often silver) and engraved, embossed, or inlaid with niello, the work of Persian craftsmen of the Sasanian Empire (226 to 651 A.D.). Also related works. Through March 12. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of objects from China's I-Hsing potteries, dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Nearly four hundred objects from the museum's collection of decorative arts—textiles, wallpaper, furniture, ceramics—arranged in ways that point up their origins, function, techniques, and so forth. Through Feb. 28.

(Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A small, teasing sample of the recently acquired Heineman collection of literary, scientific, and musical manuscripts. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ More than a hundred seventeenth-century Dutch drawings (ten of them Rembrandts) on loan from the Institut Néerlandais, in Paris. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A display of books that have been enhanced by an inscription or a drawing either by the author or simply by a reader; for example, James Thurber made thirteen pencil drawings in his first edition of Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa," and it is on view. Through March 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to representations of dogs in such folk-art forms as pottery, needlework, furniture, and paintings. Through April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Mass-produced dolls, handmade dolls, and those in between (the earliest is an eighteenth-century Queen Anne-style doll), together with miniature furniture, folk art, and silver. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of children's literature and illustrations that includes some original drawings for "The Wizard of Oz," a manuscript of Kate Greenaway's "Mother Goose," and a first edition of "Alice in Wonderland." Through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ "Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. Through April 29. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Batik paintings by Leo Twiggs. . . . ¶ A showing by two photographers: Mel Wright's depictions of South American life, and Al Fennar's near-abstractions. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Feb. 19.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 18: A new production of Massenet's "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; conducted by John Pritchard. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 19: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Wieslaw Ochman, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, and Ryan Edwards. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 20: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 21: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Kubiak, Grace Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, James McCracken, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 21: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 23: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and Ivo Vinco; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 24: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Wieslaw Ochman, and Vern Shinall; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, and Allan Monk. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 25: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 26: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Kubiak, Grace Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, Richard Cassilly, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 27: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and Ivo Vinco; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 28: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 28: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Wieslaw Ochman, and Vern Shinall; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, and Allan Monk. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. (Evenings at 8; on Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 7:30. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 21, at 1:30, and Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—Performances of Mahler's Ninth Symphony on Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 20, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 7:30 (no soloists); and performances of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 7:30 (all with Benita Valente, soprano; Birgit Finnilä, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis directing, with Teresa Zylis-Gara, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Alexander Stevenson, tenor; Norman Bailey, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 18-19, at 8.)

St. Louis Symphony—Walter Susskind conducting, with Elly Ameling, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Manhattan Wind Symphony—David Simon and George Manahan conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2: Antonia Brico conducting a program of music by French composers, with Robert Black, saxophone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8: Lukas Foss directing the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one with Henry Schuman, oboe; Richard Frisch, baritone; Jocy De Oliveira, piano, and the Brooklyn Boys' Chorus. Composers Betsy Jolas, George Crumb, and Krzysztof Penderecki will participate in a forum with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Baroque Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 22, at 5:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Franco Gulli, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 3.)

Vienna Chamber Orchestra—Philippe Entremont conducting and acting as piano soloist. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 3.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York—Richard Kapp conducting, with Judith Norell, harpsichord, and Nathan Stutch, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 3.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing a program entitled "Great Choral Music: From Palestrina to Debussy." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Manhattan Opera Singers—Lois Albright directing a performance of Honegger's oratorio "King David," with soloists and an orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Peter Eros directing the last in a series of concerts, this one with Lorna Haywood, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a

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program of music by Billings and Ives. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

RECITALS

Sequeira Costa—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Michael and Beveridge Webster—Clarinet and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Borodin Piano Trio—A program of Russian music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2.)

Eugen Sarbu—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2:30.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Radu Lupu—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

André Watts—Piano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Aulos Wind Quintet—With Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 22, at 2.)

Lazar Berman—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 3.)

New World Consort—A program of Spanish music of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 3. For information about tickets, call 582-5795.)

Edmund Niemann—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Renaissance Revels," including sixteenth-century dance reconstructions, with members of the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble and the Early Music String Band. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Youri Egorov—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The second in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one devoted to works by Seymour Shifrin and Hugo Weisgall, performed by Judith Raskin, soprano; Morey Ritt, piano; the Queens College Choir; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Erick Friedman—Violin, with Ivan Davis, piano, in a recital of sonatas by French composers. The last in a series of programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

William Parker—Baritone, singing Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin." (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Grace Bumbry—Soprano, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Yuval Waldman—Violin, with the Andreas String Quartet and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, with Philippe Entremont, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Mary Sadovnikoff—Fortepiano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

New York Consort of Viols—With Shelley Gruskin, baroque flute and musette, and Louis Bagger, harpsichord. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Paula Robison—Flute, with Samuel Sanders, harpsichord and piano, in a program of music of France. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Barry Tuckwell, horn; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; Keith Brown, trombone; and Gary Graffman, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Arnold Steinhardt and Misha Dichter—Violin and piano, in a recital of Beethoven sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MISCELLANY

Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company—James Richman directing a chamber orchestra and acting as harpsichord soloist in a program of music and dance entitled "The Baroque and Classic in Germany." With Ann Monoyios, soprano; Jeffrey Gall, countertenor; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and Steven Lubin, fortepiano. The second of two concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Golden State, Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Thursday, Jan. 26, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8. . . . **rutgers university athletic center,** Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Portland, Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Seattle, Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kansas City, Sunday, Jan. 22, at 1:35. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Jan. 28. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays, except Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 24-25, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 22. The Aqueduct Handicap, Sunday, Jan. 22, and the Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 17.

Squash Racquets—1978 Bancroft Women's Open—Tournament matches, Friday, Jan. 20, at 6 and 8, and Saturday, Jan. 21, at 9 and 11. . . . ¶ Quarterfinals, Saturday, Jan. 21, at 1:30 and 3:30. . . . ¶ Semifinals, Sunday, Jan. 22, at 10:30. . . . ¶ Finals, Sunday, Jan. 22, at 3. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. 860-8630.)

Track—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 27, at 7.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8, from Wednesday, Jan. 18, through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

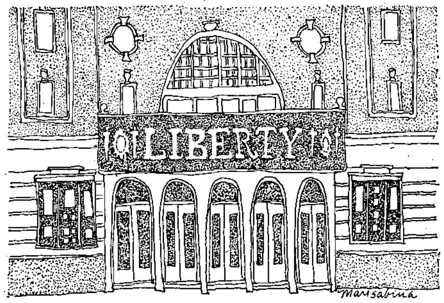
Poetry Readings—Anthony Hecht and James Merrill reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ Kofi Awoonor reading from his own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

National Boat Show—The sixty-eighth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and canoes, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 18-20, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 21, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Jan. 22, from noon to 7.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 19, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 2, and Thursday, Jan. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese paintings and textiles, snuff bottles, jades, and other works of art; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 20.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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			18	19	20	21
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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Outrageous!"

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 24: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" and "Images."
From Jan. 25: "The Gauntlet" and "Death Wish."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Outrageous!"

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The World's Greatest Lover."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Annie Hall."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Jan. 19: "The Choirboys."
From Jan. 20: "The Goodbye Girl."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Duellists."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Iphigenia." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Jan. 25.)

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Dersu Uzala."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Turning Point."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Jan. 19: "Sasquatch."
From Jan. 20: "Mado."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Padre Padrone."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Children of Theatre Street."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The World's Greatest Lover."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Mr. Klein."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Jan. 19: "The Goodbye Girl."
From Jan. 20: "Oh, God!"

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 24: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."
From Jan. 25: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 19: "Sasquatch."
From Jan. 20: "Semi-Tough."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 19: "The Gauntlet."
From Jan. 20: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Telefon."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Choirboys."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Song Remains the Same."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Jan. 19: "Short Eyes."
From Jan. 20: "The Goodbye Girl."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Jan. 24: "The Sensual Man."
From Jan. 25: "Renaldo and Clara."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 19: "Modern Times" and "The Great Dictator."
From Jan. 20: "Semi-Tough."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "A Special Day."
Theatre 2: "Equus."
Theatre 3: "Short Eyes."
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 19: "Heart of Glass." From Jan. 20: "The Goodbye Girl."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Operation Thunderbolt."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Jan. 24: "1900."
From Jan. 25: "Renaldo and Clara."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 24: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."
From Jan. 25: "The Gauntlet."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"High Anxiety."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The World's Greatest Lover." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Jan. 18, and Tuesday, Jan. 24.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Best Way."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 19: "Sasquatch."
From Jan. 20: "Modern Times" and "The Great Dictator."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 19: "Which Way Is Up?" From Jan. 20: "Semi-Tough."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 19: "Equus." From Jan. 20: "The Goodbye Girl."
Theatre 3: "Modern Times" and "The Great Dictator."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 24: "Outrageous!"
From Jan. 25: "Renaldo and Clara."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"Sasquatch."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 18: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; and "Boccaccio '70" (1962), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, Luchino Visconti, and Vittorio De Sica, with Anita Ekberg, Romy Schneider, and Sophia Loren.
Jan. 19: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien; and "The Clock" (1945), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Moyna Macgill.
Jan. 20-21: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Devils" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed.
Jan. 22-23: "It's Always Fair Weather" (1955), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Mr. Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse, Dolores Gray, and Michael Kidd; and "For Me and My Gal." (†)
Jan. 24: "Death by Hanging" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima; and "Punishment Island" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda.
Jan. 25: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (†); and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.
Jan. 26: "Ziegfeld Follies" (1946), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Gene Kelly; and "The Pirate." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 18: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien; and "The Clock" (1945), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Moyna Macgill.
Jan. 19: "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "The Time Machine" (1960), directed by George Pal, with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot.
Jan. 20: "My Night at Maud's" (†) and "La Collectionneuse." (†)
Jan. 21: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Travels with My Aunt" (1972), directed by George Cukor, with Maggie Smith and Alec McCowen.
Jan. 22: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), in French, directed by Jacques Feyder, with Louis Jouvet and Françoise Rosay; and "The Great Dictator." (†)
Jan. 23: "Harlan County, U.S.A." (1977), directed by Barbara Kopple, a documentary on the coal miner's strike in Kentucky in 1973; and "Whiskey Flats" (1969), directed by MacGregor Douglas.
Jan. 24: "Yolanda and the Thief" (†); and "Ziegfeld Follies" (1946), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Gene Kelly.
Jan. 25: "Undercurrent" (1946), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Robert Taylor, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Mitchum, and Edmund Gwenn; and "The Pirate." (†)
Jan. 26: "La Fille de l'Eau" (1924), a French silent film, directed by Jean Renoir, with Catherine Hessling; "La Chienne" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant; and "La Petite Marchande d'Allumettes." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 19: "La Chienne" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant; and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.
Jan. 20-21: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977), X-rated; "Heat" (1972), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.
Jan. 22-23: "Cabaret" (†) and "Something for Everyone." (†)
Jan. 24: "The Sunshine Boys" (†) and "The Odd Couple." (†)
Jan. 25-26: "Lolita" (†) and "Candy." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Jan. 18: "The Soft Skin" (1964), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean Desailly and Françoise Dorléac; and "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski.
Jan. 19-21: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.
Jan. 22-23: "Summertime" (†) and "The Horse's Mouth." (†)
Jan. 24-25: "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "The Exterminating Angel." (†)
From Jan. 26: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "The Invitation." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 19: "Street Scene" (1931),

directed by King Vidor, with Sylvia Sidney, David Landau, Estelle Taylor, and Beulah Bondi; and "Winterset" (1936), directed by Alfred S. Santell, with Margo, Burgess Meredith, Edward Ellis, Eduardo Ciannelli, and Stanley Ridges.

Jan. 20-21: "Shadow of a Doubt" (†) and "Under Capricorn." (†)

Jan. 22-24: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

Jan. 25-26: "Marius" (†) and "Fanny." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 18: "Shanghai Express" (1932), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, Anna May Wong, and Gustav von Seyffertitz; and "Blonde Venus" (1932), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore.

Jan. 19: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

Jan. 20-21: "Take a Letter, Darling" (1942), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Constance Moore, and Robert Benchley; and "No Time for Love" (1943), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Ilka Chase, and Richard Haydn.

Jan. 22-23: "Sensations of 1945" (†); and "The Countess of Monte Cristo" (1949), directed by Frederick de Cordova, with Sonja Henie, Michael Kirby, Olga San Juan, and Dorothy Hart.

Jan. 24: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (1938), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper, David Niven, and Herman Bing.

Jan. 25: "Once in a Blue Moon" (1936), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Jimmy Savo, Nikita Balieff, and Cecilia Loftus; and "Crime Without Passion." (†)

Jan. 26: "Monte Carlo" (†) and "The Love Parade." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 19 at 2:30: "Il Bell'Antonio" (1960), in Italian, directed by Mauro Bolognini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale, and Pierre Brasseur; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 6: "La Viaccia" (1961), in Italian, directed by Mauro Bolognini, with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Claudia Cardinale, and Pietro Germi; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 8:30: "La Giornata Balorda" (1960), in Italian, directed by Mauro Bolognini, with Jean Sorel and Lea Massari; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2:30: "Metello" (1969), in Italian, directed by Mauro Bolognini, with Massimo Ranieri, Lucia Bose, and Tina Aumont; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 6: "Side Street Story" (1951), in Italian, directed by Eduardo De Filippo, with Mr. De Filippo and Totò; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at noon: "Man Without a Star" (1955), directed by King Vidor, with Kirk Douglas, Jeanne Crain, Claire Trevor, and Richard Boone. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2:30: "La Notte Brava" (1959), in Italian, directed by Mauro Bolognini, with Jean-Claude Brialy, Rosanna Schiaffino, and Elsa Martinelli; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 5: "Il Bell'Antonio." . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at noon: "Colossus: The Forbin Project" (1970), directed by Joseph Sargent, with Eric Braeden, Susan Clark, and Gordon Pinsent. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2:30: "Metello." . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 5: "Camille" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at noon: A program of two short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2:30: "La Viaccia." . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 6: "La Notte Brava." . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at noon: "Part of the Family" (1971), directed by Paul Ronder. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2:30: "Stella Maris" (1918), a silent film, directed by Marshall Neilan, with Mary Pickford and Conway Tearle. . . . ¶ Jan 24 at 6: "Virkuta" (1977), a documentary about the remote highlands of Mexico. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 2:30: A program of four films by the Senegalese director Paulin Soumanou Vieyra, all in French, with no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 6: A program of four short Senegalese films, made in 1963, all in French, three with no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 8:30: "Ceddo" (1977), in Wolof, directed by Ousmane Sembène; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 22: "Life and Other Anxieties" (1977), directed by Ed Pincus and Steven Ascher. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 24: A program of five films, under the title "Color Abstraction," by Harry Smith, Jordan Belson, Robert Breer, and Paul Sharits. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Hanoun, Dreyer, Eisenstein, Miller, Brandenburg, Jacobs, Wyborny, Kolpan, Gehr, Frampton, Hill, Ford, and others. Showings Jan. 18-20 at 7 and 9; Jan. 21 at 2:30, 5, 7, and 9; Jan. 22 at 8; and Jan. 24-26 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Jan. 19-22: "The Battle of Chile" (1973-76), in Spanish, directed by Patricio Guzmán; English subtitles. (Reviewed in this issue.) . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 26: "Ruckus Manhattan" (1976), directed by David Saunders, Red Grooms, Peter Hutton, and the Ruckus Construction Co.; and "Fat Feet" (1966), directed by Red Grooms. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (East-side Cinema.)

Au Hasard, Balthazar (1966)—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey, and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 25.)

The Best Way—With Patrick Dewaere, Patrick Bouchitey, and Christine Pascal; directed by Claude Miller. In French. (Cinema Studio.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Cinema Village; Jan. 22-23.)

Candy (1968)—Terry Southern's and Mason Hoffenberg's sex burlesque was turned into a shambles by the director, Christian Marquand, but there are funny pieces: Marlon Brando as Grindl the Guru, Richard Burton in a parody of Dylan Thomas, and James Coburn as Dr. Krankeit. Ewa Aulin, the teen-age American-girl Candide, lacks the necessary dewy freshness and isn't American; she sounds rather like Peter Lorre in his pussycat roles. (Cinema Village; Jan. 25-26.)

The Children of Theatre Street—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Columbia I.)

The Choirboys—Based on the Joseph Wambaugh novel, directed by Robert Aldrich. (86th St. East. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Jan. 19.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

La Collectionneuse (1967)—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 20.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur devised a tricky plot about a devilishly unscrupulous lawyer (Claude Rains), who looks for a perfect alibi to conceal a murder. They also produced and directed, and they got very fancy and artistic; their pseudo-stream-of-consciousness story is dolled up with a lot of symbolism and dated avant-garde novelties. The film, which emphasizes night-club life, was produced at the Astoria Studios in New York; Lee Garmes was the cinematographer and associate director, and the famous Slavko Vorkapich designed two montage sequences. The one with the Furies being unleashed is a true period piece; this is an entertainingly terrible movie. The blond Whitney Bourne is the lawyer's new love, and the brunette Margo his old love and his victim. With Esther Dale, and a fleeting appearance by Helen Hayes in a hotel lobby. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 25.)

Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the laxity of the American gun laws. Directed by Michael Winner. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 25.)

Dersu Uzala—A Soviet-Japanese co-production, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Russian. (Baronet.)

The Duellists—With Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel, directed by Ridley Scott. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Fine Arts.)

Equus—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (11/7/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Jan. 19.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Regency; Jan. 24-25.)

Fanny (1932)—Though the three films of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy are interrelated, each is complete in itself. This second one was directed by Marc Allégret, with the same cast as the first, "Marius." After Marius (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea, Fanny (Orane Demazis), who is pregnant, marries a middle-aged sailmaker (Charpin); Marius's father, César (the great Raimu), acts as godfather to his grandson. A film famous for its detailed characterization and its fine comic invention. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 25-26.)

For Me and My Gal (1942)—Fresh from his Broadway success in "Pal Joey," Gene Kelly made his movie début here as a good-bad guy, playing opposite Judy Garland. They are a vaudeville team who are just getting their big break when Kelly is inducted (the period is the First World War); he deliberately injures his hand so he won't have to fight and—the movie having been made during the Second World War—he must then reform and become a hero. The story is naïvely patriotic and sentimental, but Kelly is amazingly fresh; his grin could melt stone, and he and Garland are a magical pair. A good score, and some neat comedy routines featuring Kelly and Ben Blue. Busby Berkeley directed; with George Murphy and Marta Eggerth. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 22-23.)

The Gauntlet—Clint Eastwood, as a cop, and Sondra Locke, as a hooker he's bringing back from Las Vegas to testify in a trial in Phoenix, are always in movement. They use a police car, a motorcycle, a train, a bus. You look at the screen even though there's nothing to occupy your mind—the way you sometimes sit in front of the TV, numbly, because you can't rouse yourself for the effort it takes to go to bed. Eastwood directed. (1/16/78) (U. A. East; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; starting Jan. 25.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon is at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. The forced snappiness of the exchanges suggests two woodpeckers clicking at each other's heads. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Loews Tower East; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Jan. 20.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 22.)

Heart of Glass—Directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 19.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. Brooks plays Dr. Thorndyke, a Nobel Prize-winning psychiatrist who is the new director of a Los Angeles asylum—the previous one having died suddenly. He leaves the "Spellbound" situation and goes up to San Francisco for a psychiatrists' convention and into locations that recall "Vertigo." There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as Joyce Cary's fabulous painter-hero—the lewd, scrounging Gulley Jimson (whose antic self-destructiveness is based on Dylan Thomas). With Kay Walsh as Coker, the barmaid; Renée Houston as Sarah; and Ernest Thesiger as Hickson. Ronald Neame is a literal-minded director, and so this comedy isn't as free as it should be—it turns out to be a conformist movie about nonconformity—but the characters manage to bust through, and it is highly entertaining. (Regency; Jan. 22-23.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 24.)

The Invitation (1973)—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by the Swiss filmmaker Claude Goretta. This tale is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (Regency; starting Jan. 26.)

Iphigenia—There's fervor and dedication in Michael Cacoyannis's version of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis;" it's the excitement of a new interpretation that's missing. And was there a little too much Arthur Miller in Euripides? The arguments have an ideological ring. But Costa Kazakos's robust, irresolute Agamemnon is very fine, and if Irene Papas' performance as Clytemnestra is overshadowed, her Clytemnestra certainly makes you believe in the vengeance she will take on Agamemnon. The role suffers from a topical flaw: Clytemnestra's female rage sounds too much like what we've been hearing for the last five years. She has become a precursor, and less of a character. In Greek. (1/16/78) (Plaza. No evening performances on Wednesday, Jan. 25.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Cinema I.)

Lolita (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy. James Mason is the lover of little girls, the smiling, obsequious, phony Humbert Humbert; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed; Nabokov did the adaptation from his novel. (Cinema Village; Jan. 25-26.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Playboy; through Jan. 24.)

The Love Parade (1929)—Lubitsch's first true sound film, but he wasn't technically sure enough of himself to give the picture much confidence. Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 26.)

Mado—With Michel Piccoli, Ottavia Piccoli, and Romy Schneider; directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (D. W. Griffith; starting Jan. 20.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Paris.)

Marius (1932)—Static and set-bound (Alexander Korda directed) but famous for its dialogue and characterization, and for the rich humanity Raimu brought to the role of César, the Marseilles café owner. The story involves César's son, Marius (the elegant Pierre Fresnay, oddly miscast), who longs to go to sea, though he loves Fanny (Orane Démazis). Written by Marcel Pagnol, the first in his celebrated trilogy. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 25-26.)

Mr. Klein—With Alain Delon and Jeanne Moreau, directed by Joseph Losey. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 20.)

Monte Carlo (1930)—Jeanette MacDonald leans out the window of a train and radiantly sings "Beyond the Blue Horizon" to fields of rather stunned-looking peasants. She also does a lot of singing in her underwear. Lubitsch directed. With Jack Buchanan. Very stylish and sly, not to be missed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 26.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 20.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes,

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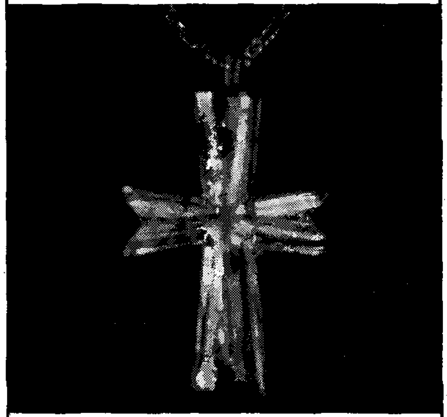

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plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Festival; through Jan. 24.)

The Odd Couple (1968)—Neil Simon's funny play, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. There is a brilliantly mopey performance by Walter Matthau as the card-playing divorced husband driven mad by a male crony who comes out in housewifeliness like measles. Jack Lemmon is the fusspot. Gene Saks directs. (Cinema Village; Jan. 24.)

Oh, God!—George Burns as God, and John Denver as a supermarket assistant manager chosen to be a modern-day Moses. Directed by Carl Reiner. (Loews Tower East; starting Jan. 20.)

Operation Thunderbolt—About the July, 1976, Israeli rescue at Entebbe. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Guild.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Art, and Gramercy.... ¶ New Yorker; through Jan. 24.)

Padre Padrone—The Taviani brothers' film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic—and the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. Winner of the Golden Palm at Cannes, 1977, also the International Critics' Prize. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Cinema II.)

La Petite Marchande d'Allumettes (1928)—Jean Renoir's silent poetic fantasy, derived from the Hans Christian Andersen story "The Little Match Girl," has the qualities of an avant-garde film, yet with the innocence of D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms." The girl (Renoir's first wife, Catherine Hessling) falls asleep in the Christmas snow and dreams of a handsome officer, who carries her into the clouds. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 26.)

The Pirate (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 25.... ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 26.)

Renaldo and Clara—Directed by, and with, Bob Dylan. (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker; starting Jan. 25.)

Sasquatch—Searching for Bigfoot. With George Lauris, directed by Ed Ragozzini. (Olympia.... ¶ D. W. Griffith, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 19.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Semi-Tough—Starting from Dan Jenkins' popular 1972 novel, an anecdotal burlesque about professional football players, the director Michael Ritchie and the screenwriter Walter Bernstein made a movie that's a loose series of riffs on the human-potential, consciousness-raising movement, with the two football stars (Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson) involved in a romantic comedy triangle with the team owner's daughter (Jill Clayburgh). The movie is like a low-grade fever—you slip in and out of it painlessly. (12/12/77) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Jan. 20.)

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Sensations of 1945 (1944)—Eleanor Powell is supported in this musical by a cast of horses and bears. She and the livestock dance or ride bicycles, and W. C. Fields does a knockabout number. Unhappily, she spends most of her time arguing the ethics of press agentry with Dennis O'Keefe. Directed by Andrew L. Stone. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 22-23.)

The Sensual Man—Written and directed by Marco Vicario, with Giancarlo Giannini as an Italian growing old in the grip of a ravaging sensuality. The most touching character is actually his father, the odd man out in a noisy family; he says on his deathbed to his son, about the relatives waiting outside the bedroom door for the excitement of last rites, "Don't let them shout." The agony of the hero himself is rather limply characterized. Why such misery, forcing himself to chase whores and breaking his heart in his search for a good and simple girl? In Italian. (8/22/77) (Waverly; through Jan. 24.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Alfred Hitchcock considers this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film, and he may be right. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, Henry Travers. (Thalia; Jan. 20-21.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (Quad Cinema.... ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Jan. 19.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (Cinema Village; Jan. 22-23.)

The Song Remains the Same (1976)—The Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliaton draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (10/17/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this pining-spinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies (like Lean's "Brief Encounter") that many people remember with considerable emotion. From Arthur Laurents's play "The Time of the Cuckoo." With Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Regency; Jan. 22-23.)

The Sunshine Boys (1975)—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. The director, Herbert Ross, is an unintentional minimalist; he doesn't bring enough invention to the material, and it's just shouting, when it needs to be beautifully timed routines. With Richard Benjamin. (Cinema Village; Jan. 24.)

Telefon—With Charles Bronson, Lee Remick, Donald Pleasence, and Tyne Daly; directed by Don Siegel. (Loews Ciné.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Columbia II.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Under Capricorn (1940)—A Hitchcock stinker, set in Australia in the early nineteenth century (though shot in England, for Warners). High-born English Ingrid Bergman (!) is Lady Henrietta, who elopes with a stableman, Joseph Cotten (!), becomes alcoholic, and falls in love with her visiting cousin, Michael Wilding. The casting in this movie defies all reason, and includes Margaret Leighton as a servant. (Thalia; Jan. 20-21.)

Which Way Is Up?—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Jan. 19.)

The World's Greatest Lover—This Gene Wilder slapstick farce may not be long, but "long" is a relative term, and a half hour of this is eternity enough. It's set in the twenties and has to do with a Milwaukee baker (Wilder) who goes to Hollywood for a screen test, hoping to become a rival to Rudolph Valentino. The picture never rises to sophomoric humor—it's infantile humor, for young, slow kids, who want everything pounded at them. With Carol Kane, Dom DeLuise, and Fritz Feld. Script by Wilder, with a "thank you" credit to Fellini (for the use of part of the plot of "The White Sheik"). (Murray Hill, and Beekman.... ¶ Paramount. No evening performances on Wednesday, Jan. 18, and Tuesday, Jan. 24.)

Yolanda and the Thief (1945)—Fred Astaire was paired with Lucille Bremer in this stupefyingly baroque M-G-M musical set in a mythical South American country and encumbered with what the director, Vincente Minnelli, once called "an insane plot." Astaire is cast howlingly against type as a crooked gambler; when he learns that the beautiful heiress Yolanda believes she has a guardian angel, he pretends to be the angel in order to swindle her. It's the most extreme of the big-musical mistakes; it's full of surreal dreams and fiestas, and because it goes beyond parody, it perhaps needs to be seen by anyone who wants to know what killed the M-G-M musicals. Yolanda's bathroom has cascading fountains, and the ballets, staged by Eugene Loring and costumed by Sharaff at her maddest, include such decorator delights as laundresses washing linen in a pool of gold coins. The cast includes Frank Morgan, Mildred Natwick, and Mary Nash. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 24.)

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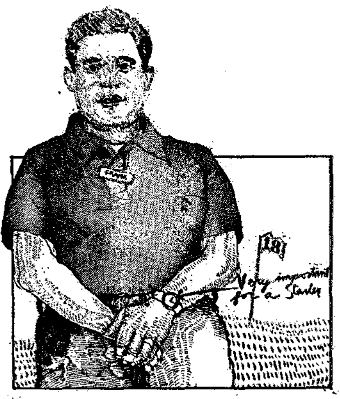
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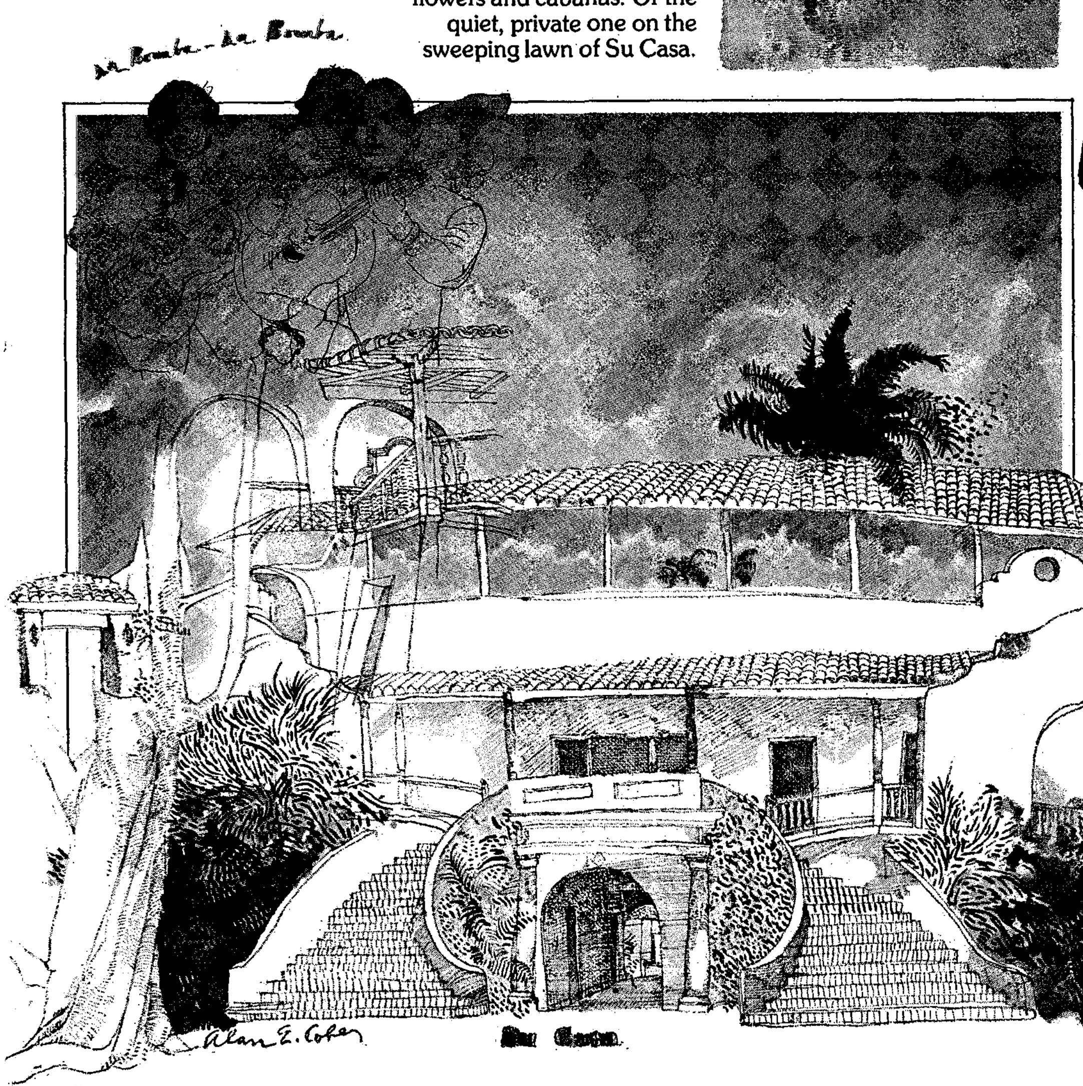

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE global fortunes of liberty are difficult to measure, but it seems undeniable that in the last five years or so they have shown a definite improvement. At least four nations—Greece, Portugal, Spain, and India—have made the notoriously difficult transition from dictatorship to constitutional government. In the same period, our own country cast a resounding vote in favor of liberty by ejecting President Nixon from office when he began to trifle with our Constitution. Subsequently, our government adopted the advancement of human rights as an explicit purpose of its foreign policy. No parallel improvement has been visible in the Soviet Union—on the contrary, the Soviet government has recently cracked down on the human-rights movement there—yet one ex-citizen of that country, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, has carried out a virtual one-man revolution in world opinion on the question of Soviet repression. He has brought to light truths about Soviet history which no amount of official lying will ever be able to cover up again. One surprising thing about the new democratic trend is that it does not seem to have been inspired by an ideological commitment to democracy. Rather, the parties involved have often seemed to slide in the direction of democracy almost in spite of themselves. In Portugal, for example, some months after the dictatorship of Marcello Caetano was overthrown, General António de Spínola, the leader of the revolt, and a man of the right, tried to seize power in a coup d'état, but the attempt was stopped by other elements of the Army. Several months later, a political faction on the far left, claiming allegiance to Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, the commander of an Army security force, launched another coup, but this attempt, too, was turned back. Only then did the country settle down and submit itself to the results of a general election—an election that gave no single party a majority, let alone dictatorial control. The Portuguese, it seemed, had become democrats by default. Many, perhaps most, of the actors in the original revolution might have wished to exercise one-party control of one kind or another. But although they might not have been eager to live merely as one party among many, still less did any of them wish to be stamped out by the one-party rule of some other party. Only when the factions had given up the grand and exciting visions of their original design were they willing to accept parliamentary roles based on their thirty or ten or five per cent of the popular vote. Democracy was everyone's second choice. Allegiance to diversity became the cost of survival. Similarly, when Franco died in Spain, the Spanish parties, many of which might have preferred to exercise exclusive control over a new government, whether as monarchists or as Communists, found a common ground in parliamentary procedure, and democracy emerged more as a way of accommodating the conflicting visions of many parties than as the special enthusiasm of any one party. In the meantime, the same logic was prevailing among the Communist parties of the European nations that were already democratic. The Communists in this period were obliged to make pledges of loyalty to "bourgeois freedoms" if they were to have any hope of gaining admission to full participation in the political lives of their countries.

None of these developments would have more than a local significance if it were not that in the international arena the nations of the world now find themselves in a position very much like that of a collection of political parties setting out to found a new political order. The need arises because blind but irreversible events, unplanned and unanticipated by anyone, have placed an agenda of common business in everyone's hands—business that includes the much-discussed tasks of saving the earth's ecosphere from despoliation, husbanding the earth's resources, preventing a large-scale collapse of the world economy, and preventing a nuclear holocaust. The substantive issues of a world politics have appeared, but not the mechanisms for dealing with them. Nothing in this situation necessarily propels the world toward democratic procedures—force and the threat of force still hold their usual sway over international affairs—yet when many wills are required to make decisions together, and no one of them has the power to force all the others into compliance, however much it might like to, democratic procedures do seem almost to recommend themselves, as they did in Portugal and Spain. Already, the skills of democratic discourse can provide a leader with formidable advantages in international affairs. Politicians today are busy seeking constituencies outside the borders of their own countries. Making use of world television, they have taken to speaking over the heads of foreign governments, and addressing foreign peoples directly. Anyone who doubts whether this sort of politicking can be effective should reflect on the enormous shifts in public opinion which were brought about in the United States, among other places, by President Sadat's speech in Jerusalem. Has any *American* politician made such a strong impression on the American public in the last year? Every national leader, therefore, now faces two audiences: the one at home and the one in the world at large. Although the home audiences may be under government control, the world audience is in many respects free. When the leaders of authoritarian nations set out to make their mark on world opinion, they quickly discover that the people

Judith Shahn

of the world at large have to be treated quite differently from the people at home. When they face their own people, they find a cowed, submissive audience, which must accept what they say, because no one in it is allowed to talk back; but when they turn outward to the world, and seek to make their words carry across international barriers, as the leaders of the Middle Eastern nations are now assiduously doing, they find an audience that is uncoerced—or uncoerced by them, at any rate. For each person in the world looks upon every government in the world but his own from the vantage point of a free man—free, that is, within the constraints imposed by his own government. And every leader in the world appears before every people but his own in the role of a supplicant and petitioner. In this discourse, the authoritarian manner—the paternal air of knowing more about what is good for people than they know themselves, together with the assumption that to disagree is disloyal and probably punishable—is not likely to go over well. Dictatorial leaders who want to address the world persuasively have to accord their new audience a respect that they may altogether deny their own people. A small incident that occurred during President Carter's recent trip shows how the process works: when the President was in Poland, Edward Gierek, the First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party and de-facto head of the Polish government, who has recently been seeking to increase Poland's international prestige, judged it worthwhile to invite several American newsmen to interview him on television; and it was a courtesy that he showed to the foreign audience alone. Gierek found it advisable to give American viewers better treatment than he gives his own coutrymen. Naturally, a government is free to turn its back on the world audience, and simply bombard it with the propaganda that was styled for domestic use, as the Chinese are notable for doing. But any government that wishes to enter fully into world affairs as they are constituted today finds that it has to adopt the style, and perhaps a little of the substance, of democratic politics.

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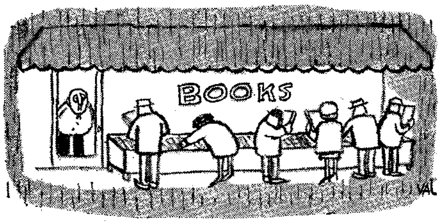
Two Concerts

BACK TO BACH: Three-fifteen on a midwinter Saturday afternoon—ah, bitter chill it was, the owl . . . But what was going on at the Symphony Theatre, on Broadway at Ninety-fifth Street? Dulcet woodwinds. A dozen rows of seats removed at the front, to accommodate the American Symphony Orchestra and a gaggle of amateur musicians who were attempting Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto. Swaying and bobbing, the woodwind cluster navigated the closing bars, a little raggedly but with spirit. "You got there!" shouted Allan Miller as the overflow audience broke into applause. "You did it!"

Allan Miller is the conductor for special programs of the American Symphony, and its twelve-hour (11 A.M. to 11 P.M.), admission-free, play-along "Wall to Wall Bach" festival was going better than anyone had imagined in his wildest dreams. Every seat in the old movie house was taken, and the line of people waiting to get in stretched far along Broadway. About thirty amateur instrumentalists, each of whom had brought an instrument, a music stand, and a burning desire to perform in public, were sitting in with the American Symphony's regulars, while as many more were waiting their turn in a section of seats reserved for them at the front of the house. The amateurs had begun signing in as early as nine-thirty in the morning, and some of the luckiest had had the unforgettable experience of performing alongside Jaime Laredo, Lilian Kallir, Pinchas and Eugenia Zukerman, Walter Trampler, and other famous guest virtuosos. "It's the best concert I've ever been to," said Marie Miller, Allan's wife, who is a small, dark-haired woman. She had a "Back to Bach" button pinned to her dress. "Look at that audience! Everyone wide awake!"

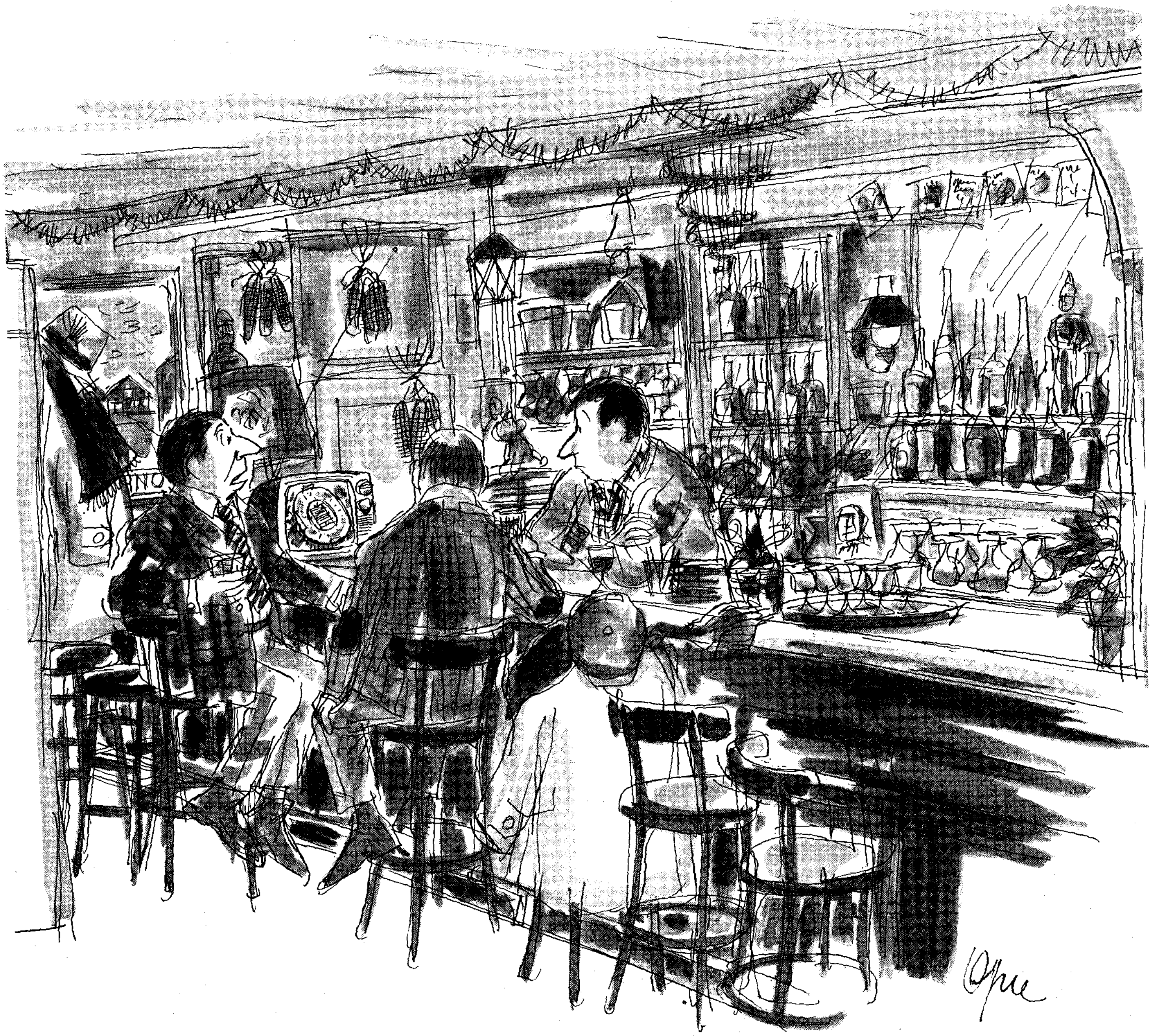
The next piece on the program was Bach's Concerto in D Minor, performed by the pianist Claude Frank with the orchestra. Since Miller was not conducting this one, we were able to talk with him for a few minutes, while he consumed a hamburger in an impromptu greenroom to the left of the stage. A slim, youthful-looking man in a dark-blue blazer and a purple turtleneck, Miller seemed preternaturally calm. "People keep asking me, 'When are the amateurs coming?' " he said. "But thirty out of the fifty musicians playing in there are amateurs. It's all going very smoothly. And we've had some wonderful musical moments, too. One young man—his name is Philip Rubinstein—came out of the audience with his violin and said he'd like to play the Bach Double Concerto. It wasn't on the program, or anything, but Robert Rudié, our concertmaster, said he'd be glad to do it with him, and Elaine Comparone, who has donated her harpsichord and her services on it for the entire day, accompanied them. I thought they handled it superbly."



Inviting amateurs to play with professionals was something that Mr. Miller had done before, but never, he told us, on a scale as big as this. Part of his job with the American Symphony Orchestra—an innovative young orchestra that was founded in 1962 by Leopold Stokowski and is now entirely self-governing (the musicians decide all major questions by vote)—is to develop new audiences and new performing opportunities throughout the city; and the upper West Side, which is where the Millers, most of the day's soloists, and a host of other serious musicians live, seemed the natural place for a pioneer Bach marathon. Why Bach? Because his music is fairly accessible to sight-reading amateurs, Miller said, and also because, as a Brooklyn violinist had told him over the phone the day before, "there are a lot of Bach-lovers in this town."

Planning for the event started last June, when Miller teamed up with a next-door neighbor, Ethel Sheffer, who runs a neighborhood-improvement group called Blocks for a Better Broadway. Mrs. Sheffer mustered local support—both financial and physical—and helped generate publicity. Miller handled the musical and organizational end of things, taking care of outside fund-raising and publicity, and persuading the soloists to lend their talents. Three days before the concert, when it suddenly became evident that the ancient and semi-moribund old movie theatre had not been cleaned for aeons, Mrs. Sheffer got Project Return, a local drug rehabilitation clinic, to send over four volunteers; she wangled brooms from the Sanitation Department and a vacuum cleaner from the OTB office down the street; and Miller and the volunteers spent five hours battling the dirt.

What the old-rose interior lacked in splendor it was now making up in *ambiente*. A lot of people in the audience looked absurdly happy. When a flutist, arriving late, found that there were no chairs left in the flute section, he was instantly provided with a briefcase to sit on. Periodically, after conducting a work, Miller would suggest to the audi-



"Hard to believe, isn't it? Super Bowl XII now belongs to the ages."

• •

ence that this would be a good time to let the people waiting outside hear some music, and large numbers would graciously give up their seats.

"It's really an incredible day," said Mrs. Sheffer, to whom Miller had introduced us. "The policeman on duty in the lobby just got relieved, but he says he's going to stay. A *lot* of people are making contributions to the American Symphony, which is lucky, because we went into this without having all the money to pay for it. You should have seen a woman who just gave us five dollars. She had tears streaming down her cheeks, and she said it was the happiest day of her life—'I've never played with an orchestra before, and today I made my début with Pinchas Zukerman!' "

Miraculously, the long and complex program was running almost precisely on schedule. We stayed for the Concerto for Oboe d'Amore and Orchestra (Marsha Heller, soloist), and for the Suite for Orchestra No. 1, during which Miller stopped the musicians at one point, said "I can't hear you" to the violins, and looked pleased after they resumed playing. We had to leave then, but we returned a little after eight, when the Mass in B Minor was scheduled to begin.

There was a lot of milling in the aisles as about a hundred and fifty singers received scores and took up positions behind the orchestra and up on the stage. "Please make way for a cello," someone was saying. "Cello coming through."

Isaiah Sheffer, Ethel's husband, stood beside Miller on the podium (a wooden box covered with a rug). "Please be quiet," he implored all those present, "so we can organize this titanic event."

From where we stood, the soprano section appeared to be dominated by lovely young girls with long, cascading hair; the alto section by lovely mature women, some with snow-white hair; and the tenor and bass sections by lovely men of about thirty-two, some with no hair. A CBS television cameraman who had been zooming in and out of the action all day had his lens and floodlight about a foot from Miller's face at this point. Miller's calmness—the sheer nerve of the man—struck us as superhuman. He was in the position of a general whose army may be going into battle without ammunition, and he did not flinch.

Turning to the audience, Miller thanked it for its wonderful coöperation throughout the day.

"Thank *you*, Allan!" someone called out, to cheering and applause.

Addressing the chorus, Miller said, "Could I have a B-minor chord?"

We held our breath. The chorus responded with a soft but very creditable B-minor chord.

Miller smiled and nodded. "I think that will be fine," he said quietly.

A moment later, they were into it. Two hours and forty minutes later, they were really into it, filling the theatre (which was still packed) with glorious sound. Six concert artists were on hand to handle the solo parts, but the chorus was the real star. The chorus seemed to gain strength and confidence as the Mass progressed. During the final movement, any number of moist eyes caught the light on the stage and in the audience, and the applause at the end must have registered on most of the area's seismographs. A tsunami of applause. Clapping in unison. Bravos and bravissimos. Allan Miller saluting the orchestra, the soloists, and the chorus. The chorus applauding Allan Miller. Allan Miller saluting the audience, and the audience saluting everybody else. A great day for Bach; a great day for the American Symphony Orchestra; a great day for the upper West Side.

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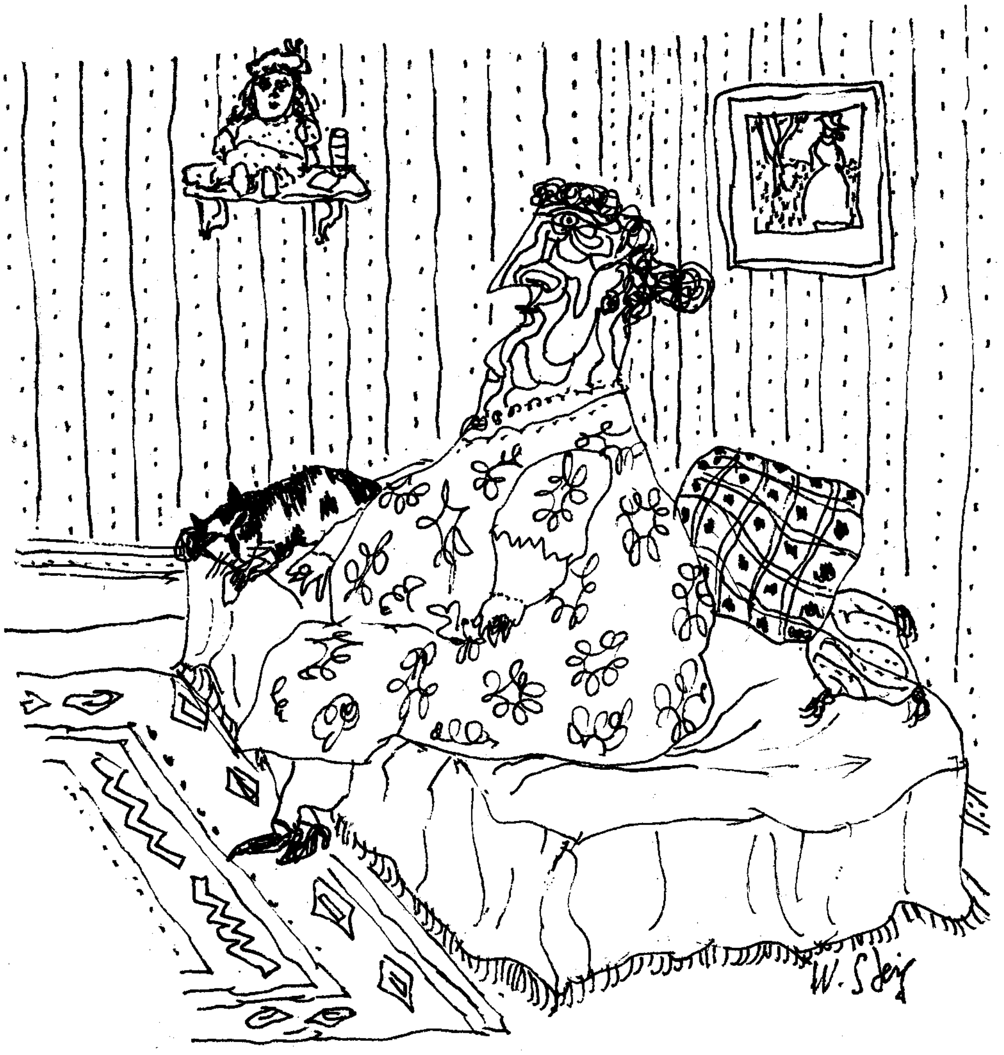
HOROWITZ GALA: What will probably prove to be the most dramatic musical event of 1978 took place at Carnegie Hall the other Sunday when Vladimir Horowitz, that eccentric, nonpareil pianist, played a concerto with an orchestra for the first time in twenty-five years. The orchestra was the New York Philharmonic (the concert marked the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Horowitz's Philharmonic and American début), the concerto was the Rachmaninoff Third, and the conductor was Eugene Ormandy, the celebrated seventy-eight-year-old conductor and music director of the Philadelphia Orchestra. This was a benefit concert for the Philharmonic, with everybody donating his or her services, and Mr. Horowitz had taken on the role of impresario as well as that of soloist. He had selected the time (4 P.M.), the place (Carnegie Hall), the orchestra itself (the Philharmonic), the piano (a 1973 Steinway with a large and brilliant sound), the recording company (RCA), and the conductor (Ormandy), creating a certain amount of confusion in the process. (The Philharmonic normally plays in Avery Fisher Hall and records for Columbia. Mr. Ormandy hadn't conducted the orchestra in many years.)

There were two rehearsals of the program, and we were invited to the second one, which took place at 5 P.M. on the Friday before the performance. It began with a spirited reading of Beethoven's "Egmont Overture" by Mr. Ormandy, a benign, white-haired maestro who has a spare, decisive baton technique. At five-twelve, Mr. Horowitz, wearing a brown suit, a pale-yellow shirt, and a yellow-and-white bow tie, walked up to the podium and leafed through several pages of the concerto with Mr. Ormandy. Then, as Mr. Ormandy asked the musicians to mark certain passages ("After Two he wants it a bit more pianissimo. . . . Before Fifteen, a heavier weight for the basses"), Mr. Horowitz sat down at the piano and provided musical illustrations. When everything had been marked, Mr. Ormandy turned to his soloist and said, "Shall we begin?" Winds and strings played a light, pulsating motif, and after a few bars Mr. Horowitz joined them with a melancholy Slavic theme. The concerto progressed through a series of rippling arpeggios, a playful dialogue between piano and orchestra, and a percussive cadenza, with pauses every few minutes for consultation and adjustment.

At one point, after the orchestra and the piano had played a powerful fortissimo passage together, Mr. Horowitz turned to the Philharmonic's concertmaster, Rodney Friend, and said, "Could you hear me?"

"Just," replied Mr. Friend with a straight face.

During the great cadenzas, the musicians sat very still, watching Mr. Horowitz as if he were a genie who had suddenly materialized out of a bottle. During several purely orchestral passages, Mr. Horowitz swung around to straddle the piano bench and encourage the strings with discreet bowing motions. At the end of the second movement, soloist and orchestra played two rapid percussive chords.



Home

"This doesn't look like the 'Trib' to me!"

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After the second one, Mr. Ormandy signalled the orchestra to halt, taking Mr. Horowitz by surprise with his hands poised clawlike over the keyboard. "Shall we stop?" Mr. Ormandy said politely, pointing to his watch. "They need a break."

Mr. Horowitz nodded, and jumped up from the bench. He looked at the ceiling, and then pushed his piano a few inches farther into the center of the orchestra. "The more it goes inside, the better it sounds," he said as two startled stagehands rushed onstage to help him. "When I play my recital, I sit where the oboe is, because there is more projection."

During the break, we asked Mr. Ormandy exactly when he had last conducted the Philharmonic.

"Thirty years ago, in New Orleans," he said. "Mr. Rodzinski suddenly resigned just before a southern tour, and Stokowski and I divided a week between us."

"Tell us about the Rachmaninoff concerto," we said.

"Rachmaninoff was a good friend of mine and of our orchestra, and a great artist, and he was always very modest about his work," said Mr. Ormandy. "He made several small cuts in the Third, perhaps because he thought it might be too long to hold the audience's attention. Actually, it runs forty minutes at the most, which is pretty close to normal. When I talked to Horowitz about the concerto, I told him I had several scores of it with different sets of cuts. And he said, 'I think I will play it this time without *any* cuts.' So we got a new copy for the orchestra and started from scratch."

At the end of the rehearsal, we found Mr. Horowitz—lean, elegant, and vigorous-looking at seventy-four—relaxing in his shirtsleeves in an upstairs dressing room. "For my age, I didn't play badly," he said, lighting a cigarette.

We asked why he had chosen the Rachmaninoff Third.

"I suppose it's my favorite concerto, because it embraces everything that is possible pianistically," he said. "But I also like the First very much, and perhaps I'll play that, too, someday. I've recorded the Third twice, and I always play the original cadenza that Rachmaninoff wrote for the end of the first movement. The alternate cadenza is so strong it's too much like an ending in the middle of the concerto."

"Why did you restore the cuts?" we asked.

"When Rachmaninoff played the concerto first, in 1909, he didn't have success with it," said Mr. Horowitz. "He was very much offended, and he tried to shorten the piece to make it more popular. I had played the concerto for several years in Europe, and Rachmaninoff heard about me from Fritz Kreisler. One day shortly after I arrived here, in 1928, I got a call from the Steinways. 'Mr. Rachmaninoff would like Mr. Horowitz to come down and play his concerto.' We met, and went downstairs together to the basement. He played the orchestra part on one piano while I played the solo part on the other one. He made a lot of small cuts, which I used for many years. Until today."

"How would you describe your interpretation of this music?" we asked.

"I play freely in the grand manner," said Mr. Horowitz. "And the Philharmonic is not really accustomed to this style. As we all know, music is made up of little black notes on white paper that you read. But I always say that the spirit of music is behind those dots. You search for it, and that is what I mean by the grand manner. I play, so to speak, from the other side of the printed score, looking back."

The concert, which took place two days later, was an enormous success. Carnegie Hall was packed with Horowitz buffs, Philharmonic patrons, and curious musicians, most of whom had never heard the Master perform with an orchestra. "Hearing him play is a rare and sensational experience," said the Metropolitan Opera's music director, James Levine, who is no mean pianist himself. "Horowitz is one of a handful of artists who can project and communicate with such size and thrust of personality that you are swept along beyond your power to criticize."

There was a message from President Carter before the concerto began ("Your world-acclaimed talent and consistent generosity in sharing it have made all of us proud that you are an American"), and a ten-minute standing ovation at the end. We dashed backstage during the bows, and found Mr. Horowitz and Mr. Ormandy accepting congratulations from a circle of friends.

"Was it good?" asked Mr. Horowitz, mopping his face with a handkerchief.

"How can you ask me that?" said Carlos Moseley, president of the Philharmonic. "You were terrific!" Then Moseley said to Ormandy, "Gene, you're a magician!"

"Your orchestra's fantastic," replied Ormandy, "and I happen to know the piece."

As the applause increased, Ormandy asked Horowitz whether he'd like to repeat the last movement.

Horowitz looked at Ormandy. "Never in fifty years do I play an encore after a concerto," he said. "Now we go out *together* and the orchestra stands up. Do you know, with this retirement at sixty-seven, there isn't anybody left in the Philharmonic who remembers my début?"

"I'm not sure anybody remembers mine, either," said Ormandy.

As the two men walked onstage, Isaac Stern, who had been standing at the bottom of the stairs, said, "This was worth saving the hall for."

Phoenix

THERE'S a new Stork Club in town, not exactly risen from the ashes of the old one, on East Fifty-third Street, which was long ago torn down to make way for the brownstone-size Paley Park—an amenity that is in the public provenance, as the old Stork Club certainly was not. The new Stork Club is on Central Park South, and in it on the recent night it opened we had a chance to discuss all this with a chap who is known to his friends as the Pastmaster General. We remember the old Stork Club, but not quite as he does. The P.G., who has spent nearly all the darkling hours of the past forty years in what he calls *boîtes de nuit*, is brimming over with memories.

"Nothing ever gets done right in this town," he said to us over a glass of Moët & Chandon. "I would say, at first glance, that this new place should have been the first Stork Club, and that the other one should always have been a public park."

"Why is that?" we asked.

"There were bootleggers I liked and there were bootleggers I didn't like," said the P.G. "And one I was not particularly fond of was Sherman Billingsley, who was responsible for the old Stork Club. The ones I liked opened fancy parlors after Repeal that were just as pleasant as the ones they had run before. I kept going to the Stork Club anyway, because late every evening someone was sure to say 'Where shall we go now?' and everyone else except me was sure to say 'The Stork.' My idea of a place to finish up the evening if you felt you really had to go to a big club was the Versailles, on East Fiftieth Street. The reformed bootleggers in charge of that operation, which included anything from a small revue up to someone like Piaf, and which threw in a couple of dance bands, and which had one of the best kitchens in town, stood around the bar or in the foyer in evening dress until four in the morning to make sure that every arrival, whether he was famous or not, got the very best treatment. If you were Walter Winchell, which I hope you were not, you were taken care of quite well at the Stork. If you were young and were in the Social Register, you were sent along to the back alley christened the Cub Room while the management looked you over and decided whether it would be a nice idea to forget to give you a check. So you told your friends, 'Hey, it's the Stork tonight!' Or if you were in the cast of a hit musical on Broadway, that helped a lot, too. But the poor dumbbells who ran the Versailles—two true gentlemen—thought that any customer was the equal of any other customer. The long-vanished Versailles should have been made into a shrine."

"Well, what about the new Stork?" we asked as a captain came around to refill our glasses.

"The only things that really remind me of the old Stork are the black-and-white ashtrays on the tables and that man standing over there," said the Pastmaster General. "That man is Ed Wynn, who, naturally, is not related to the comedian but, rather, was at one time the manager of the old Stork—and a smart one. This place reminds me of the Little Club, on East Fifty-fifth Street, which was much more a favorite of mine. It was run by Billy Reed, who had in his time been a Broadway hoofer but had picked up quite a lot of knowledge about how to run a good late-night spot. It was Broadway and race track and a sliver of Wall Street, which really don't make a bad bouillabaisse, you know. That part of town could be a trifle too lively early in the morning, but we all rested assured, because every time Larry, the retired policeman who stood guard at the door, reached in his back pocket for the handkerchief with which he wiped his brow, we could see the butt of the pistol he carried there. Reed set a good, unfancy, American table, and he had some great men at the piano—Walter Gross, Les Crosley, Cy Walter. In the back room, he even had a pseudo fireplace, just like the one here at the new Stork, which is all but hidden by that whopping big white grand piano that Peter Duchin is playing. The Little Club was laid out very much like this place—a small bar to the right as you walked in, a flight of stairs down to a long corridor leading to a larger back room. The old Stork Club was wide rather than long, as you can see if you go look at Paley Park. Every time I was at the old place, the lights were very bright—which made it easier, I guess, for Winchell to see who was coming in. As for me, the only people I really wanted to see were friends of mine in whatever dance band was working there. Some of them were really good musicians. I talked about the place maybe a little bit too much, and in time Billingsley suggested that I shouldn't bother about coming around anymore. After that, I turned up only at after-theatre parties given by people that Billingsley didn't want to slight."

We pulled out a cigarette, and over our left shoulder came a hand bearing a lighter.

"There," said the P.G. "Good manners! That's something that has almost gone out of style in restaurants. Have you noticed the staff—all these captains and waiters going about their business as though it were a pleasure? Our captain, Jim Roussos, whom I remember from Christo's, on East Forty-ninth Street—just watch how he works. He doesn't miss a trick."

The P.G. turned toward the piano. "Before you came in, I popped over to see Peter Duchin," he said. "I knew his father, Eddy, when he was playing in the Leo Reisman band in the Central Park Casino. And I was delighted to see that one of Peter's sidemen is a survivor of Ted Straeter's band. That was probably the greatest white dance band ever to play in this country. I remember the day about twenty years ago when Ted and I got invitations to show up for the opening of the Istanbul Hilton. I was going there just to *have* a good Turkish bath, but he was going there to work. While he was gone, he lent his second-in-command, Otto Schmidt, to Peter Duchin to help him set up his own band. So Ted was a sort of godfather to Peter. I'm sorry that Peter will be here just this one night, but he'll be leaving what I expect will be a very good group behind him here. And as for Loïc Avril, the twenty-seven-year-old French chef who runs the kitchen, he will, I hope, be here forever."

MOM GETS LOST

SHE is no longer a dynomite mom. They used to talk these things over, share enthusiasms. Mom can go with the idea of a rock band making a live appearance at her apartment—certainly the daughter should have music and excitement—but why these people, with their scruffy road crew, their behemoth sound system, their *attitude*? Mom isn't sure, but she guesses this hollow-cheeked menagerie must be from England. Why couldn't the daughter have chosen a nice American band like Kiss, instead? Mom has read that for all their menacing posture and kinky costumes, offstage they are just a bunch of ordinary fellows who take good care of their teeth.

She is not offered a chair, or even a pillow, while the equipment is set up. In her own apartment. Standing on an ottoman, the daughter can barely conceal her delight. She is wearing Mom's halter—a small annoyance, to be sure, but the idea sticks in Mom's craw. Slowly the living room is being enveloped by an electronic moss of cables, wires, and junction boxes. Mom retires to the closet, so that she can watch without being in the way, but the door slams shut. The plastic shoe caddy falls to the closet floor. In the darkness she can feel the antiques about her ankles: three- and four-year-old lamé-covered platforms, last year's canvas Wedgies, the ex's old golf shoes.

She opens the door. She should leave now and go to the bar; she promised the daughter she would not get in the way. One of the band's mongrels is securing a mike stand to the carpet with duct tape. Elvis, she feels sure, would have recognized expensive shag and laid plywood over it. These animals. The din is nearly unbearable. She cannot make out what the mongrel is saying to the daughter. Something about "saucy." He withdraws a broken maraca from a flight bag and hands it to the daughter, who cocks her hip and thrusts the handle of the talisman into her back pocket. This is too much.

The lighting trees are being tested. Someone suggests removing the mirror from the wall behind the stage. Mom approaches a nicely dressed young man holding a briefcase and points out that the mirror makes the room seem larger than it really is. The young man asks for her backstage pass. He says she will have to leave the area when the band arrives.

The atmosphere is becoming humid. The lighting crew is testing blue and red gels, and in the odd light Mom can see the tiny droplets of moisture suspended in a corona around the wagon-wheel chandelier. "Sod the bloody pinch bar," says someone to a goon who has already punched a hole in the Sheetrock wall behind the mirror. Someone trains a laser on the mirror, and the reflection of its seemingly palpable beam passes near the daughter. She reaches out to touch it and squeals as her finger passes through thin air. Mom can see the red and blue beads of sweat glistening on the small of the daughter's back. She is swaying now, swaying back and forth to music Mom cannot hear.

Mom is separated from the daughter by a moat of electronic gear. God, to think of the people she could have had over. The Eagles, Jamie Wyeth, Thomas McGuane. She decides she does not care if she embarrasses the daughter in front of these people. Tom McGuane, she shouts, is a fine young novelist with broad shoulders and slim muscular hips! Moves like a cat! Nominated for the goddam National Book Award! HE WEARS FUNKY FLANNEL SHIRTS AND EATS HEALTH FOOD BY THE BUSHEL WAY THE HELL OUT IN MONTANA! The daughter adjusts the halter and does not seem to hear. No one seems to hear.

Mom stomps into the master bedroom to look for her cocktail dress—a little Qiana thing, nicely décolleté. It is a dress she once lent to the daughter. Just once. She remembers the eerie melancholy she felt, looking at the bold crescents of the daughter's breasts; her own, she had to admit, were becoming the slightest bit crêpey. The bedroom is a nightmarish mess. Another scruffy bunch has been setting up recording equipment on her dressing table, and her makeup kit and colognes are strewn on the floor. An oppressive scent—the mingling odors of baby powder, perfume, and marijuana smoke—hangs in the air. For crying out loud, shouts Mom.

The phone rings and one of the engineers hands her the receiver. It is the neighbors. No, the racket is not bothering them; they're going out to the stock-car races in a few minutes anyway. They are just wondering if she knows anything about the Home Entertainment Center floating in the pool. Oh God, says Mom. You mean mine? Philtronix GT? Mediterranean Fruitwood, with rabbit ears? Jesus.

The cocktail dress, she remembers now, is not in the bedroom at all but on the ironing board in the laundry room. A man with a vacuous expression, horn-

THE BUZZARD

What do you do for a buzzard with a busted wing?
After all that pity for a crippled fox
It'd be bigotry not to help the thing.
They held it in the field glasses from the front door—
Death's authentic dark gargoyle, all right,
Trampling the hilltop over the mailbox.
Was there something in the graveyard it was waiting for?
—And then they saw the one wing dragging the dirt.
He put on his boots and his jeans and his checked shirt,
And took two towels in case it wanted to fight
(To wrap his arm up in like a falconer's),
And strung his neck with bumping binoculars.

It was a pleasant hunt in the downhill light,
An excuse to visit the creek and look at roots
Where the floods had laid them bare as old men's veins,
And think what had its warrens where they wound,
And think of spiders wintering underground—
But always there was that buzzard shadowing his thoughts,
And nothing but finding it would really do.

They met at last in a stand of green bamboo
Sprung up from rubble-heap hillside moraines:
Crack-leathered shoes, the burst hull of a tire
Whose sidewall held a little stagnant rain,
Half-buried bottles dreaming in their moss,
Tin cans brittle as beetle-eaten pine bark,
And one dead buzzard, maybe, by the time it got dark.
A green light blossomed frailly in the cane—
That meant, he knew, the red sun's bulge and loss
Unseen, the sky like fire's exhaust on fire.
The moment prompted: the two of them began
A halting and intermittent stampede
That only ended when the creature ran
Headlong into a forgotten fence's wire
A tree held partly out of earth, and so
Ensnarled his neck he could not get it freed.

He squatted for a look in the last gray glow.
That wicked, rumpled beak, the naked head . . .
Was it like a hawk? And if so, how much?
He put out a hesitant, trial hand
And jerked it back in an electric dread
When the buzzard shifted. It might have been,
No matter what he would have let on then,
His own death he put out a hand to touch.

That was before he was able to understand,
Before they'd left it in the tub all night
As in the mind's aseptic analysis—
One wretched blot on all that glaring white
Every time he came in and switched on the light.
He'd torn a T-shirt into strips,
Held the knot with his teeth and breathed through his lips,
But hadn't had the nerve to call a vet.
He would have bet whatever you wanted to bet
Not one would have been willing to handle *this*.
Who would believe him if he were to swear
This oddment, fragment from that broken vortex,
That black, revolving augury in air
That sends such shudders through our orderings—
See how he ducks at a fancied attack?—
Is just a poor big worried-looking chicken,
A bureaucrat and black-robed clerk with wings?

In the morning they transferred it to the shed,
Where it remained and did not seem to weaken,
And showed a stomach for the dog food they fed
(No need to worry whether it might spoil).
But one day he came out, and there it was, dead.
And so he had another guilt on his head—
To have forced it from a proper funeral-soil
And made it die in prison on a dirt floor,
Lightless but for chink-dazzle as the sun went lower—
To carry with him into how many springs,
Into a life that seemed wider and more gentle
If somewhat lonelier, more accidental,
Stopped in the woods by the whump of big black wings,
His kinsmen laboring upward from their soup and strings.

—Jack Butler

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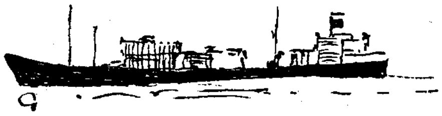
rimmed glasses, and a platinum fright wig is sitting at the kitchen table with his arm draped over the Toastisserie oven. He is talking to a glamorous young woman whose face Mom thinks she has seen in one of the gossip magazines. Mom tries to remember her name. The man with the wig is telling about the time Du Brouillard cut his initials into a ham hock and sold the work to the Galerie des Bêtises. The man's head itself, Mom decides, resembles a block of suet artfully carved.

The door to the laundry room is barred by the young man with the briefcase. Well. She will not go to the goddam bar in the pair of jeans and cheap tank top she has on. Nor will she stand around and watch the daughter make a fool of herself in front of a bunch of cynical rock stars and their insolent toadies. Well then. She approaches the man with the briefcase. Pointing toward the glamorous young woman, Mom says, "She wants to talk to you. Something about hors d'oeuvres."

The man abandons his post and Mom ducks into the laundry. Three skinny, jaded-looking guys are listening to a tape recording of someone giving a religious talk. One of the skinny guys, whose heavy lips droop in a girlish pout, says, "This 'ere's Garner Ted Armstrong. He's big on the telly." "Borin'," says another. "Put the Reverend Ike back on." This must be the band, Mom thinks. For the life of her, she can't imagine what the daughter sees in them. One of the degenerates is sitting on the Maytag, and another is stretched out on the ironing board. . . . "For crying out loud," Mom says. "Can't you see this is someone's ironing board? What kind of an animal would lie down on a freshly pressed cocktail dress?" Wearily, the man rolls off the ironing board. "Turn your back," Mom says. She takes off her jeans and tank top and pulls the wrinkled cocktail dress on over her head. She wraps the discarded clothes into a ball. "Do you mind," she says. The animal on the Maytag slides off. Mom tosses in the ball of clothes. The one with the pout says that Garner Ted Armstrong, for a Bible-thumper, has incredible delivery and keeps better time than a metronome. Churlish, half-starved faces, thinks Mom—incredibly ugly Druid faces. She slams the door.



The kitchen is empty. Everyone is in the living room. The daughter, her body curved in an attitude that does not suit Mom at all, is sitting on the ottoman with one of the mongrels. The atmosphere is brutish and sweaty, and it nearly makes Mom sick to see the mess

"I suppose this means the usual communiqué: 'A full and frank exchange of views.'"

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the road crew has made of the living room. God knows how much it will cost to fix the crowbar hole in the wall.

Mom hears footsteps in the kitchen. The band must be about to make its entrance. For a moment she entertains an impulse to stay and surrender to the feral spectacle, to the sordid Druid ceremony. No.

On the way down the stairs, Mom hears the frenzied introduction of the band and the febrile shrieks of the daughter. Jesus, she says, clapping her hands to the sides of her head. Only the rabbit ears of the submerged TV are visible on the surface of the pool.

Mom is standing in the shadows at the bar. She does not feel at all like a dynomite mom. She recalls the time, during her adolescence, when Bo Diddley performed in the ex's basement—Bo, the Duchess, Jerome the midget bass player, and a funky backup band. Bo Diddley din stan no mess, wore a gun on his hip an a rose on his ches. They danced all night in an innocent frenzy. Bo was the perfect gentleman and even played a halting version of "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" for the ex's parents before they discreetly got lost in the shadows.

A man much younger than Mom offers to buy her a drink. Mom has a sombrero and tells the man what is going on in her living room. In that case, says the man, would you like to come back to my place? Mom says not while my goddam TV is sitting on the bottom of the pool.

Mom is restless. The music is loud, the light dim. The man who bought her the drink is clearly a bozo. She can no longer endure standing in the shadows, shouting cocktail talk to a certified bozo.

Mom takes a motel room for the night. Tomorrow will be time enough to worry about the trampled shag and what's come over the daughter. Tomorrow, too, she guesses, she will reckon with no longer being a dynomite mom. There is a chill in the room. She turns on the dingy white electric blanket and pulls it up under her chin. To her surprise, there is no mention on the midnight news of the appearance of a famous rock band at the Sedgemere Apartment Complex.

—PAUL W. WALES

THE BORDER

ONE summer not so long ago, Tom Croft took extended leave from the research institute where he had been working for the past ten years and went with his wife, Joanna, to live on the Mediterranean—less because it was the Mediterranean than because it wasn't New York. He'd had enough of the city; he needed a good year away. He and Joanna bought a small sky-blue Renault in Paris, drove through the Dordogne and the Lot into Spain, spent August in a shepherd's cottage above Deyá and a splendid autumn touring Crete and the Cyclades, and then settled down for the winter on the Sardinian coast. There it rained, and the wind blew, and they were cold. When it wasn't raining, Croft would walk in the rough country back of their house or on the beaches below. Usually, Joanna stayed in bed. In February, the college students to whom they had sublet their floor-through in the East Nineties left on short notice, and Joanna decided to go back and take care of the plants and the cats. She didn't mind, she said. She missed a number of things. Croft had to remember she was quite a bit younger; she hadn't been all that long in New York.

Notes came from Joanna telling of an inflammation between the shoulder blades she called the rash of the uncaressed. Croft had stomach cramps and a persistent low fever, and was ready to go home, but then he recovered and decided to see Italy instead.

"Dear Tommy," Joanna wrote on a postcard of Washington Square in 1905. "The rash is over. I bought a *vacuum cleaner* yesterday! Do you believe it? It's the new me." They had taken her on again at the institute, doing the same old chores. Everyone sent his best.

A nightingale sang in the Roman Forum, the first Croft had ever heard. The bird was somewhere in the shrubbery near the Temple of Romulus. No question of what it was. Croft stood listening. With Joanna, he thought later, there would have been more italics. Our first *nightingale!* In the very *heart* of Rome. Forster might have come up, or Keats, or Eliot. They would have talked the nightingale away. But this morning his head had been empty. No, not empty. Filled with the song.

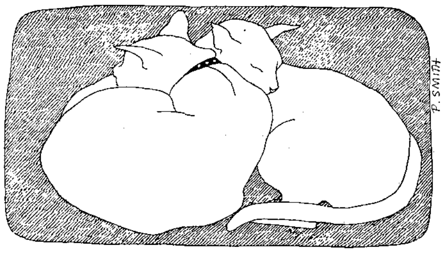
He had picked the wrong moment to be in Rome, except for the nightingale. It was Easter time. Clusters of pilgrims from the north, listening attentively to their docents, blocked his view. He drove to Siena, spent the weekend there and then a couple of weeks around Florence, and found it wasn't what he wanted to be doing at all. These were the places he had planned to see with Joanna.

Must he go to Venice? He had been there soon after the end of the war, and remembered the Piazza San Marco empty and tall red-haired women strolling nearby, talking in luminous, transparent voices. He headed northward, and spent the night above Bolzano in a mountain inn. The sign read "Gasthof." People spoke a soft German.

The Po Valley had been sultry. Up here apple trees were in blossom on the southern slopes, and above there was snow. The high-school German he had learned in Wisconsin was still with him, enough to get by. He felt at ease. Living was cheap in the East Tyrol, the innkeeper told him. Croft drove there through the Dolomites. At the Austrian border, the Italian police waved him past, and the Austrian police and customs men, smiling, waved him in. It had been the same when he and Joanna crossed into Spain. His honest face, probably. Or didn't they bother at all anymore?

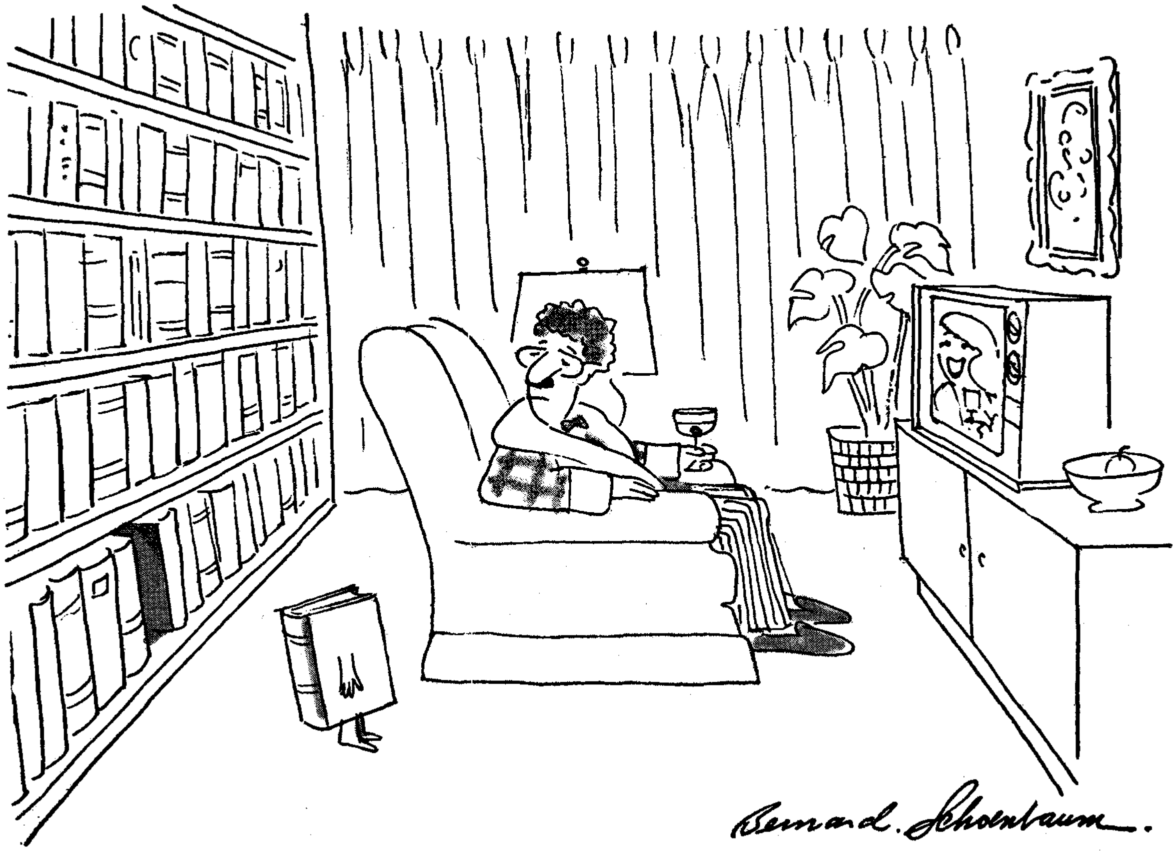
Living in the East Tyrol wasn't so cheap, he discovered, and Lienz struck him as simply another ski town off season. He ate one night in a pizza parlor, and the next in what looked like a Howard Johnson's. But his room was in a tidy shingled house like the houses at home, and five minutes away he was on paths that led across meadows where belled cows grazed.

HE left Lienz and drove north and east through mountains toward the part of Austria about which his guidebook said least, taking his time, stopping in midafternoon wherever he found himself. No need to plan. Nearly every village he passed through had its inn. Nearly every village, too, had its Maypole. He could see them swaying against the sky, marking his route. Pines taller than the houses, stripped bare except for a green tuft at the tip. A wreath of boughs hanging from the tip, encircling the trunk. Red and white streamers fluttering from the wreath. Below, crossed red-and-white Austrian flags. Below the flags, a black-letter sign: "Hoch der Bürgermeister!" in one town. "Hoch die Fussballspieler!" in another. Or "Hoch die freiwillige Feuerwehr!" Vestiges of the old ways, but the old ways still.



As he left the Alpine resorts behind him, the towns began to look poorer. Fewer new storefronts, fewer new cars. Then the Danube, and prospering towns, and beyond the Danube high country again. Forests of dark spruce with stands of larches here and there. North woods. He drove through villages that could not have changed much in hundreds of years. The houses were simple. No curlicues. No chalets. Low, solid structures that hugged the earth—not quite like any he had ever seen before, though he remembered them in the way he remembered times before he was born. There were movies from the age of innocence with villages like these. "Sunrise" and "Seventh Heaven." "Nosferatu." Even the names seemed to be in an imagined tongue: Eggen, Illmau, Thuma . . .

He turned eastward, and before long the forests became woods scattered in hilly farmland where the earth was freshly plowed. Then the fields began to be green. He took now this road, now that, following his nose, looking for a place to spend the night. For some time he drove along a narrow, straight road from which there was no turning off. Thick woods on the right. Untilled fields on the left, and a few trees bent by the wind. Then a ragged village without inn or Maypole. Then another. Then a sign, "Staatsgrenze 600 m.," beside a dirt road. He turned onto the road, and his way was soon barred by a pole striped red and white. Beside it, a wayside shrine of dark brick with a dusty statue of the Virgin. Across the road, a house of brick, once the customs station, its doors and windows boarded up. The dirt road went on through a field and straight up to a chain-link fence topped with barbed wire. No gate. Well beyond, a wooden watchtower. Beyond that, barracks. A soldier on the tower platform looking down at him. Croft fished out his bird glasses from the car and looked back up. A boy's round face, a brown uniform, an automatic rifle slung over one shoulder. The Iron Curtain. Croft had come to think it might be no more now, in most places, than a figure of speech. But there it was. He felt a shiv-



"*Read me.*"

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er of something. Not fear. Recognition.

He returned to the highway, which led him south now through woods and across a river lined with willows into a valley as green as Wisconsin pastures or the meadows above Lienz. Signs advertised inns. One read "Gasthof Schmettermeier. Gepflegte Küche. Thaures 3 km." He went there.

Croft took a room at the inn and found a small table against the wall in the busy stube. No television, thank God; he'd left Italy far behind. Men in blue work clothes came in, said "*Grüss Gott*," went to the bar, had a stein of beer and a chat, and left. People at the tables looked on holiday. It was Saturday night.

The menu, in purple ink, was blurred. "Have the trout," said the man next to him. His nose was unusually crooked, as if it had been broken several times. Croft asked the young waiter for trout and fried potatoes and a glass of the white wine he saw at the tables. The wine came in a tumbler; it was green and tart. The waiter served Croft his trout. "*Guten Appetit!*" he said. Croft asked for another glass of wine. His neighbor cleared his throat and tapped his forehead with the side of his hand. "*Neuer Wein*," he said, and added something in thick dialect that Croft did not understand. He said so.

"*Ah, Sie sind Holländer?*"

"*Nein, Amerikaner.*"

"*Amerikaner!*" The man's mouth hung open a moment.

A woman in her thirties wearing jodhpurs and boots appeared. Her nose, too, was striking—beaked like a falcon's. The man rose to greet her. Croft heard a faint click of heels and looked down. Boots and jodhpurs.

"Is there riding?" he asked. The town was small.

"Riding? *Ich bin der Reiter*," his neighbor said, touching his chest. The Reitschule was in the stables of a castle in the next village, he told Croft. The woman was the Reiter's colleague. People came from Vienna to ride. There was a couple from Germany here now. Never anyone from America.

"I was in England," the Reiter said. "In the war."

"Do you speak English?"

" 'O.K.' 'Please.' 'Sir.' 'Water.' "

"He was prisoner," the woman said.

"Prisoner of war?" Croft said. "You're not old enough."

"How old do you think I am?"

"Forty-three?"

"*Danke*," the Reiter said. His neck turned red. "*Danke vielmals.*" He was fifty-five—older than Croft. He'd been in the cavalry. Westfront, then Ostfront, then Westfront, then England.

"My God. You were lucky," Croft said.

"*Jawohl.*"

"Would you like to come with us later on?" the woman said to Croft. "We'll go drink wine."

SHE was a fast driver. "We're going to Rabens, in the Weinviertel," she called back to Croft. "We live in the Waldviertel." The Wine Country and the Forest Country. Good. He was getting oriented. These people called each other after their occupations. They didn't bother much with proper names. Already, he was the Amerikaner. Up front were the Fräulein Magister and the Reiter. In back with him was the Studentin, who had joined them after supper. She was tall and pretty and high-strung, a pre-med student at the University of Vienna, who came out weekends to ride. She spoke English well, though she didn't say much. The Fräulein Magister was a pharmacist; she'd gone to the University of Vienna, too. The Reiter had never done anything but ride. His only school, he said, was riding school. With the Lippizaners when he was a boy—and then the war. Afterward, he always worked with horses. Now he had a school of his own.

It was a warm night. "And *there* is the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic!" the Fräulein Magister cried loudly and derisively, sticking her arm straight out the window into the black. Croft remembered Saturday nights like this, driving pell-mell to roadhouses across the county line from home where no questions were asked about age. He looked at the Studentin beside him, who sat nervously in her corner, holding on. The road was winding now, but the car slowed hardly at all. Then the surface beneath them turned to cobblestones. They parked. The Studentin sighed. "I don't care for automobiles," she said.

A newly varnished pine door. No sign. A bare bulb over the door, and a green pine bough.

"Good wine needs no bush," Croft

said to the Studentin, pointing to the pine bough. "The English did that in Shakespeare's day."

"But this is very good wine," she said.

They went down some steps into a low, bright, vaulted cellar. Tables and benches of pine, with room for eight on a side. Other couples joined them—riders, too. They drank and talked and ate. Long slices of rye spread with liverwurst or chopped chicken livers or cheese.

"We never drink without eating," someone explained to Croft, handing down an ancient maxim. "When we drink, we eat."

"Do you spend much time in Vienna?" Croft asked the Studentin.

She swallowed, then smiled at him. "Not when I can ride," she said.

"Where do you go from here?" the Reiter asked him.

"I may stay," Croft said.

THAURES was on a hill, and the bend of a river enclosed it on three sides. There were medieval walls and a modest castle, and in the long, narrow town square that ran between facing rows of low houses were a Gothic parish church, and a Maypole, and a Renaissance pillory, and a Baroque monument to the Holy Trinity which was all sweeps and drapings of stone.

Croft looked around the town the next morning, then went to see the Reitschule. It was no bigger than a one-ring circus. On horseback, the Reiter was more at ease than off. The Studentin jumped well, and jumped again and again. The Fräulein Magister worked with a boy and a girl on the training rope. The German couple staying at the inn turned up after a canter in the woods. Their name was Pirsche. They'd been at the table last night.

"You must ride!" Frau Pirsche called down to him excitedly.

"I will, I will," he said. He had often seen riders in Central Park, but none so carefree. These were like gypsies.

He went back to the Wine Country that afternoon with the Pirsches, through mile after mile of vineyards, past door after door with the green bough over it. In the ruins of a border fortress, they found tables set up in a field where the great hall had once been, and families drinking and eating there.

"Is this an old border?" Croft asked Herr Pirsche.

"Old? It was laid down by Friedrich Barbarossa!"

From where they were standing, they could look far into Czechoslovakia. "Have you seen the country over there?" Croft said. "What's it like? What are the people like?"

Herr Pirsche nodded, then half smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "Just like here," he said.

On their way back, they turned into a yard where farm people sat at a trestle table under a great apple tree in flower. "My vintner," said Herr Pirsche. He stopped here for a few cases of wine each year before going home to Schleswig-Holstein. They joined the table. The vintner's wife cut slices from a large loaf that she held against her chest, then sliced sausage and laid it on the bread. The vintner poured.

"Do you drink wine in America?" the vintner's wife asked.

"Yes, indeed," Croft said. He drank little else, he told her. There were evenings—just then Croft longed for them—when he and his wife drank two, even three bottles over dinner, sitting and talking.

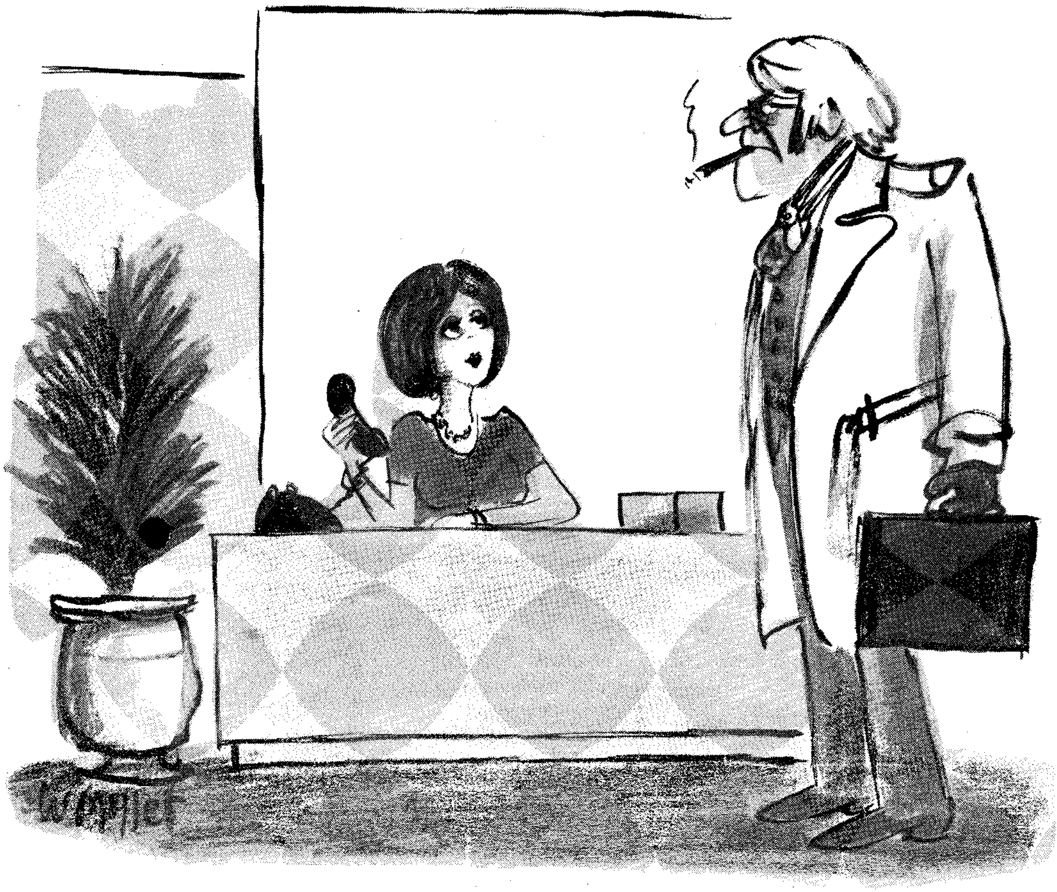
"Really?" said the woman, honestly surprised. "Here in Austria we never drink alone."

In Thaures, Croft and the Pirsches walked to clear their heads, along a broad path that circled the walls, with the river valley on one side and cottage gardens planted in what had been the town moat on the other. Then they walked back to the Gasthof down the center of the main street, arms linked, past pillory and church and monument. No cars, no motorbikes. The houses on either side were rosy in the evening glow. On benches before the houses old women sat, and a man or two smoking his pipe. No sound but the birds. "*Unglaublich*," Herr Pirsche said. "Can you believe we're here?"

How happy the German couple were. If Joanna were here with him, would they be happy? How could they not be? They would ride. She loved to ride.

"I'm looking for rooms here," he wrote her. "Come over if you can. It's beautiful. It's what the world used to be."

Mail reached him a few days later, forwarded from American Express in Flor-



"Could you wait for a few minutes, Mr. Graham? Mr. Dilworth is psyching himself up to see you."

ence. A note from Joanna, weeks old, on institute stationery. The name in the corner of the envelope was Rosenthal. "It fits better," she wrote. "I love you more this way, I think. They're giving me masses of work." She had talked before she left Sardinia of going back to her maiden name. It meant she wouldn't come, he thought. Although she had often been happy in the four years of their marriage, she had not been happy in marriage. No more, for that matter, had he. He might simply stay here. Perhaps he could manage it. Living was cheap enough. He would never find better country than this. He wasn't ready to return to the city. He wrote his department head in New York saying he would like to stay away until the first of the year.

"Oh, sure, I love Bruce and all. But we have conflicting diets."

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THE Reiter sent Croft to friends, who sent him to friends. He saw rooms crowded with castoff furniture and dank, bare rooms with mold thick on the walls. People were not prepared for strangers. Days, he drove about the country, asking and looking. Evenings, he ate in the stube, often with the Reiter and the Fräulein Magister. The German couple were gone. The Studentin was in Vienna. He drank little. When he drank, he missed Joanna.

"What do people say of us in America?" the Fräulein Magister asked him. "That we're lazy, I suppose. That we don't know how to work."

"No one says that in America," he said. "People speak of your *Gemütlichkeit.*"

"*Ja,*" she said dryly. "Our Vienna charm."

She and the Reiter worked. A dozen horses, and they did it themselves. The Reitschule barely got by.

CROFT came to love this Austrian countryside as much as the one he grew up in. Perhaps more. The soft hills and tended fields, the pine woods and the winding roads and the compact earth-colored villages, their houses all of a piece with each other and with the earth, could have been models for the illustrations in the books he read and reread when he was a child, those tales he lost himself in without asking who had written them, before he understood that someone must have written them, or written them down. At moments here he found himself back in the imaginary world of his childhood, one that even now seemed to him more real than the everyday world, hovering above it and dipping down at times to join it—the one he had once told himself stories of and drawn maps of and built with blocks on the living-room floor.

He stopped one afternoon on a hill overlooking the Wine Country and stood gazing out over the great flat Central European plain that stretched as far as he could see and farther, as far as the Urals. Beside him, on the edge of a vineyard, was a shrine in which a tippling Bacchus carved in rose marble sat, festooned in carved grape leaves. The Romans could bring the vine no farther than this, he thought. Marcus Aurelius spent the last years of his life somewhere down on that plain with his legions, trying to make the border tribes behave. Croft felt, suddenly, that he had come to the very edge of the world, like the prince in the Russian tale. Home was a thousand years away.

"O.K.," his department head wrote him. "But I had to get down on my knees for you. The times are changing. See you at Christmas. Or sooner."

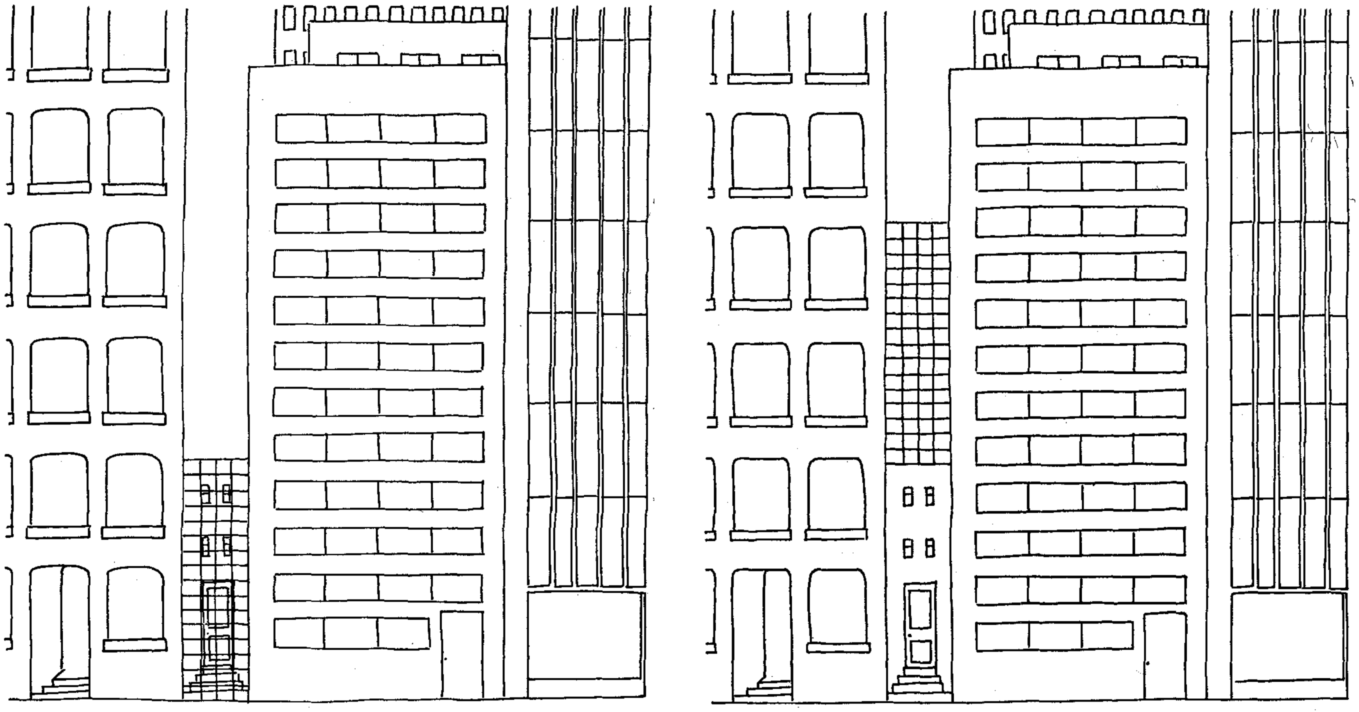
"It sounds wonderful," Joanna wrote him. "You have the most recherché address of anyone anyone knows." The institute had got itself into one more project, and she was involved in a halfway interesting way. Time off? Right now she'd better not ask.

If she missed me, she'd say so, Croft thought. Or would she not say so, wanting him to be free to make his own choice? Perhaps. He had never come right out and said that he needed her. He would not.

CROFT found rooms at last in Edelsdorf, a village fifteen kilometres or so from Thaures. "You ask at the castle," the real-estate agent in Rabens said. A plain pale-yellow castle behind dark-yellow walls stood on one side of the road, and a neatly kept village on the other. Fruit trees grew in the moat. Croft crossed a stone bridge, found a bellpull at the gate, and tugged. Nothing happened. Across the dirt drive leading to the castle were women hoeing in a field. He approached them and called out. "You want to see Frau Brauner!" one of the women cried, wiping her hands on her apron. She took him past the gate and into the castle yard, then shouted up to windows above. A short, white-haired woman came slowly down a flight of wooden stairs.

"I will speak English, then," she said when she learned Croft was from America. "The Bediente—my servant—will show you the rooms. They are very plain, though. I don't think you will like them."

The Bediente lived opposite the castle in a one-story wooden house whose floor was two steps below the street. She was a bent creature out of a book of Russian tales, wearing, like the women in the field, a dark cotton print dress with a darker apron over it, and



rubber boots, and a kerchief on her head.

The rooms were upstairs in one of the castle outbuildings. Three of them, with large windows and waxed pine floors, and odds and ends of furniture that must once have been in the castle. A good bed and table. Paintings on the walls. One of a boy in a velvet suit sitting under a tree. One of a young woman in a morning gown of striped silk, standing and reading a letter. By the door, a motto in a rustic frame: "Grüss Gott! Tritt ein. Bring Glück herein."

"I like the rooms very much," Croft said. He went with the Bediente to the castle and waited while she shouted up the stairs and the white-haired woman called down in dialect he could not understand.

"The Frau Baronin says come back tomorrow," the woman said.

"Frau Brauner?"

"No, the Frau *Baronin*. Come back tomorrow at ten o'clock."

"I'VE found something," Croft told the Reiter and the Fräulein Magister that evening. "My landlady is a baroness."

"The Frau Baronin, in Edelsdorf," the Reiter said.

"How did you know?"

"You think we've got so many Baronins? The Baron was commanding officer of my regiment. He died four, five years ago."

"She was a countess," the Fräulein Magister said. "She gave up her title. She married for love."

"I thought she was Frau Brauner," Croft said, and told them the story.

"That's good," the Reiter said. He chuckled, drawing inside himself to laugh as if he were inhaling. "The Frau Baronin Frau *Brauner*? That's good."

"You're in the castle?" the Fräulein Magister said.

"Over the cow barn. No cows."

"She sold the herd," the Reiter said.

Croft described the rooms.

"It's too bad," the Reiter said. "We won't be seeing you."

"Why not? It's not far."

"You'll see. But you'll like it there. It's good country. She has forests."

"Her own forests? I thought Austria was socialist."

"Socialist?" said the Fräulein Magister. Her voice cracked. "Socialist? *Here*? Ach . . ."

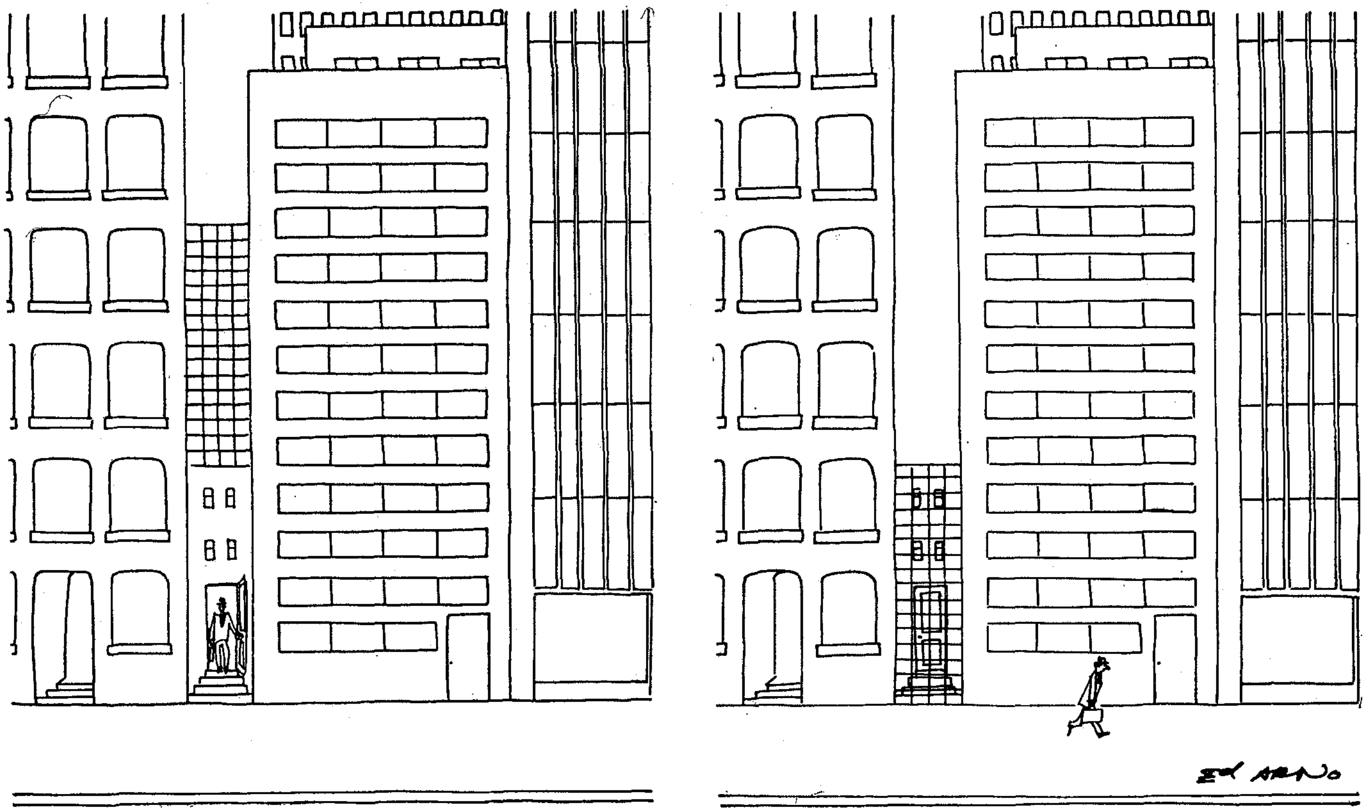
THE Frau Baronin led Croft along an upstairs hall whose walls were covered with mounted antlers and small framed photographs of the hunt. He sat with her at a table at one end of the large kitchen and discussed terms. They were simple. Then he found his way down. He was to pay the Förster, whose office was across the road.

"Tell me if you need help moving in," the Förster said. He was young and agreeable, and wore forest-green knickers and vest. He made Croft think of one of his gnomish country cousins. The people here were like those of his childhood—country folk, small-towners. Laconic, diffident, droll. The Förster pulled a receipt book out of a drawer in his rolltop desk and began to fill it in. "I'll make it out for five hundred schillings," he said. "That's the rent. The other hundred is for the Frau Baronin. Did she explain that?"

Croft nodded. She hadn't. All in all, it came to about thirty-five dollars a month.

From his bedroom, Croft looked out on a white church with windows of plain glass that might be standing in New Hampshire. Between the church and the houses opposite was a triangle of grass which served as the village green. On it were the statue of a mitred saint, and a Maypole—though now it was mid-June—and two small stands for Vienna papers, and a weighing platform. The morning after he arrived, Croft woke to screams, and saw a young woman coaxing and tugging to the platform a huge purple-pink pig.

Across the green was a farmer's house, newly done over. Between eaves and lintels, on the face of the house, crossed sheaves of wheat had been painted. Below in large script were the words "Leben ist Streben. Arbeit ist Brot." Life is striving, and work is bread. Saturday night, the farmer got roaring drunk.



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From his other rooms, Croft looked out on the long castle wall, and the castle's square tower with its coat of arms, and a row of old linden trees. The outbuildings were three long barns of stuccoed brick, painted ochre and needing paint, that formed a U around a yard given over to tall grass. Tiles were missing from their roofs. One building housed the Frau Baronin's small gray Austin and the Förster's Volkswagen jeep. The date cut in the stone above the garage door was 1767. Baroque barns. "Are my rooms from the *Barockzeit*, too?" he asked the Frau Baronin. "No," she said. "Your rooms are from the *Hitlerzeit*."

Edelsdorf's two streets left from the main road and met at the other end of the village. A hundred or so people lived there. Most had a place on the Maypole. It was a village directory. The plaques, some of them quite old, started well above Croft's head and went right down to the ground. "Hoch die Familie v. Zöbing" read the topmost one. Only the Frau Baronin was left in Edelsdorf. The children were scattered. And the family had dropped the "von." Then came the Bürgermeister and his family, and then the pastor, and the forester, and each of the farmers, and the postmaster, the smith, the innkeeper, the hunter, the garageman, and, on the very ground, "Hoch der Kaufmann und seine Familie." He ran the general store.

Here, too, people were known by their vocations. No need to remember proper names. Though Croft would not forget the Bauers, farmers on the castle land behind the barns, whose name and calling were the same. Callings seemed to run in the family. The Förster's father, retired now to a brand-new house just outside the village, had been Förster before him. The Bauers would have been peasants since before men took last names.

The Maypole came down in July and lay stripped bare beside the lindens along the castle wall until late summer, when the trees, though here and there still in flower, were already turning yellow. Children ran along the pole sometimes, playing follow-the-leader. It was carted away, finally, to be cut up into firewood.

Croft went back to Thaures only once. The stube at the inn was crowded with vacationers, and the Reitschule—it appeared to be prospering—was no longer the same. Nor did he spend much time in Vienna, though it was simple to go there for the day. He rode in two or three times on the train to visit the room full of Bruegels, and the Velázquez, and Vermeer's "The Artist and His Studio" in the Kunsthistorisches Museum. He drove in early one morning, after being told that he must have customs clearance for his car. He submitted the Renault for inspection by two uniformed officers, handed over a thousand schillings—about sixty dollars—and was given his customs documents and red-white-and-blue plates for the car.

"Your automobile is now in bond," he was told formally by a man in shirt-sleeves who spoke stiff English. "When it leaves Austria, you must show your documents to a customs officer. He will certify the departure. Then you may return the documents to us and recover your thousand schillings."

"Do I return the plates?" Croft asked.

"You return the plates."

After that trip to Vienna, he stayed around Edelsdorf. Why should he leave? It was deep country like this that he had hungered for, without knowing it. Up at dawn, to bed at dark. Living with the natural round, day after day. Seeing the seasons through, feeling them change. He hadn't since he was a child.

"Go walk in the woods back there," the Frau Baronin had called to him one day, shortly after his arrival, when he met her on the castle drive. She waved a hand toward the trees behind the castle. Until now, afraid of trespassing, he had kept to the roads. "Cross the little bridge," she said. "You'll find paths all over."

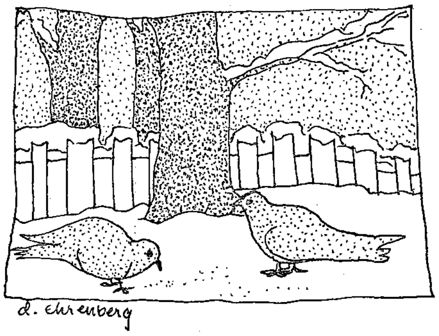
From then on, he walked most often in the Frau Baronin's woods and forests. Across the stream and along it, then up through young beeches to the ridge and into the open, then along a dirt road past wheat fields to a clump of birches, where he entered the woods again and went back down to the stream. That was his morning walk. Afternoons, he would go into the forests or through the fields. There were no fences; there was no pastureland, for the cows were kept at home. He could walk where he pleased.

He taught himself the names of trees and flowers, with guidebooks and a dictionary he bought in Vienna. So those were cowslips, and that was hawthorn, and that was foxglove! He had known them, but only their names. On the edge of the woods back of the castle, he started a red deer out of deep cover. It bounded ahead of him, now appearing, now disappearing in the tall grass. Where two logging trails met, he found a picture of the crowned Virgin holding a crowned Christ child—a cheap print in a cheap frame nailed to a tree. Below, a glass with plastic flowers. Nearby, he found wild strawberries. Statues, crucifixes, shrines were all along the roads and in the fields. In high country, with no house in sight, he saw a sandstone Christ crucified, pitted and eroded away. He stood stockstill one day beside a wheat field listening to larks singing above him, and all at once remembered the picture of the peasant girl, sickle in hand, her head held like his, that hung on the wall in his grandparents' home. They had grown up on the farm, then moved to town and spent their lives there. He had grown up in the town, then moved to Chicago, then to San Francisco, then to New York.

In the wheat fields, here and there, were heads of wild oats. Was *that* what it meant, sowing your wild oats? Was it peasant irony? Scattering your energies, spending yourself with no prospect of harvest. What he'd done. Ah, to have stayed in one place! To see the seasons through, year after year. Bare earth, and green shoots, and yellow grain, and harvest.

He waved at the men and women working in the fields as he walked by them. Few waved back. At work, they were like natural objects. He had not known that farmers still worked so hard. "*Grüss Gott*," he would say to those he met in the village and on the roads and paths. "*Grüss Gott*," they would say. "Are we taking a walk? Are we going to the store? Are we going to the post office to ask for our mail?" As if he were a child. But how better to address a perfect stranger? He must puzzle them. He seemed to have all the time in the world.

"You're alone?" people would say to him if they exchanged more than a word or two. "You're living here alone? Ach, that's sad, to be alone. It's hard. Have you no family? No children?" He told them that his wife was in New York, working, and would join him soon. (She might, after all. He wasn't sure. She hadn't come right out and said no.) But he was rarely conscious of being lonely, and that surprised him at first. The women he loved—Joanna—had been for him like charmed landscapes in which he would have been content to wander forever. But now, he thought, he had found the charmed landscape itself, and could wander in it at will.



He was writing, he told the Frau Baronin one day, hoping to account for his keeping to himself. "Writing about Edelsdorf?" she said. No, he told her. Poems. Stories. "Things you make up?" she said, opening her eyes wide. "You make them up in your *head*?" She waved two fingers beside her temple, then flung up her hand in an arabesque.

Croft liked her. "Would you care to have tea one afternoon?" he said.

"No," she said. There was no change in her tone. She was always amiable. "Thank you, but that is not possible."

The Frau Baronin lived nearly as much to herself as he. She had her

APPROACHING WASHINGTON HEIGHTS

North, near the tip, where the island
raises its head like a factory
worker who has been asleep in a gray cap
and who blinks, his eyes full of sand
his lips chapped with age

where the only bridge in America
that can sing Old Man River with the wind
in its cables has an audience of fire
escapes, and the brown ledge
of the land sprouts names
like Chittenden Avenue, Cabrini Boulevard

I who have driven three decades of A trains
shotgun to the motorman from midtown
glued to the window
as we highballed sixty blocks without a stop
up the guts of an electric eel

north past stray stations, dimwatted
mudugly, platforms
that would be the rust-colored scenarios
of nightmares in which I would race
to catch a train but never make it
my legs churning in the same spot

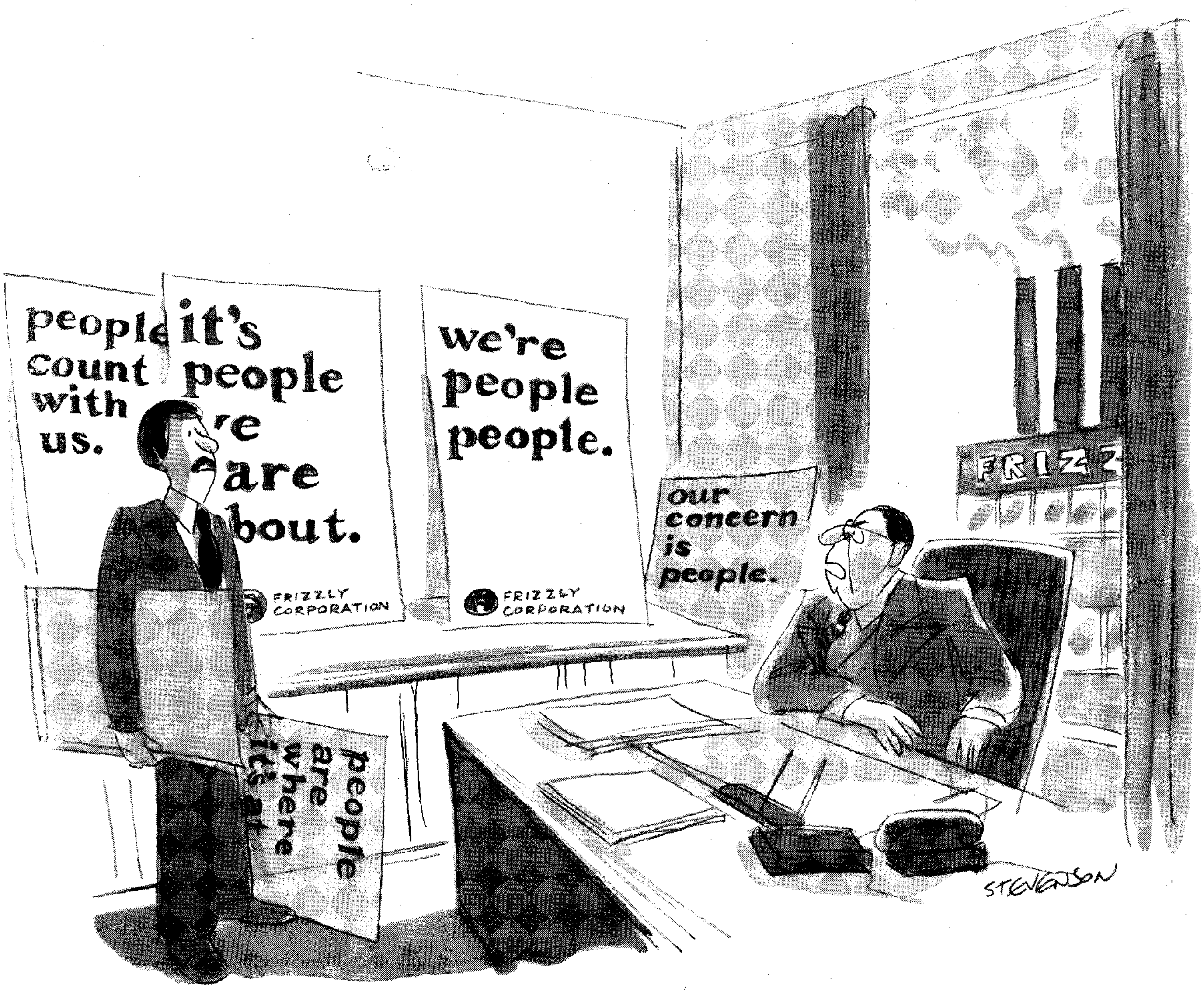
I who am churning now, who have stayed
on, not gotten off pale-faced
in Harlem as if in the middle of a sentence

I who will never get off this train
of thought, these silver wheels
barrelling
north toward the black mammoth elevators
and hammering escalators of 181st Street

where the man who sells tokens has a life
behind bars totally alien
from mine, though his face is also a map
of Israel, his eyes are tiny
dead seas

—James Reiss

• •



"I'm sick of the whole approach. Just tell the public we're cold and aloof and we make a goddam good carburetor."

• •

Bediente, and a housekeeper who bicycled into the castle yard three mornings a week, and the Förster, who managed her property, and ran errands, and drove her to Rabens on Friday market days. And the Jäger—the hunter—a thin fellow in his sixties, who picked up the mail for the castle each weekday morning, strapped it to the seat of his motorbike, and putted up to the castle two hundred yards away. A letter or two, perhaps a magazine, and the Frau Baronin's morning paper. Croft would hear him pass, and then he would walk down to ask for his mail. The Jäger's uniform was maroon and had red piping on the lapels. Croft never saw him with a gun. Both he and the Förster had peaked caps. The Förster's uniforms were green. The Frau *Baronin* wore black. Croft could see her any Sunday morning if he looked out his window after the bells rang for Mass. She left the castle late and walked firmly, deliberately down the castle drive and across the road to the church. In a black cloth coat and a rounded black felt hat, supporting herself on a black cane. A few moments after she entered the church, the bell would sound at the Elevation.

The church bells rang often. Sundays and feast days, and every day the Angelus bell that woke him shortly after dawn, then rang again at noon and at dusk. Once, wedding bells, when the Förster was married. Once, the passing bell. The Kaufmann was dead.

He did not see the Frau Baronin for some days, and asked after her when he stopped in to pay his August rent. She was away, the Förster said. She always went to a spa in the summer heat. Perhaps that was why tea had not been possible. But Croft never suggested it again.

"It's cheap here in the country, isn't it?" the Förster said. He rubbed thumb and forefingers together. "What does it cost you, Herr Croft, aside from rent? Three hundred schillings a week?"

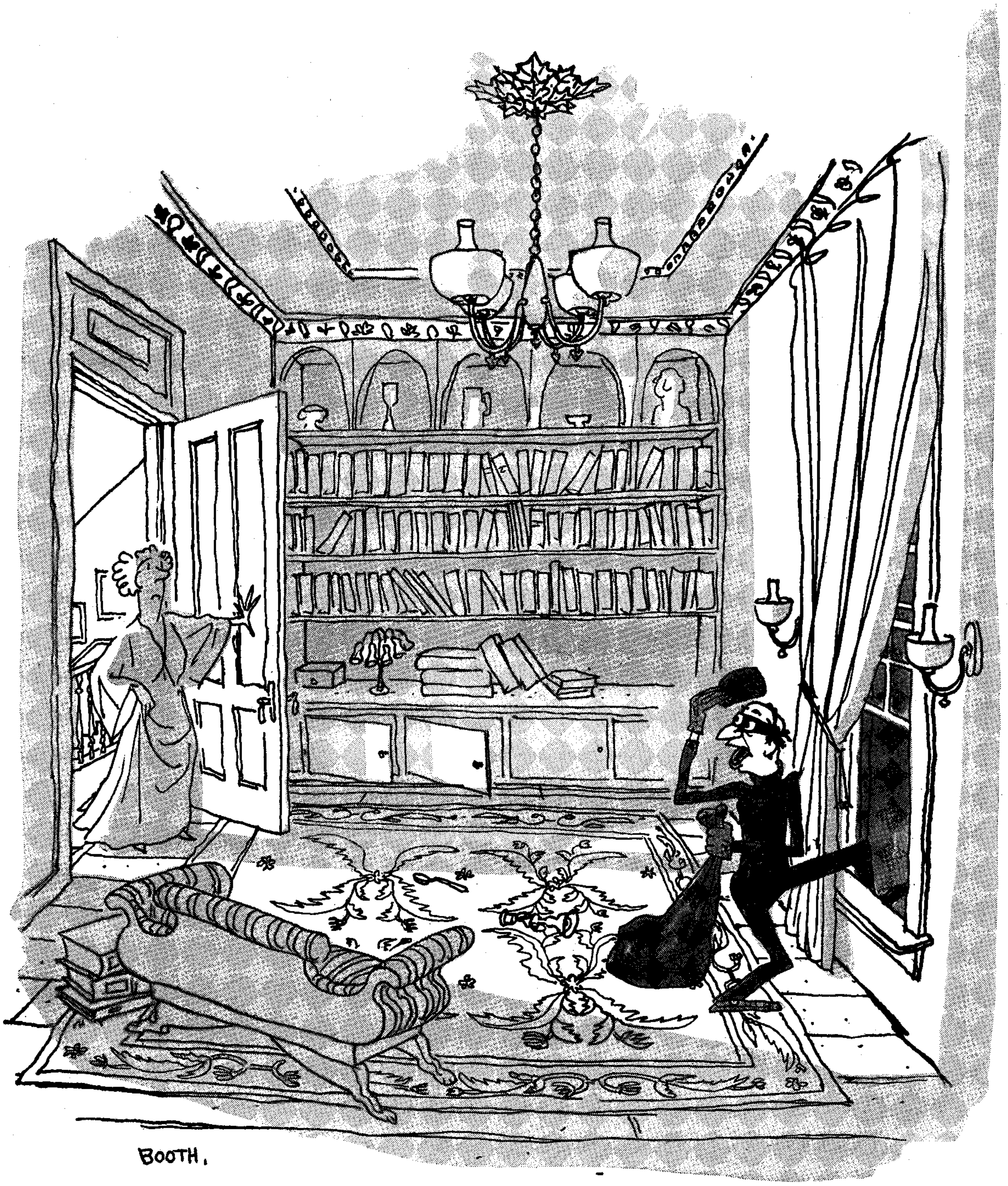
"A little more," Croft said. He had been skimping, and spent twice that.

He stopped for gas one day in a town nearby, and the attendant asked him where he was from. Country people often did.

"America," Croft said. "I'm living in Edelsdorf."

"America! What are *you* doing *here*?" the man said. He chuckled at his own joke in the inward way the Reiter had.

Why, this is the old country, Croft thought, and these are the people who stayed. Stayed in place for all the reasons people stay, good and bad. Those he knew in America from this part of the world were the ones who left. Or escaped. Americans, after all, had al-



"Crippling local, state, and federal rules and regulations have made criminals out of many a small businessman, Ma'am."

• •

ways been the ones who left. More ambitious, more restless, more gifted, more practical than these. Or craftier. Wealthier. Luckier.

"YOU have an express letter, Herr Croft!" the postmaster announced. Croft signed. Joanna. The institute wanted to send her to London for two months. Just to look things up. Fantastic! Would he join her? It should be fun.

He could not leave now, not in the harvest season, not in the tourist season, not in the heat. Later, perhaps. Or she could join him here. He cabled her in New York. He did not want to call her. He usually said more than he meant to on the phone, and she said less.

The Förster hailed him one morning. "You had a telephone call, Herr Croft! From New York! It was very early—a call to the castle. The operator gave it to us."

The office, Croft thought. No, at that hour it would be Joanna. "Was it a woman?" he said. "Joanna Rosenthal?"

"*Ja. Rosenthal,*" the Förster said, giving it the German sound. "*Eine Jüdin.*" He said it in a matter-of-fact way. "She said she isn't coming. She can't come to London."

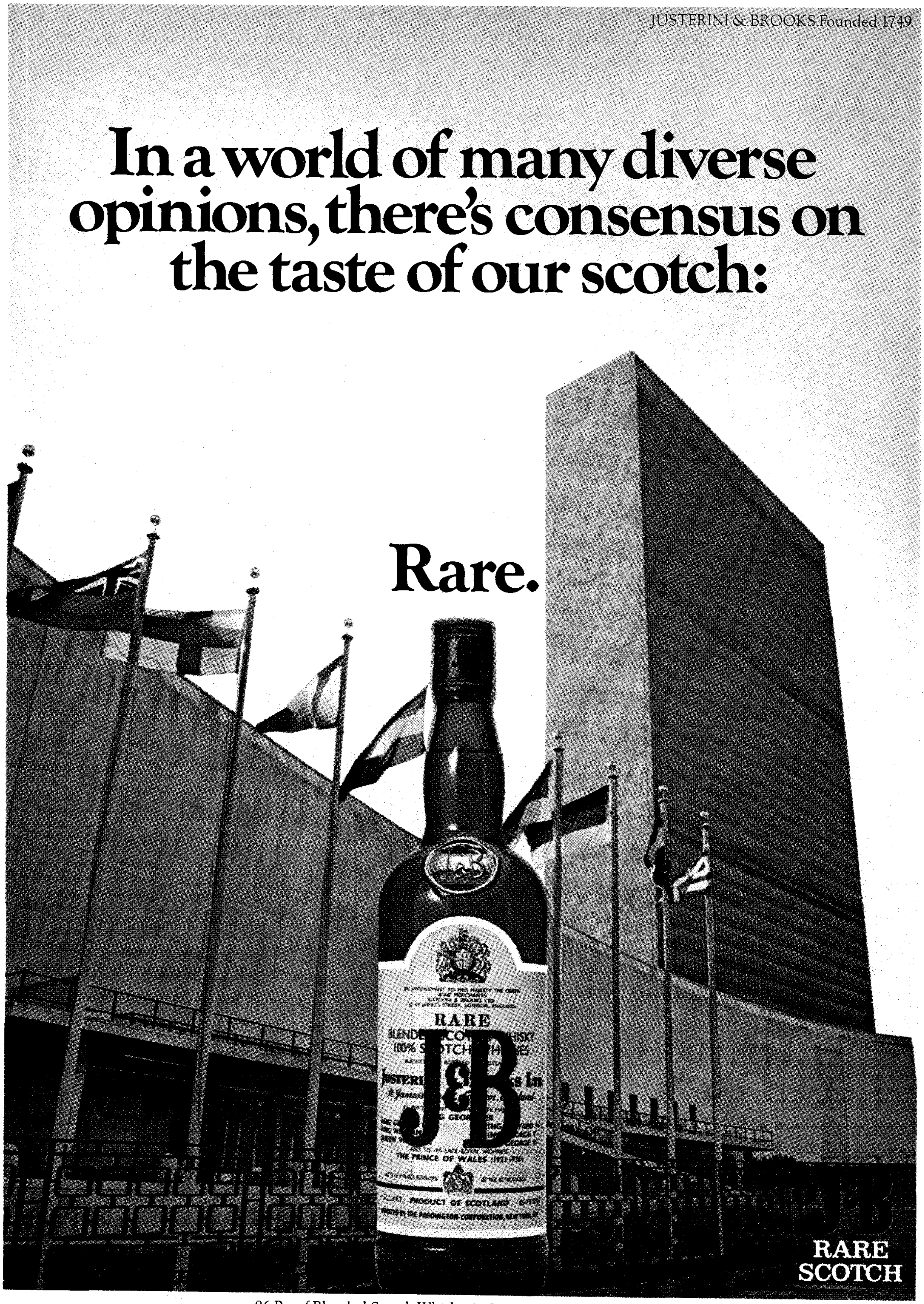
"Was that all?"

"That was all. It was hard. She didn't know German."

Valley of roses. He had never thought of it before. He should go back now, and he didn't think he was ready to. He went into the woods and walked. He should call her, and he had no idea what to say.

OH, why was he staying on? He had no business here. It was a never-never land. Real enough, but for him a dream—as if he had walked into a painting, one of those Bruegels he liked so much. He had no place in it; he could simply observe. But what a beautiful painting it was! Before the mowings, the meadows were brilliant with field flowers, blue and yellow and red and white, and had the look of enamelwork or an illuminated page or a piece of tapestry. The whole countryside was like that. He could almost feel the texture of it—one he had helped to weave himself, taking the same paths day after day until he half knew them by heart. How compact this world was, how closely woven! How closely woven the society was. He would never enter it. He'd barely got a foot in the door. Ten minutes in the castle kitchen. Tea one afternoon? It is not possible. He and the Förster had not once had a beer. The Reiter and the Fräulein Magister? Ah, but they were his kind. They were on the outside, too. And he sensed disorder there.

Edelsdorf was as ordered as the universe, and the farmers and the Förster and the Frau Baronin seemed to move not according to their own wills but in obedience to natural laws. (Protesting, a few of them. Raging drunk on Saturday nights.) And how domestic they were! They cared for their whole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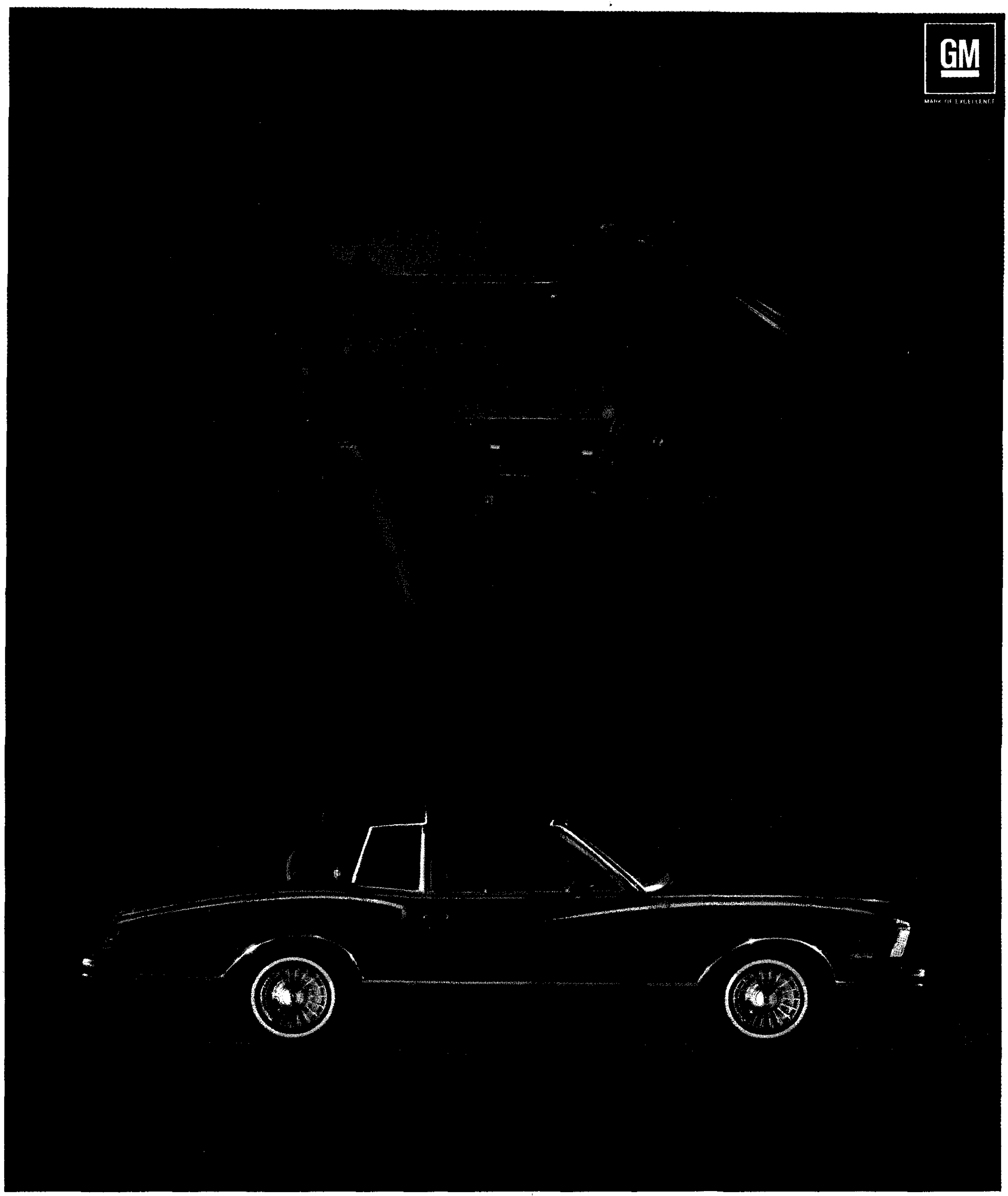

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world the way people at home cared for their apartment or their house and yard. Nothing showy about it. Nothing showy in the Maypole. Or in those gilt crucifixes in the fields. Nothing showy in the Corpus Christi parade, when everyone and his children—for it was Homecoming Day, too—walked behind the pastor and the village band up one street and back the other to the field altar, decked with flowers, set up before the weighing platform on the village green. He watched them from his windows. Nothing showy but the bandsmen in helmets and cuirasses of silvered metal that glinted in the sun.

It was a world beyond his reach. He could not take one step toward it. He could do nothing but look, and let impressions from it come to him. It was like the past—his and the world's. As absolutely real as the past. As unattainable as the past.

He cabled Joanna: "RETURNING SOON LOVE."

THEN came the wheat harvest, and a succession of soft, clear days. The Frau Baronin returned. She had visitors. Cars from Vienna were parked at the end of the castle drive. The Förster was showing some of the visitors around. One couple came to look at Croft's apartment.

He went to the Alps. Not far—to the foothills, the Vienna Hausberge. He could not go home without at least walking in the mountains. He stayed overnight in a crowded lodge, and went the next morning to the peak not far above, over Alpine meadows now brown. Monadnock and Tamalpais were more of a climb. Away from where people had gathered to enjoy the view, he opened his lunch. Birds flew to him and stood in a half circle, waiting for crumbs. They were black, with bright-red legs and bright-yellow bills. He tossed bits of cheese to them, and they politely took turns. Choughs, his handbook said. Courtly birds. King Arthur's soul, he had once read, resided in a chough.

Clouds blew in the next morning, and he returned to Edelsdorf, took his pack to his rooms, and went out for his usual walk. Along the stream, then up to the ridge and down the road between the fields, now stubbled, as far as the birches, and back again to the stream. The deer that had kept to the woods were grazing in a hollow just outside, and leaped to cover when he passed.

The Förster sat waiting for him in his jeep outside the barns. The outbuildings had been rented, he told Croft. Leased! For many years. That couple who were looking at the property? They had a Reitschule in Vienna. They were starting one here.

"Big plans, Herr Croft!" the Förster said. He could not contain himself, but his voice had an edge. "The practice ring in the barnyard, and jumps in the first meadow, and trails all through the woods. Tennis courts, even. Back of the barns."

"It will be good for you. Good for the village," Croft said.

"*Jawohl*," said the Förster. He rubbed thumb and forefingers together.

"Do they want the apartment?"

Not right away. It was his until he left. Would he be staying much longer?

"Until the cold sets in," Croft said.

That wouldn't be long this year. The snails were already well underground.

The following Sunday, Croft walked deep into the forest and nearly to Brugg, the next sizable town. On a hill above the town he found a bench, put there by the Chamber of Commerce for walkers to enjoy the view, and sat on it, looking out on Brugg, with its abbey and its slender church spires, and on several ponds, and the spires in towns beyond, and wave after wave of hills to the north past the Czech border.

A stout man who had come up from Brugg joined him on the bench.

"An American!" he said. "Imagine going for a walk after dinner here and meeting an American!" He was a civil servant, in the district agricultural office in Rabens. He had lived in America for a time when he was a student, working on a Connecticut tobacco farm.

"*Es ist ruhig, nicht?*" he said. It was quiet because there was no industry. No capital investment. The government discouraged it. And who wanted to risk his money so close to the Russians? This was a buffer zone. One single-track railway, narrow two-lane roads. No highway. "Tourists like us for our old-fashioned life," he said. "But we're poor, much poorer than the rest of Austria. Only those with large farms do well. These borderlands are sad now. There has been a great migration of people from here since the war, *eine grosse Völkerwanderung* . . ."

They sat there looking at Czechoslovakia. "*Kolkhoz*," the man said. "Thank God for you Americans, or we'd all be on collective farms."

CROFT began mailing packages of books and summer clothes back to New York. "I hope you're expecting me," he wrote Joanna.

"How strange it will be to see you after all these months," she wrote. "But I suppose there have been separations longer than this."

I will stay until the first snow, Croft told himself. There were flurries in mid-October, but the next afternoon when he came out of the woods into the open fields the sun was warm. He took off his jacket, then his sweater. The deer were grazing now in one of the fields, upwind, nearly a dozen of them. They went on grazing as he walked along the road. One raised its head, then lowered it again. Then another. He had never been this near creatures in the wild. I will stay until the first real breath of winter, he thought.

The Viennese couple came weekends with their children. They were cleaning out the barns, piling straw and old lumber in the yard. One cold Saturday afternoon they set fire to the pile and picnicked near it. Croft stood watching the fire, and the riding master told him of his plans. He looked the part—tall, pale, and assured. He carried a crop. The Reiter in Thaures was a weather-beaten, bowlegged cowboy.

"There are other Reitschulen nearby," Croft said. "I know the Reiter in Thaures."

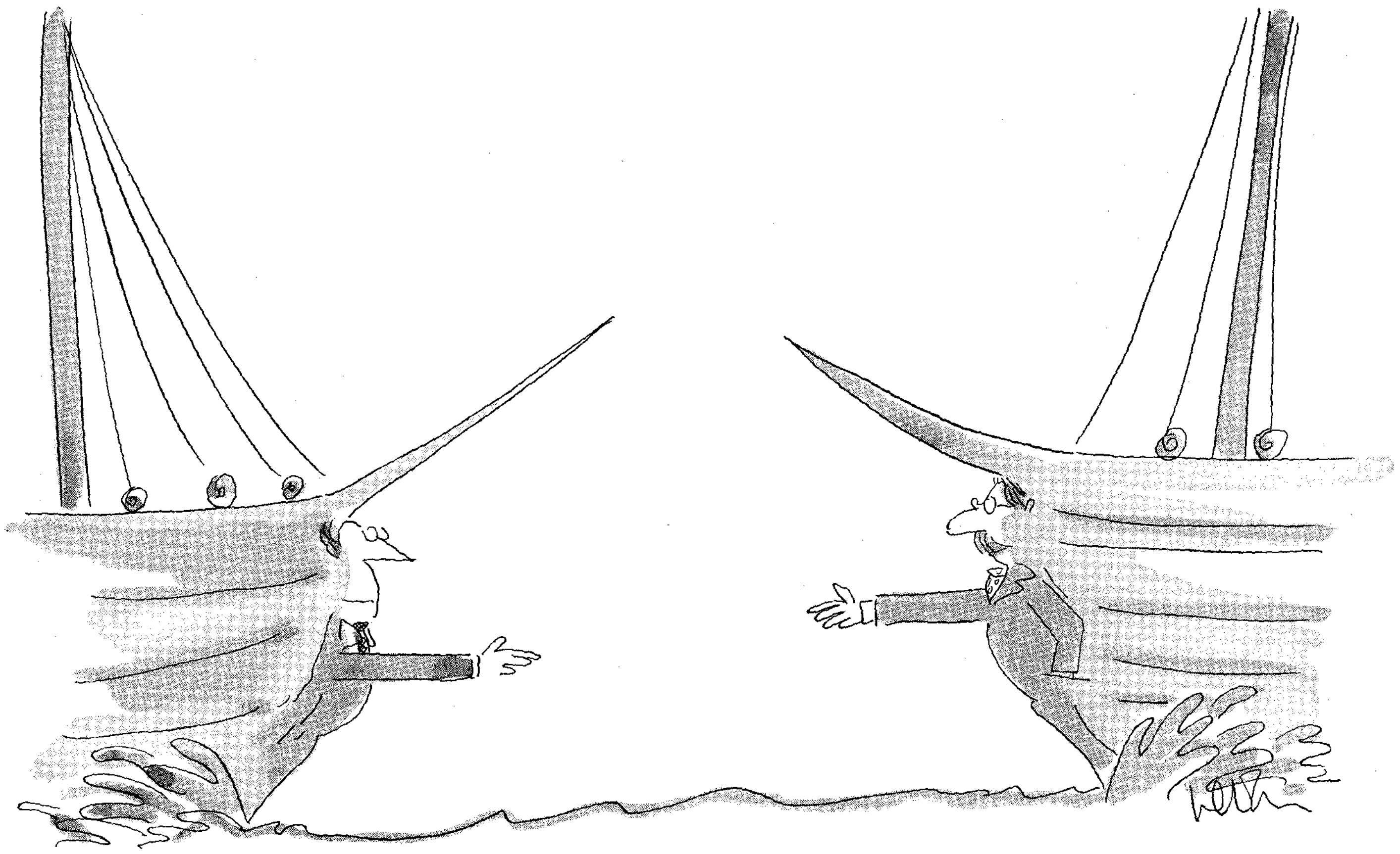
"Ah, yes, I've heard of him," said the Viennese. "Frankly, he's not very good."

ONE day, on his way to Rabens to market, the wind caught Croft's car and he felt it swerve. The fields were dark brown, dusted with snow. A flock of crows took flight as he passed. The sky was low, the trees gnarled and bare.

"Winter is coming," the Frau Baronin said the next time he met her on the drive. "I can feel it in my bones."

"What are the winters like?" Croft asked her.

No one came to this part of the world in winter. No one at all. It was hard. They had snow here, but not



deep enough for good skiing. And how the wind blew, the *böhmischer Wind!* It went on for days and days. Hooooo! She made a sudden flurried gesture with both hands.

"Do you go south?" Croft asked. He could see her with the Baron when they were young together, strolling on the Promenade des Anglais.

"No," she said. "I haven't travelled much. Oh, I've been to Rome. I've seen Paris and Brussels. Brussels was very beautiful. But this is my place. *Hier ist mein Ort.*" She stood there like a tree.

The potato harvest was in, and the potato sacks that had been drying on the rail fences in the Bauers' farmyard next to the castle were gone. The Bauers would be gone in a year or two. The Reitschule was taking over their house and barns.

He paid the Förster his November rent. "Go home, Herr Croft, go home," the Förster said. "You should be with your own people. It isn't good for a man to be alone. A vacation, yes . . ." He said it kindly.

If Joanna were only warmer, if she could only say straight out that she wanted him there. He should call her. But no. Nothing to do but go back and see.

IT snowed on All Saints' Day, it snowed on All Souls'. There were as many cars parked outside the church as on Corpus Christi. People came and went, in and out of the churchyard. Croft kept inside. Many of their dead had been killed in the two wars. Near dark on All Souls' Day, he walked across the street and looked in through the churchyard's wrought-iron gates. Vases of pale carnations and dozens and dozens of votive lights, mirrored in the wet black headstones. He went back to his rooms.

The next day he saw the old Bediente on her way to the castle. "So you're still here!" she said. "Are you getting a little cold?" Her words and her intonation—*ein bissel kalt?*—were what he once thought pure Yiddish. "Will you be spending Christmas with us, then?" she said, chuckling to herself in that inward way. The drollest notion in the world.

A few days later, explosions woke him. Thunder? The season was past. Again, and then again. He timed them. Every five minutes. A field gun not far away—the first he had heard since the war. After breakfast, he dressed and went over to ask the Förster what it was all about. "*Die Russen,*" said the Förster, and shrugged, pointing with a thumb toward the border. It didn't seem to bother him. Croft bought the Vienna papers. Today was the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. The firing went right on—they were celebrating. Why, they mean business, Croft thought. The mechanical persistence was frightening. He walked deep into the woods, and the sound followed him. At noon, it stopped. It began again at one. He drove down to the Danube, well out of earshot, and got back at dusk. The firing stopped at dark. "All right, all right, I'm *leaving*," he said. The next morning, firing began again. Unbelievable! But it was over by nine.

When Croft went a day or two later to say goodbye, the Förster was talkative, almost confiding. He'd had a big night the night before, he said. Much wine. He struck his forehead lightly with the side of his hand. There had been a feast. He rubbed his belly. "On St. Martin's Day, Herr Croft, we kill a goose, and we roast it, and we break open the first cask of new wine. It's one of our customs."

"A good custom," Croft said.

"Ah, Herr Croft," he said. "Live in Austria for ten years and you'll begin to know our ways."

Croft drove to Thaures and said goodbye to the Reiter. The Fräulein Magister was in Vienna for the winter, back in a pharmacy. They had moved the stables this fall and were nearer Thaures now. Smaller, but easier, and there were rooms to live in above.

"And you're still here?" the Reiter said.

He was leaving in the morning for Paris, then New York.

"I told you. Once you were in

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Edelsdorf, you didn't come back."

"I know. I'm sorry."

"Will we see you again?"

"I hope so. I can't be sure."

"Ach," the Reiter said, clapping him on the shoulder. "*Du bist ein Wanderer, nicht?*"

A wanderer? "Yes," Croft said. "That may be what I am."

IN the morning, Croft drove to St. Pölten and on to the expressway. He would go to Paris by the fastest route. Sell the car for what he could get, and straight back to New York. No more following his nose. It was a warmish day—*Spätherbst*, St. Martin's summer. Standing beside the approach road was a stocky young girl in jeans carrying a red down jacket, with a red frame pack at her feet. She looked American. He stopped.

She was from Switzerland, on her way home. She was studying in Vienna.

"Are there holidays already?"

"No. I'm going to see my mother." In her English it was "muzzer." She lived on Lac Léman, near Vevey.

"I'm going to Paris," Croft said. "Then New York."

The girl had been in America that summer. She had seen Wall Street, and Chicago, and the Grand Canyon, and Las Vegas, and Hollywood, and Disneyland. By Greyhound bus, alone.

"You don't look old enough," Croft said.

"I'm older than I look."

She didn't say much more. Croft glanced at her. She seemed close to tears, and was biting her thumb. When she caught his eye, she stopped.

"It's when I think of my mother," she said. "I miss her so much. She's Russian. She has much heart."

"I've been living in a castle outside Vienna, near the Czech border," Croft said. "Not *in* the castle. Over the cow barn."

"Typical."

He told her of the Frau Baronin and the Förster.

"Typical," she said.

"What's so typical?"

"Not you. Them. Did they ever ask you into their houses?"

"Not really."

"That's what I mean."

"Would you like to drive part of the way?" Croft asked her. "We can make better time."

"You want me to drive?"

"Sure."

"Maybe."

She went back to biting her thumb. "I need to see my mother so bad," she said.

Traffic thickened as they approached Salzburg. On the other side of the city, the expressway entered Germany. Croft remembered the customs papers for the car; he would have to show them here. The border station was in open farmland, with fields and patches of woods on either side. He saw a narrow two-story building on the center island, between the opposing lines of traffic, and warehouses ahead of him to the right. Little different from a toll station, or the entrance to an army camp. Or a detention camp. It was slightly ominous. No signs he could see indicated they were on the Austro-German frontier.

"I have to check the car out," he said to the girl. Cars were solid in front of him and solid coming the other way—the Long Island Expressway. But traffic moved quickly. No one was being stopped. They were all being waved right through by a row of uniformed men, swinging their arms vigorously and almost in unison. Croft slowed, and held out his papers. "*Zoll?*" he said. One of the men motioned him to a short loading platform at the end of the building, on the German side. "Wait here," Croft said to the girl, and went in the nearest door. The Austrian customs office was back toward the other end of the building, on the upper floor. No one was at the counter. The clock showed noon. He waited until a man appeared, buttoning his uniform jacket, then waited while he found the right rubber stamps. "*Danke*," Croft said, and hurried down the corridor, down the stairs, and out the far door. His car wasn't there.

Then he'd got turned around. The building's doors were in facing pairs, and he must have come out the wrong side. He crossed through—only a few steps. No car. No mistaking that chunky blue Renault, either, among all those gray and white Volkswagens and Mercedes and BMWs. And he was right the first time, for the loading platform where he left the car had been near the door, and on this side the platform was all the way down at the other end. The place was confusing. One side was the mirror image of the other. A long, narrow symmetrical green-tiled building between opposing lines of traffic. Men standing on each side, wearing several varieties of uniform in several shades of green, motioning the cars through. Which were Austrians? Which Germans? He couldn't tell them apart. Beyond, across the traffic lanes, were white customs warehouses. Warehouses on both sides of the frontier, he saw now. Beyond them was open country. He crossed through the building once more. Beside the door was the short loading platform where he had left the car, and there was no car.

Then she had driven on, and found a better place to park. Up ahead on the center mall was a lunch stand, with a few cars beside it. She would be there. He walked down the mall, with the low, steady roar of the traffic on both sides in his ears. The lunch stand was farther than it looked. She wasn't there. Across the lanes to his right was a parking area beside the warehouses. He reached it through a tiled pedestrian tunnel that smelled of urine. The area was fenced and the gate locked. It held only trucks and trailers. German license plates, mostly. Then he was in Germany, all right.

What could have happened? Perhaps someone ordered her to move on. She would have driven off, unsure of herself, got caught in the traffic, panicked, and kept going. As far as the next exit, where she could get off the expressway, enter it coming in the opposite direction, and return. That meant he would find her in the traffic across the mall. He went back to the border station and crossed once more to the other side, where the cars coming from Germany were being waved through. He stood watching the traffic, waiting for her, but the customs men and police made him uneasy. They would question him sooner or later, and he didn't want to try to explain. Besides, he was hungry. So hungry he was dizzy. Nothing seemed to be quite where it ought to be. Walking for so long in car territory, probably. In the sun, it was almost hot. He wasn't used to the fumes and the roar. And he was lost. No, *he* wasn't lost. She was lost. The car was lost. He knew where he was.

He went back to the lunch stand, where he bought a cheese sandwich and a container of coffee. "I have only schillings," he said to the woman at the cash register. She looked at him oddly, he thought. But of course they took either currency at the border. He stood on the center mall, ate his lunch, and watched the cars from Germany pass by.

Nothing. No sky-blue Renault. Then she'd taken the car. There was no other possible explanation. Though she wouldn't get far. He had all the car papers with him. And he wasn't stranded. No need to be anxious. He had money in his wallet, and his American Express card, and spare checks. He could get to Salzburg and cash a

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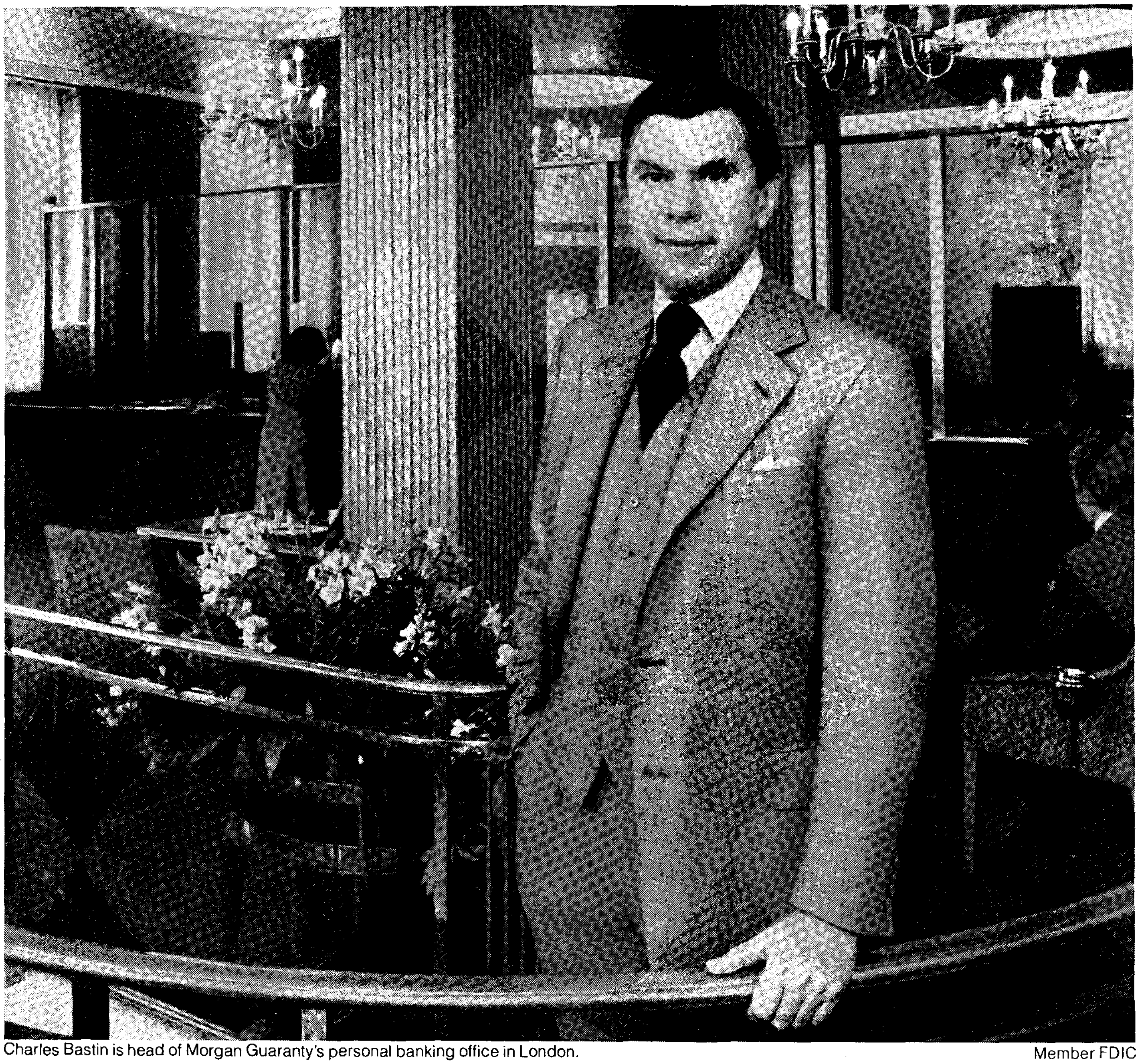

Charles Bastin is head of Morgan Guaranty's personal banking office in London.

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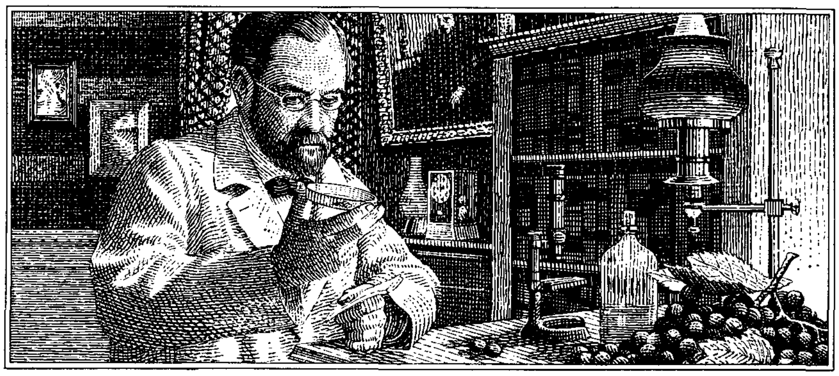
Fermentation: The miracle that turns the juice of the grape into wine.



Although it is an oft-proclaimed truth that fine wine is a living growing thing, nowhere is this more evident than during that critical, and still somewhat mysterious, process called fermentation.

Yeast: The Catalyst

It is possible that a quantity of fine grapes crushed and left to themselves in an open container will, in time, ferment and yield an acceptable wine.

It is probable, however, that these same grapes will yield a wine not so pleasant.

Which it will become depends on the vagaries of simple, one-celled plants called yeasts which are found naturally in the bloom on the skins of grapes.

A Louis Pasteur Discovery

Until 1864, wine-making was a matter of uncertainty. But then Louis Pasteur discovered that these yeasts were, indeed, the agents that caused fermentation.

Equally important, he discovered that specific strains with desirable characteristics could be isolated and substituted for the wild yeast in the wine-making process, a major step toward predictable excellence.

Today, our winemakers are devoted to the study of yeasts and to their improvement. Because no one yeast works equally well in every case, we are constantly striving to isolate the ideal yeast for the different varieties of wines.

This development of the specific yeast which maximizes a grape's natural flavor potential is a primary study we have pursued for years.

To achieve a wine of predictable excellence year after year, we developed the first successful dehydration of pure wine yeast. The dehydrated form maintains the consistent purity from year to year and provides us with a "cleaner" wine that is truer in flavor and fragrance to the grape.

Some Like It Cold

During fermentation, heat is created. If we permit the fermenting juice or "must" to attain a temperature of only ninety degrees, the yeast can be injured. At one-hundred degrees, most yeast will die.

Over the years, we have developed precise cooling methods for keeping the fermenting liquid at the optimum lower temperature. This varies from grape to grape. For example, the Sauvignon Blanc, French Colombard, Chenin Blanc, Riesling or Chardonnay we use for our white wines are far more delicate and sensitive to temperature than their more robust red cousins.

We determined that fermenting them at a cooler temperature slows the change from juice to wine and protects the delicacy of the resultant wine.

In this cooled state, the juice can ferment as long as fourteen days rather than three or four.

The Test Fermentation

Knowing the precise moment to draw the wine is a combination of the skill and art of our winemakers.

In some cases we actually take grape samples a few days before harvest and, on a small scale, proceed with fermentation. This gives us a preview of what to expect, and, we then make whatever adjustments necessary to produce the most consistently excellent wine.

The Reason For All This Care

It is only by utilizing all the skills gained in many years of work and study that we can achieve our intent: to bring you the finest wines that we, or anyone else, can provide.

Ernest & Julio Gallo, Modesto, California

check this afternoon. And forget the car. Forget what was in it. Let her go. Surprising. He could think of nothing in that car now that he wasn't content to lose.

He walked back toward Austria. Past the border station, he would ask for a ride. From Salzburg, a train to Munich and the plane home. But why go home? Home was this. Noise and stinks and confusion and anxiety. He had no obligations—not really. Not to Joanna. Not to his job. He would go to Vienna, and take the train from the Praterstern to Thaures, and in Thaures he would see the Reiter. There were rooms above the stables. He could help out with the horses. He would never need much money.

On the mall ahead was a lunch stand, twin to the one behind him but freshly painted and with a larger sign. There he would find a ride into Salzburg. He walked to it so quickly that he arrived out of breath, and found his car, and the girl leaning against the hood in the sun.

"What in hell are you doing here?" he cried. "I've looked all over for you."

He had frightened her. "Some man told me to get out of there," she said. "He wouldn't let me explain."

"What made you come back to Austria?"

"This isn't Austria," she said. "This is Germany."

"*Ja*," said the woman in the next car, amused. "This iss Germany."

"These people bought me a beer and a frankfurter," the girl said. "Where were you?"

He pointed over his shoulder with a thumb. "Back there. I got turned around. Do you know what I finally thought? I thought you'd stolen the car."

"Really? What were you going to do?"

"Forget it. Go back to Austria. Start a new life."

"You *were*?"

"What were you going to do?"

"Wait here for you. What will you do now?"

"Have a frankfurter and a beer. Then I'll take you to your mother."

"Isn't it out of your way?"

"Not far. I'll take you," Croft said. "There's no place I have to be."

—ROBERT HEMENWAY

●

Muhammad Ali, world heavyweight champion, will fight Ken Norton in Kuwait, Thailand, according to the Bangkok Post.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Which should know better.

THE THEATRE

WELL-TRODDEN WAYS

"Do You Turn Somersaults?," at the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre, is a sorry little windup mechanism of a play, whirring away fastest at first and then slowing down over a total of nine scenes to the point where, just before it utters its final metallic click and expires, it begins to signal that it perhaps deserves to be wound up again, this time for the purpose of saying something substantial. The author, Aleksei Arbuzov, is an elderly Russian with conventional ideas about how to write a comedy and, what is worse, with conventional ideas about people. Though the setting is announced as a sanatorium in Riga and we hear references to the suffering of the Russians during the Second World War, we sense an odd absence of particularity in regard to time, place, and circumstance; the action of the play could be occurring on the French Riviera or, for that matter, in Asbury Park. Mr. Arbuzov is a Neil Simon shorn of one-liners; his views are sentimental, and his sentimentality appears to spring not from a deeply held personal conviction but from some literary source, such as the table of contents of a five-pound box of chocolates.

There are but two characters in "Do You Turn Somersaults?"—Lidya Vasilyevna, a sixtyish woman with symptoms of arteriosclerosis, newly installed as a patient in the sanatorium, and Rodion Nikolayevich, a staff physician somewhat older than the patient and himself suffering from advanced heart trouble. Rodion has summoned Lidya to his desk in order to give her a scolding; there have been many complaints about her outlandish conduct at the sanatorium. Among other things, she wakes her fellow-patients by bursting into early-morning song, and she also makes a practice of stealing out of a window to go walking in the sanatorium garden at midnight. These eccentricities, denounced by Rodion and defended by Lidya, are the sort of thing that audiences used to be expected to find hilarious but that set most contemporary audiences' teeth on edge, and if it weren't for the fact that Rodion is played by Anthony Quayle and Lidya by Mary Martin we would probably be unable to resist dashing up the aisle to the nearest exit before that first silly scene has run its course. Since Miss Martin and Mr. Quayle make the most charming adversaries in the world, we are impelled, on the contrary, to remain in our seats and observe how sweet, aging, lonely Lidya induces bitter, aging, lonely Rodion to fall in love with her. Plainly, they are fated to become the nicest old couple in all Riga (pop. 731,800), and who among us is so churlish as to withhold approbation from Love Triumphant on the threshold of death?

Oliver Smith has designed some pretty and exceptionally nimble sets, which help the scenes to flow swiftly into one another; Ann Roth has had the not very arduous task of designing the costumes; Ken Billington has designed the lighting; and Edwin Sherin has seen to the direction. The agreeably colloquial translation of the play is by Ariadne Nicolaeff.

"The November People," by a newcomer to Broadway named Gus Weill, raced in and out of the Billy Rose last week at a speed that Dick Buerkle might well envy. To the best of my recollection, it's the only play I've ever attended that I was unable to believe a single word of—even Mr. Weill's "of"s and "from"s and "to"s trembled with implausibility. The subject matter of the play was political skullduggery and family misfortune in some such Southern state as Louisiana, of which Mr. Weill is a resident, but one felt oneself from time to time in the ghostly presence of snippets of a dozen other plays and novels, including "All My Sons," "The Last Hurrah," "Macbeth," "Hogan's Goat," and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." Mr. Weill is evidently a voracious reader, if not yet a disciplined playwright; he must take care in future to read less and to correct his tendency to let characters change nature without warning, sometimes from one breath to the next. For example, the mother in "The November People" was first presented to us as a good-hearted, dithering creature, incapable of bringing off the simplest task correctly; at the end, she was a fiery-eyed Lady Macbeth, prepared to wade through blood to any throne. The transformation seemed to me totally unprepared for, taking place not onstage but in the author's mind.

If Jan Sterling did her best to impose coherence on the ungrateful role of the mother, Cameron Mitchell wrestled in vain with the role of her husband—a crooked Irish politician who, having returned home after eighteen months in jail, was bent upon regaining his former power. Of the two sons in the family, the elder, veering unpredictably between virtue and venality, was played with understandable embarrassment by James Sutorius. The younger son (John Uecker) was a poet given to mysterious fits and cries—"I'm a mental case!" he said, looking like a mental case—and Pamela Reed played the elder son's wife, Kathleen. She had little to do except toss her shining brown hair about and, on one occasion, sweep up some broken plastic glasses, which she did with grace. The ugly and unworkable set was by Kert Lundell, the lighting was by Thomas Skelton, the costumes were by Joseph G. Aulisi, and the direction was by Arthur Sherman.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

At the Station House

Thomas Babe's "A Prayer for My Daughter," at the Public, was originally done (in an earlier form) as a staged reading at the O'Neill Playwrights Conference, in Waterford, Connecticut, last summer, and I must therefore declare an interest, because I, too (in an earlier form), was at the conference, as a kind of official adviser, and attended rehearsals of the play and offered suggestions to the playwright. The play is set in a police precinct house in New York late one night. Two police sergeants—Kelly, in charge, and his colleague, Jack—pull in a middle-aged homosexual guru ("eclectic spiritualism") and his disciple,

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a young bisexual drug addict. One of them has just murdered an old woman at a dry-cleaning store on West Forty-second Street. Shortly after their arrival at the station house, Kelly receives a couple of calls from an unstable daughter of his, who threatens to kill herself. The calls are traced, but Kelly, in a state of emotional paralysis, refuses to accompany the suicide squad in its rush to try to save her. Most of the onstage action consists of the interrogation of the two suspects—brutally or with a deadly false camaraderie—by Kelly, who is a drunk, and by Jack, who is himself an addict, and a sadist as well. But it is the offstage events, past and present, and a number of offstage characters—the desperate girl, Kelly's crazy wife, the young addict's daughter, and, not least, a long-distance operator who insists that the number for the Vermont state police is unlisted—that give pressure to the action and determine its erratic course.

The play has a deep and complex emotional burden to bear, and I wonder whether it is yet, even in its revised form, quite strong enough to bear it. It is weakened, I think, as so many plays by young dramatists are weakened, by monologues, which, whatever their value, tend to impede progress. Nevertheless, the accomplishment is impressive. Mr. Babe has evoked the atmosphere of a police station with as much sureness and vividness as he evoked the atmosphere of the rock scene in his "Kid Champion" a couple of years ago, and has made it just as fascinating. The characters, their feelings, and their behavior—the policemen's treatment of the homosexual and the bisexual, for example, in which contempt is mingled with latent fear—are believable, and so is the underlying viciousness of all of them except the young junkie, who probably killed the woman but who is too strung out and confused and pathetic to be considered evil. The acting, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, couldn't be better. Alan Rosenberg is the junkie—bewildered, in and out of touch, sympathetic, and suddenly stubborn and dangerous. Jeffrey De Munn is Jack—edgy and cruel and menacing. George Dzundza is Kelly, in shock at his daughter's tragedy and furious and grieving, and Laurence Luckinbill is the hurt, fastidious homosexual guru, who *can* be considered evil. Good setting and lighting by Bil Mikulewicz and Arden Fingerhut.

"Fefu and Her Friends," by Maria Irene Fornés, at the American Place through February 5th, is about a gathering of eight women, in 1935, at the house in New England of a woman called Fefu. The action takes place all over the house and in the garden, and the members of the audience leave their seats and, in groups, move from room to room, backstage and upstairs and down, where the characters, in twos and threes, discuss matters of general and intimate concern to women (or Women; the theme is what the heroine calls "the passion of friendship"). There is no plot, but there are episodes—in one of them, for example, a love affair that has come to an end is renewed; in another, somebody who is paralyzed and in a wheelchair sneaks into the living room on foot to remove a sugar bowl—and there is a strain of mysticism throughout. The idea of a mobile audience is original and, for a while, delightful. In the early, best scenes, "Fefu" has a notional, lyrical charm and humor that bring to mind Gertrude Stein's "In Circles." Miss Fornés is a subtle, stylish writer, but she can also be a distressingly whimsical one. As for the evening as a whole, I must say with regret that I ran out of steam before she ran out of play.

The performance, under Miss Fornés's direction, goes well, and the acting by everyone on hand seems right. The good scenery is by Kert Lundell and Nancy Tobias. A special salute is due Theo Barnes, who designed the costumes, and who had the inspiration to provide stockings with seams for the actresses—a touch as helpful to the general ambience as recordings of "Ramona" and "Got a Date with an Angel" and an onstage rendition of "Winter Wonderland."

—Edith Oliver

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THE SICK CHILD

(Study in Oils)

A small child
is ill, has wakened.
It is winter, past midnight
in Antwerp. Above a wooden chest,
the stars shine.
And the child
relaxes in her mother's arms.
The mother does not sleep;
she stares
fixedly into the bright museum.
By spring the child will die.
Then it is wrong, wrong
to hold her—
let her be alone,
without memory, as the others wake
terrified, scraping the dark
paint from their faces.

—Louise Glück

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ANNALS OF CRIME

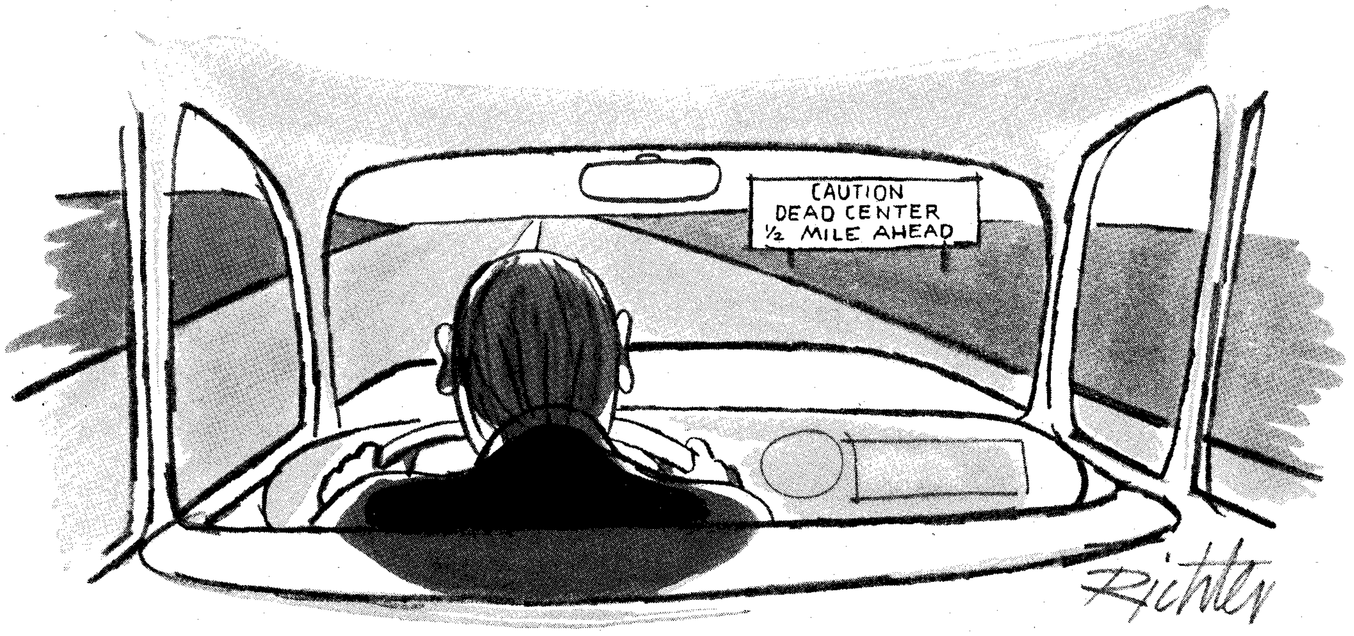
THE LOCKHEED INCIDENT—I

AT seven o'clock on the morning of August 23, 1972, two men from the Marubeni Corporation, Japan's fourth-largest trading company, arrived at a private estate covering about two acres, in the Mejiro section of Tokyo, that belonged to Kakuei Tanaka, who a month and a half earlier had become the Prime Minister of Japan. The burly, hyperactive fifty-four-year-old Tanaka is a square-faced, jut-jawed man who swaggers when he walks. This morning, as usual, he had risen at four, read the morning newspapers, taken a steaming-hot Japanese bath, and, after strolling through his delicately landscaped gardens and admiring his carp pond, which contained some specially bred carp worth more than three thousand dollars each, had eaten his breakfast, and now he was ready to receive the first of the stream of several dozen morning visitors that arrived daily. Generally, they were mostly fellow-politicians, businessmen, and ordinary citizens of his home prefecture—Niigata, in the remote snow country of northern Honshu island—who regularly came to Tokyo to ask for money and other favors. These Tanaka invariably granted, being a rich man in his own right as well as the leader of the Liberal Democratic Party's largest political faction; he customarily received as well as dispensed patronage, in both big and small amounts. After waiting a quarter of an hour in an outer room of his office, which was in a separate building on the estate, the two men from Marubeni—sixty-two-year-old Hiro Hiyama, the president (later to become chairman of the board), and a managing director, Toshiharu Okubo, four years younger—were called into the office. Hiyama introduced the distinguished-looking Okubo to Tanaka as the grandson of a famous land-rich duke of the Meiji-restoration period of a century ago, figuring that this would impress Tanaka, a self-made country boy who had bought up a considerable amount of land himself after building his fortune in the construction business—he was known as the Computerized Bulldozer even before he began his rise to the top in politics.

Having congratulated Tanaka on his ascendancy to the Prime Ministership, Hiyama asked Okubo to wait outside while he talked with Tanaka alone. Tanaka is now on trial in the Tokyo District Court for bribery and violation of Japan's foreign-exchange law, and his prosecutors contend that after Okubo left, Hiyama told Tanaka that Marubeni was having trouble selling the TriStar planes of its client the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation to All Nippon Airways, Japan's largest domestic carrier. Hiyama is alleged to have said that if Tanaka would help swing the deal by using his influence, he would be given half a billion yen, or about a million six hundred thousand dollars. Tanaka's prosecutors maintain that at this point in the brief conversation Tanaka replied, in his usual gruff but friendly way, "*Yossha, Yossha,*" which means, roughly, "O.K., O.K." He also told Hiyama, the prosecutors claim, that his private secretary, Toshio Enomoto, would act as courier to receive the money from the man whom Hiyama designated to deliver it—a Marubeni managing director named Hiroshi Ito, who knew Enomoto.

Upon leaving Tanaka's office, Hiyama and Okubo went to the Marubeni building, in downtown Tokyo, and Okubo telephoned A. Carl Kotchian, the president of Lockheed. Kotchian is a tall, white-haired, soft-spoken native of North Dakota, who joined Lockheed in 1944, nine years after his graduation from Stanford University. He had been in and out of Tokyo repeatedly over the past months frantically trying to consummate the All Nippon Airways sale. The deal had struck a number of snags, one of which was the fact that All Nippon Airways had earlier taken an option to buy DC-10s from Lockheed's chief competitor, the McDonnell Douglas Corporation, through Douglas's agent, Mitsui & Company, one of the three trading companies larger than Marubeni. The option was no longer operative, but Kotchian was afraid that it might be revived, and that All Nippon Airways might still buy planes from McDonnell Douglas or from Lockheed's other competitor in Japan, the Boeing Company, which manufactures 727s, 737s, 707s, and 747s. Boeing had sold planes to All Nippon Airways in the past, but Douglas and Lockheed had not. In response to Okubo's call, Kotchian now went over to the Marubeni office, where Okubo told him that Hiyama had spoken to Tanaka, and then Okubo said, "That pledge has been made." Kotchian assumed that this meant a pledge to pay money, but he didn't press the point, because he felt, as he later wrote, that it appeared to be "such a uniquely Japanese method." He added, "I could hardly imagine how conversations about money would proceed."

Kotchian was pleased that the Tanaka meeting had gone so well, but he was mystified and somewhat less than pleased about the arrangements being so secretive, and about the lack of specifics, especially since it had already been agreed that Lockheed was to pay out a large sum in connection with this sale. On August 21st, worried about losing the All Nippon Airways sale, he had himself suggested that Hiyama try to see Tanaka before the end of the month, when Tanaka was to leave for a summit meeting with President Richard Nixon in Hawaii. Kotchian knew that the Nixon Administration was upset about its trade and balance-of-payment deficits with Japan, and that Nixon was going to ask the Japanese to buy more American products, including planes, and he wanted Tanaka to be fully apprised of the TriStar's merits. On August 22nd, he had heard from Okubo that the meeting with the Prime Minister had been arranged for the very next day, and he had naturally been pleased by that, but he had been taken aback, according to his version of the story, when Okubo suddenly suggested that Lockheed should promise "to pay money for a major favor like this." When he asked Okubo how much money, Okubo replied, as Kotchian later quoted him, "The going rate when asking for a major favor is usually five hundred million yen." After some further discussion, during which Okubo refused to provide the money, because Marubeni's commissions on TriStar sales were already "too small," Kotchian was told that he would have to raise the yen in cash and be prepared to deliver it as soon as "we give you the signal." When he asked how the money would be delivered, Kotchian claims, Okubo replied that there would be no problem, since Ito, his fellow-director, was "very close to Mr. Enomoto" (Tanaka's secretary). In a book



that Kotchian subsequently wrote, entitled "Lockheed Sales Mission: Seventy Days in Tokyo," about his final weeks of stormy salesmanship in Japan (much of the book, which was published in Japanese, with some private copies made available in English, was based on exclusive interviews he gave to Yoshio Murakami, a correspondent in America for the *Asahi* newspapers), he commented, "It was at this time that I was convinced that this money was going to the office of Japan's Prime Minister."

August 22, 1972, had been a memorable and difficult day for Kotchian, as well as an expensive one. After discussing with Okubo how to approach some other influential politicians, he and John Clutter—Lockheed's chief representative in Japan—went to see a man who, unbeknown to Marubeni, had been acting as a secret agent for Lockheed in Japan on and off since 1958, when he had managed to swing a deal that led to the government's purchase of Lockheed F-104 fighter planes (called Starfighters) instead of the F11F-1F Super Tiger fighters, produced by the Grumman Corporation, that had originally had the inside track on the sale. This man was the notorious Yoshio Kodama, a so-called *kuromaku*, or fixer, and an ultranationalist, who had been sentenced to four and a half years in jail before the war as a result of his right-wing political activities and three years in Sugamo Prison after the war as a Class A war-crimes suspect during the American Occupation. Following his release in 1948 (he was never tried), he had become a power not only among leading gangster elements in Japan, called *yakuza*, but, more important, among the conservative politicians who in the first years of the Occupation re-created the old Liberal Party—actually a conservative party—which was one of the precursors of the Liberal Democratic Party that has ruled Japan for the last twenty-two years. Kodama helped finance the rebirth of the Liberal Party with about seventy million yen, part of a fortune he had made during the war running an organization called the Kodama Agency, which bought platinum, tungsten, industrial diamonds, copper, mica, and other products in China for the Imperial Navy's Air Force. Most of this was war booty that Kodama and his underground operatives either seized, extorted, or bought up cheaply from Chinese who had looted or stored it. He sold it to the Air Force after engaging in a multifarious barter traffic that involved everything from gold to heroin and stretched all over Japan's Co-Prosperity Sphere, from Manchuria to Southeast Asia. By the end of the war, having hidden about half his profits, he was perhaps the wealthiest man in Japan. He could afford to languish in prison for three years (he wrote a book about it), and upon his release he quickly began to play an influential behind-the-scenes political role: with his money, he helped swing the election of several Prime Ministers, including Nobusuke Kishi, who had been in Sugamo Prison with him, as another Class A suspect, and who became Prime Minister in 1957. Kishi's brother Eisaku Sato later also became Prime Minister, with Kodama's approval. (One of Kodama's old right-wing associates was General Minoru Genda, who had helped plan the attack on Pearl Harbor. In 1959, under Prime Minister Kishi, Genda had become head of the new Japanese Air Force. He had test-flown Lockheed's F-104 Starfighter in California and had recommended it highly over Grumman's plane. Some months later, Genda, who today is a prominent member of the Japanese Diet, was awarded the United States Air Force Legion of Merit—an ironic historical footnote to Pearl Harbor.)

At about 6:30 P.M. on August 22nd, when Kotchian and Clutter arrived at Kodama's office in the Ginza district, not far from the Marubeni building, in Otemachi, the conversation again turned to politics, and to Tanaka's having defeated Takeo Fukuda for the presidency of the Liberal Democratic Party, which automatically made Tanaka Prime Minister. Kodama had assumed that Fukuda would win, but he had nothing against Tanaka, and he confidently told Kotchian that there was nothing to worry about, since he had a lot of friends who were close to the Prime Minister. When Kotchian mentioned the name of Kenji Osano, a wealthy businessman who was a particularly good friend of Tanaka's, and who a few weeks earlier had been suggested to Kotchian as a man who might help the Lockheed sales campaign, Kodama nodded and said, "In order to include Mr. Osano, we need an extra five hundred million yen." As Kotchian later wrote in his book, "It was the second time [the same day] that I was asked for five hundred million yen. . . . I felt that the figure of five hundred million yen must be used quite often in Japan."

As things turned out, Kotchian explains, Lockheed raised both amounts, and, according to the Japanese prose-

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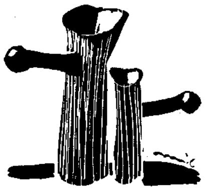
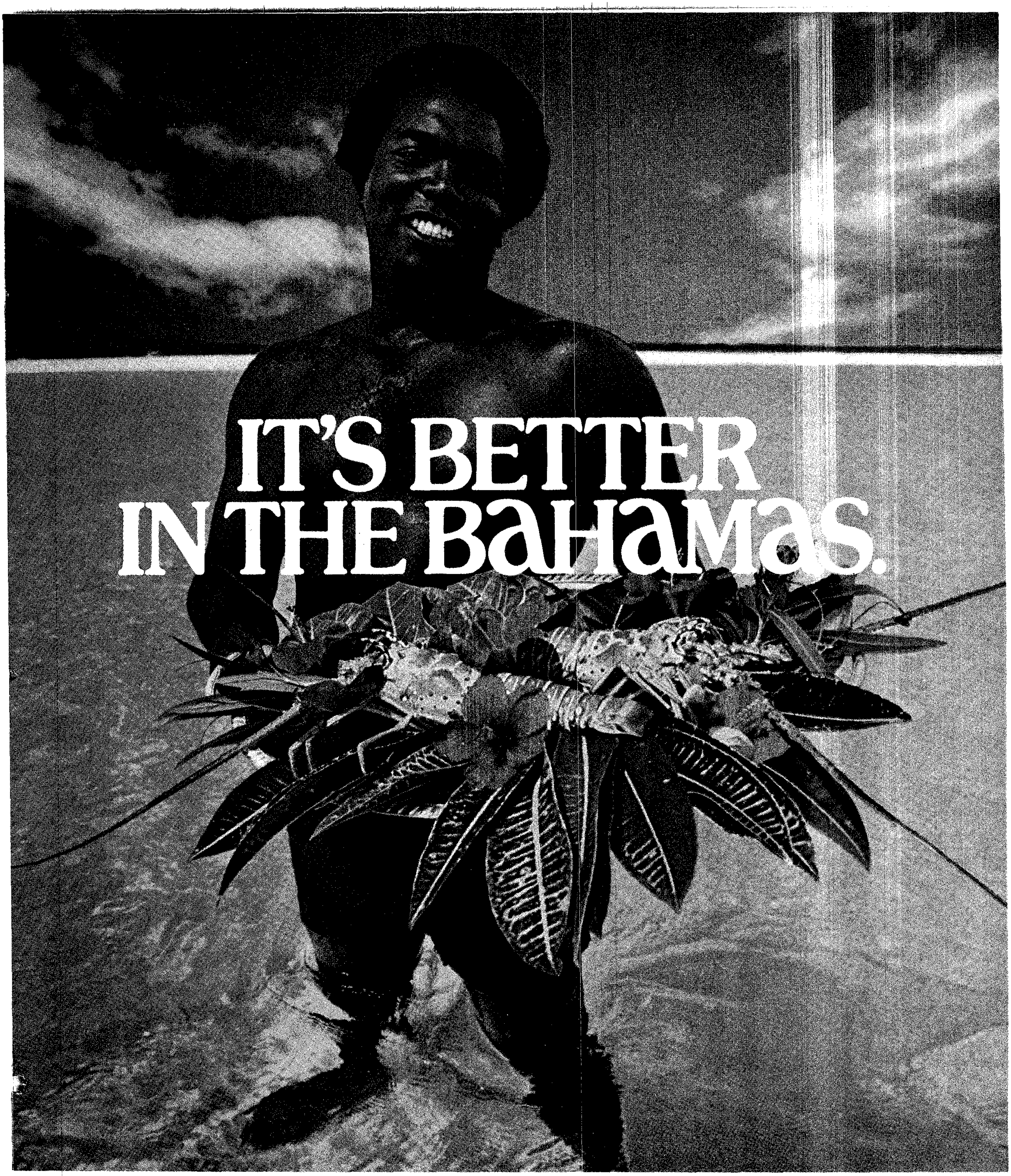
cutors, they were eventually paid to Tanaka and Osano. In fact, early in February, 1976, Kotchian testified before the United States Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations of the Committee on Foreign Relations that, all in all, Lockheed paid out about twelve and a half million dollars in bribes and commissions for the sale of four hundred and thirty million dollars' worth of TriStars to All Nippon Airways, and that of this total some seven million dollars went to Kodama, which he kept or dispensed as he saw fit. As a result of those hearings, Japan was confronted with its biggest scandal since the end of the Second World War—one that possibly has had more long-term political effects than Watergate had in the United States.

The trial of Tanaka and four codefendants—Enomoto, Hiyama, Okubo, and Ito—who are charged, variously, with perjury, foreign-exchange-law violations, and conspiring to offer a bribe, and the trial of eight other men, including two former government officials and six corporate officers of All Nippon Airways, on similar charges, both began in January, 1977. The two trials are proceeding slowly—court sessions are held only once or twice a week—and they are expected to last at least another year, after which appeals to the High Court and then to the Supreme Court may easily consume two or three years more. Kodama and Osano are also on trial, separately, for tax evasion and violation of the foreign-exchange law and for perjury, respectively. But both men are in bad health and have made only brief appearances in court, during which, as is the case with all the other defendants, they pleaded not guilty. Kodama, who suffered a cerebral thrombosis in 1975, admitted, at the start of his trial last June, that he received more than a million two hundred thousand dollars from Lockheed in "consultant's fees" (only about a third of what the prosecution claims he received between May, 1973, and July, 1975), but he denied having used the money he got to influence the sale either of Lockheed's TriStars or of its P-3C anti-submarine patrol planes, called Orions, to the Japanese Defense Agency, as the government has charged. Osano, who is said to be suffering from severe hypertension, made his brief appearance in court last July, when he denied the perjury charges against him deriving from his testimony before the Japanese Diet in February, 1976, and, like Kodama, he also denied using his influence to help Lockheed sell either its TriStars or its Orions in Japan. These two trials are continuing, even without the defendants' presence in court, and they, too, like the other pair of trials, are expected to last another year or so, after which the lengthy appeals process will begin. The four trials in themselves are only one phase of *Rokkiedo Jiken* (the Lockheed Incident), as the scandal is called in Japan, the ramifications of which have in the meantime become worldwide and include the prosecution of two former Italian defense ministers.



THE Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, which recently changed its name to the Lockheed Corporation, since the company also deals in various other kinds of business, including missiles, electronic systems, and oceangoing vessels, and which has headquarters in Burbank, California, has admitted paying bribes and making other questionable payments totalling between thirty and thirty-eight million dollars in a number of countries, including Italy, West Germany, the Netherlands, and Saudi Arabia as well as Japan. (The Exxon Corporation, which in October of 1977 was charged by the Securities and Exchange Commission with paying out fifty-six and a half million dollars in bribes and illegal political contributions abroad, and the Boeing Company, are among the few companies for which higher figures have been reported.) Lockheed officers have confirmed—at the Senate hearings, in a report to the Securities and Exchange Commission, and in a year-long grand-jury investigation in Washington which may shortly return indictments against a number of corporate officials of a dozen or more companies—that such bribes were paid to many high-ranking government officials, companies, individual businessmen, and agents and fixers like Kodama and Adnan Khashoggi (an extremely wealthy Saudi Arabian wheeler-dealer who has acted as a go-between in arranging deals in the Middle East for several American concerns in addition to Lockheed). It was primarily Kotchian's testimony at the Senate hearings, chaired by Senator Frank Church, an Idaho Democrat, that broke the case in Japan wide open, as Kotchian revealed facts and figures concerning payments made to men like Kodama. Such payments, Kotchian argued, amounted to only about three per cent of the value of sales contracts in Japan,



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Q. Multiple choice. The newest cable TV development lets you select (a) specific movies and plays from a library of programs, (b) place bids at an auction, (c) select answers in a course given for school credit.

A. All of the above. According to a recent Business Week article, the QUBE system gives you choice and lets you participate. Their computer records your special program choices on a monthly bill.

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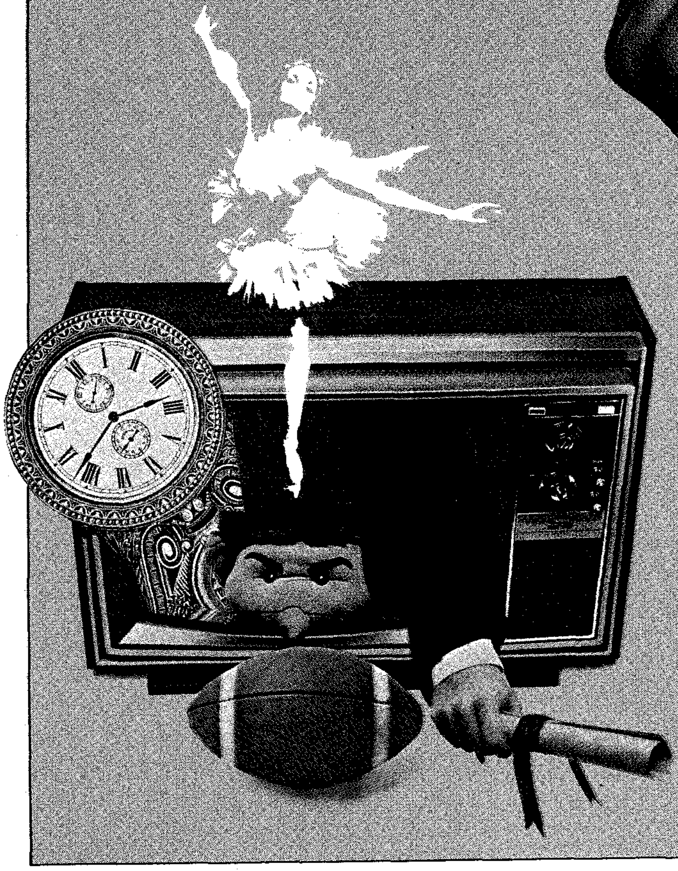
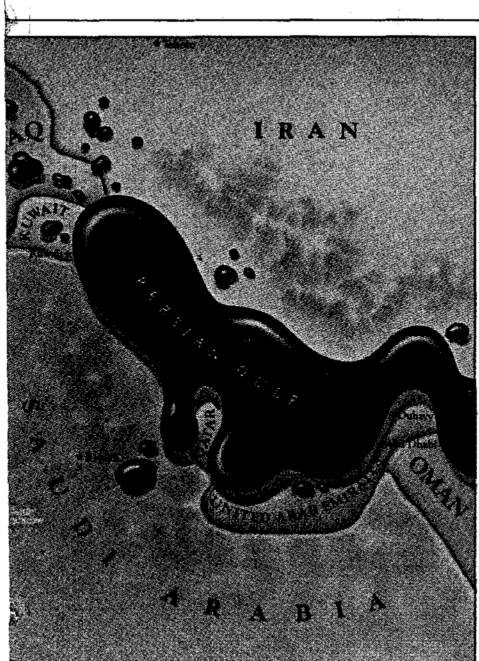


Q. True or false. Women executives' salaries are finally equal to those of men in comparable jobs.

A. True, but only for recent graduates and young managers. Those women who started their careers 7 to 10 years ago, still lag far behind.

(Business Week keeps its eye on the executive suite reportir on both the business and personal life styles of its occupant

usiness I.Q.



■ True or false. New U.S. energy rograms will mean that we can now epend less heavily on Mideast oil oming through the Persian Gulf.

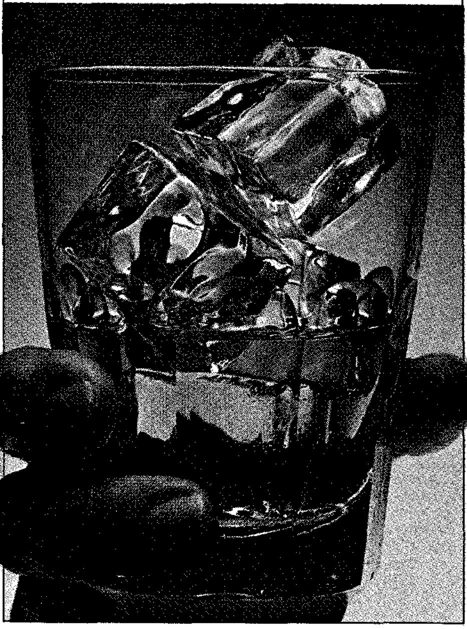
A■ False. More heavily. Tankers oming through the Straits of Hormuz ill carry 60% of U.S. oil imports (40% f our total consumption) by the 980's.

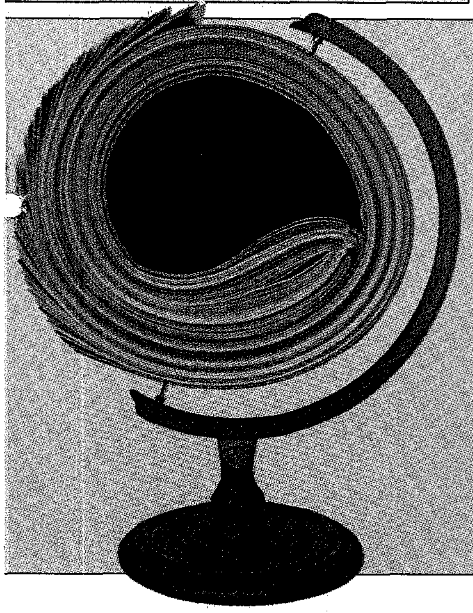
nergy is a hot subject with Business Week aders. Four out of five subscribers own their wn home and two out of three subscriber milies own more than one car.)

Q■ Would you say that Business Week now carries (a) more than a $1,000,000 of liquor advertising, or (b) less than a $1,000,000.

A■ The answer is (a) more. In fact, it's over $3,000,000. Five years ago we had one account (Jack Daniel's) with a $60,000 budget. Today we advertise 32 brands.

(89% of all Business Week subscribers serve some sort of alcoholic beverage at home with an average monthly expenditure of $44.)





Q■ True or false. Business Week has international editions reaching executives outside the United States.

A■ True. Business Week/Europe (32,000 circulation) goes to Europe and the Middle East. Business Week/International (58,000 circulation) covers the world.

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and were regarded as unavoidable—in fact, as necessary—in order "to establish a climate in which our product would be properly received and properly considered by people who would be active in making the decision [to buy Lockheed planes, including both military and commercial ones]." Daniel J. Haughton, the former board chairman of Lockheed—like Kotchian, he was forced to resign in February, 1976, after he testified before the subcommittee—described the payments as unfortunate but said, "If you are going to win, it is necessary," especially in such a highly competitive business as selling planes. While Lockheed has not been the only large aircraft corporation to engage in the practice, it is generally believed to have set the pace. Officials of the Northrop Corporation, which, like Lockheed, made similar payments through a special subsidiary company established in Switzerland to handle the financing, told the subcommittee, Senator Church said, that "they learned how to do that from Lockheed."

The widespread use of corporate bribery as a commercial as well as a political weapon has increasingly come to light in recent years as a result of various Senate hearings, investigations by half a dozen different government agencies, investigative reporting, and other means of disclosure, some of which have originated abroad. In the Netherlands and West Germany, as well as in Italy and Japan, these revelations have caused political scandals that have shaken the existing governments and led to resignations and indictments. Some governments, on the other hand, have been neither shaken nor chastened and have continued to accept and offer bribes for both business and propaganda purposes. South Korean officials have demanded and received payments amounting to millions of dollars from American concerns, such as the Gulf Oil Corporation, for the right to do business in their country. And in Japan, big as the Lockheed scandal has been, an even bigger one has been brewing recently. It involves cash gifts and kickbacks allegedly paid to friendly Japanese politicians—partly by means of inflated fees and commissions paid by Japanese firms engaged in business in South Korea. In December, according to testimony in the Diet, four top Japanese trading companies, one of which was Marubeni, were said by the president of one of the four companies, the Mitsubishi Corporation, to have paid bribes or extra-large commissions in

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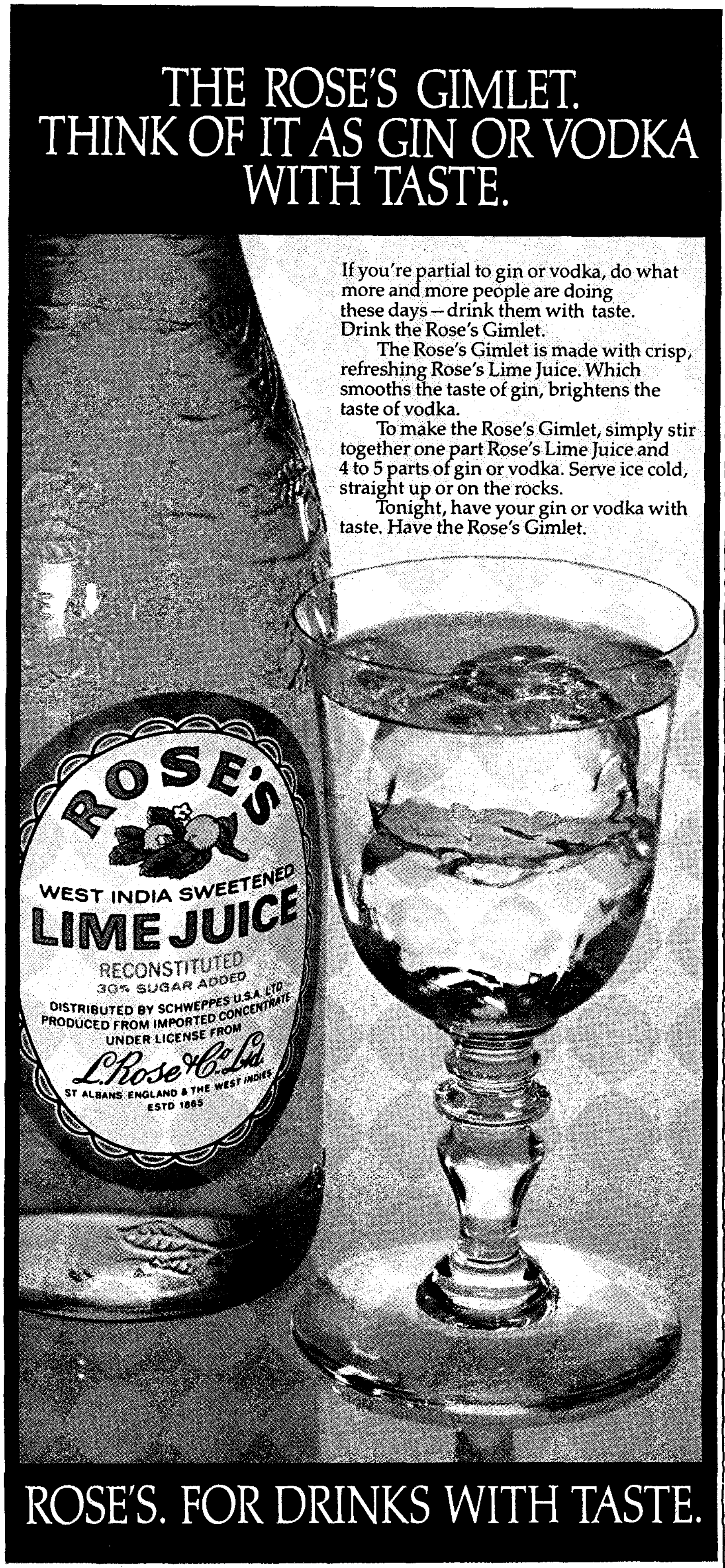

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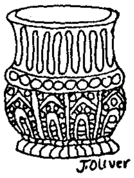
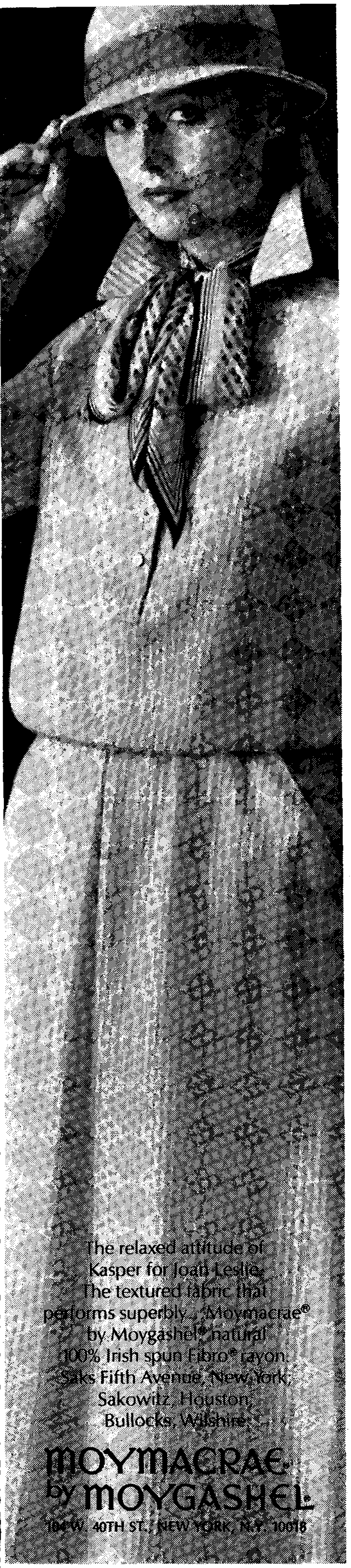
ROSE'S. FOR DRINKS WITH TASTE.

the early nineteen-seventies to an unnamed South Korean businessman to facilitate the sale of nearly two hundred electric subway cars for Seoul's new subway system at double the price the cars cost in Japan. Politicians in both countries were alleged to have shared in the kickbacks, and American congressional investigators are checking reports that part of the profits helped finance activities of the South Korean Central Intelligence Agency in the United States, including payments to American congressmen in attempts to arrange business transactions between Americans and South Koreans and to win their support for continued military and economic backing of the Park Chung Hee regime, in South Korea. Another issue in Japan involving the Koreans has concerned payments reported to have been made—including one, allegedly, to Tanaka—for blocking further investigation of the case of Kim Dae Jung, the South Korean opposition leader who was taken from a Tokyo hotel room in the summer of 1973 by agents of the South Korean C.I.A. and spirited back to Seoul, where he has since been convicted and sentenced to five years in prison for violating a blanket decree that forbids virtually any criticism of the Park dictatorship.



While stories of these scandals have become common gossip in Japan, and have been written about in the newspapers and magazines, most officials, including Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda, have, until lately, tended to belittle them. "I don't believe that these things have taken place," Fukuda said when I saw him in Tokyo last spring. The fact is, the Liberal Democratic Party, having already been shaken by the Lockheed scandal, is unlikely to encourage revelations, in the Diet or elsewhere, either about further details of the Lockheed case—involving payments known to have been made to additional politicians, including a dozen or so members of the Diet described as "gray members," because they are thought to be implicated, though for technical reasons they have not been indicted—or about South Korean or Indonesian corruption. Commercial-cum-political bribery between Japanese and Indonesian concerns and individuals is said to have been going on for several years, and it has become generally accepted by all foreign companies, including American ones, that nothing can be accomplished in Indonesia without the payment of heavy bribes. Opposition-party politicians, whose leverage is now much greater than it was, are determined to get to the bottom of all these matters—"black mist" affairs, they are called—and the continuing American investigations may help them. As a result of the Lockheed case, special committees, in which the opposition parties have substantial representation, have been set up in the lower and upper houses of the Diet, and they are continuing to examine the ramifications both of the Lockheed case in Japan and of the other scandals. The lack of investigative staffs and legal counsel, however, has made it hard for them to function as effectively as they would like.

Some three hundred American companies doing business abroad have admitted making questionable payments of one kind or another to obtain contracts for sales or for the right to participate in exploration-and-development projects. Under a new law that was signed by President Carter in December, 1977, American businessmen who bribe foreign officials will be subject to five years' imprisonment and ten-thousand-dollar fines, while their companies can be fined as much as a million dollars. The new law will undoubtedly make the multinational corporations more cautious, but unless it is backed up by some sort of international code of conduct with teeth in it—a goal that is being pursued in the United Nations and in the Organization for Economic Coöperation and Development, as well as by several private organizations, such as the Trilateral Commission and the International Chamber of Commerce—it is doubtful whether the practice of making payments in one fashion or another, such as vaguely defined commissions to recognized agents in foreign countries, will be eliminated. The policing of any controls, or action on any disclosures that would require the coöperation of the briber and the bribed, is difficult to conceive in the murky climate of multinational competition. In fact, though they agree that some reforms are necessary, mostly through self-regulation, surveys have indicated that many American companies continue to feel that as long as everyone else engages in bribery they have no alternative but to follow suit if they want to go on doing business abroad. So far, certainly, while there has been a lot of talk about reform of business practices, very few other countries have shown much inclination to do anything about it, and this has prompted fears on the part of American companies that they will lose out to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foreign competitors in the sale of such things as heavy machinery and airplanes. Japanese government agencies so far seem no more interested than the South Koreans in taking any concrete action to bring an end to their interlocking business relationships; rather, they have continued to be mutually protective of their private contractual and intergovernmental business dealings.

When the Lockheed case first broke, after the Senate subcommittee hearings, there was considerable consternation and some anger in Japan; many Japanese felt that once again the United States had set off a shock effect without any advance warning—as when Nixon announced his sudden trip to China in 1971 without notifying the Japanese, and the following month slapped a surcharge on imports, which made it more difficult to sell Japanese products in the American market. However, the Japanese quickly recovered from their dismay over the Lockheed exposures, and although a national sense of shame is still felt over the fact that a former Prime Minister has been arrested, indicted, and placed on trial, there is also a concomitant degree of pride that the democratic judicial process has worked so well—much the same feeling produced by the resolution of Watergate in America.

Nevertheless, the political fallout from Lockheed on the ruling Liberal Democratic Party in Japan has been more profound than the effect of Watergate on the Republican Party in the United States. There are several reasons for this. The chief one is that the Lockheed case, even if all the details of it never come out—in the courts or in the Diet or in the United States Congress—has provoked a vast amount of criticism of the long-established money-politics alliance that has enabled the Liberal Democratic Party to hold power for so many years, primarily as a result of the huge contributions that have been made to the Party by the country's big corporations. Under a new law passed in 1975, such contributions are now limited to a hundred million yen, or four hundred thousand dollars a year at the current rate of exchange (they used to run to hundreds of millions of yen), and, perhaps partly for this reason, the Liberal Democratic Party suffered a severe setback in the House of Representatives (the lower house of the Diet) in the elections in December of 1976 and suffered further losses in the House of Councillors (the upper house) last July. With the loss of its outright majorities, the Party

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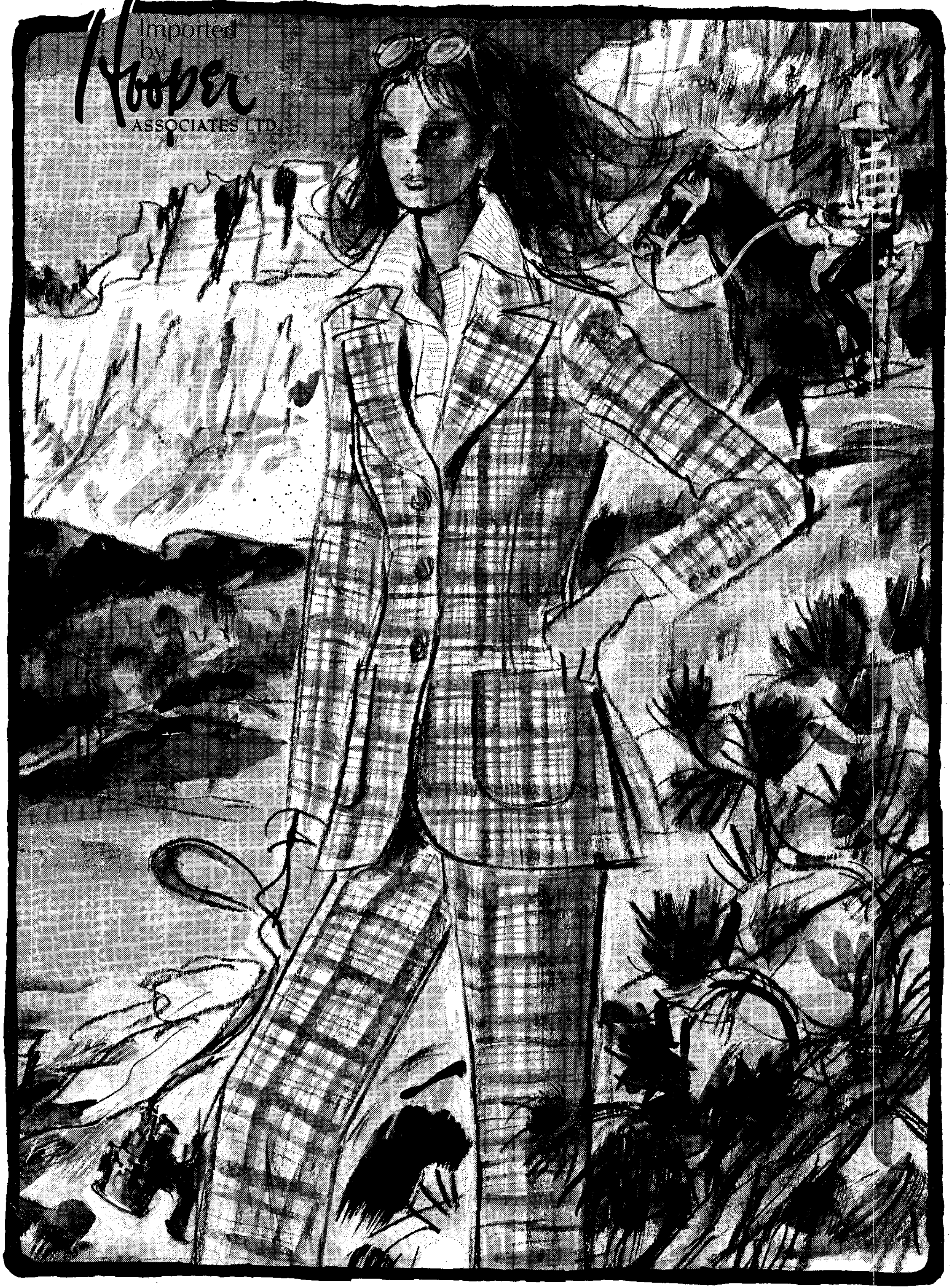

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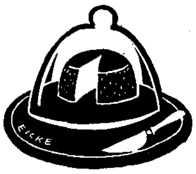
now relies on a small number of independents, especially in the upper house, to obtain enough parliamentary votes. Despite this erosion of the L.D.P.'s power, Japan remains essentially a conservative middle-class country, but, even so, the political landscape is likely to undergo some further significant changes in the next few years. Probably the L.D.P. will have to make an ad-hoc alliance with one or two of the five major opposition parties, or else there will be an even broader coalition government, still essentially conservative in its orientation but no longer under the sole guidance and control of the L.D.P.

BACK in the summer and fall of 1972, however, although there had been some slippage in the ruling party's popularity, there were no indications of dire trouble ahead for the newly elected Tanaka—any more than there were for Nixon, who was about to gain his landslide reëlection victory despite the break-in at Watergate, since no one had yet paid much attention to it. Shortly before Tanaka left for the Hawaii summit meeting of August 31st, he made his first tentative move to keep his promise to Hiyama, of Marubeni. He telephoned Tokuji Wakasa, the president of All Nippon Airways, and asked if he had decided to buy Lockheed's TriStars. Wakasa's reply was somewhat vague, and Tanaka, according to the prosecutors at his trial, told him, "It will be convenient if you decide." For the moment, the matter was left there. Wakasa, who was regarded as being pro-Lockheed, had succeeded to the presidency of A.N.A. in mid-1970—replacing Tetsuo Oba, who had favored the Douglas DC-10 and who had instructed Mitsui, Douglas's trading agent, to order three of the planes and to take an option on four more. Wakasa subsequently claimed that he knew nothing about the DC-10 order, though Oba insisted that he had told Wakasa about it at the time Oba was forced out of A.N.A.—a result of his being entrapped in a suspicious low-interest loan. (Apparently, it was arranged by Kodama, among others, though Oba didn't know it.) Wakasa's testimony to the Diet denying any knowledge of the DC-10 deal led to his indictment for perjury. When he spoke to Tanaka on the phone on the eve of the Hawaii conference, although he may already have been leaning toward Lockheed, he was not yet ready to tip his hand, particularly since he wanted to gain some more negotiatory advantages in the three-way dogfight among Lockheed, Douglas, and Boeing.

Just what happened concerning Lockheed at the Hawaii meeting has never been made clear, but it is known that at Nixon's request Tanaka agreed to make special purchases of about seven hundred and twenty million dollars' worth of products to reduce the trade imbalance between the two countries, and that this was to include three hundred and twenty million dollars' worth of large commercial aircraft, or airbuses. Since Nixon came from California, Lockheed's home base, and since he had proposed a quarter-billion-dollar loan guarantee to bail Lockheed out of near bankruptcy in the spring of 1971 (Congress approved the loan guarantee by the narrowest of margins), it is conceivable, as the prosecutors charged, that he urged Tanaka to buy Lockheed planes—if not formally at a conference session, then informally over cocktails or dinner. Kotchian and his fellow-Lockheed officers in Tokyo were, by their own admission, engaged in an effort "to encourage the idea of the Lockheed company being closely supported by the Nixon Administration." (Lockheed has denied ever making any contribution to the 1972 Nixon campaign. Haughton, the former chairman of the board, expressly stated during the Church subcommittee hearings, "Unlike a number of other companies involved in these investigations, Lockheed had not contributed company money to American political campaigns, either by laundering funds, through overseas agents, or otherwise." This, along with a lot of other responses during the hearings, didn't satisfy the senators; in fact, Senator Joseph R. Biden, Jr., a Delaware Democrat, commented dryly that he "didn't expect any other answer," and had simply asked the question "for the record." Despite Haughton's disclaimer, which was substantiated by a Special Review Committee of the board of directors of Lockheed in a report it made last May to the Securities and Exchange Commission, several still unclarified aspects of the Lockheed case suggest that some of the bribe money that passed through Japan may have been laundered elsewhere—in the Cayman or the Bahama islands, for example—and may eventually have ended up as political contributions back in the United States.) Although Tanaka, in his opening statement at his trial, denied that he and Nixon had discussed



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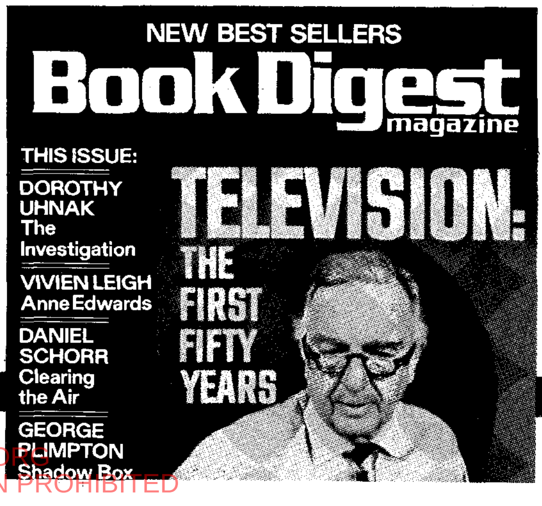
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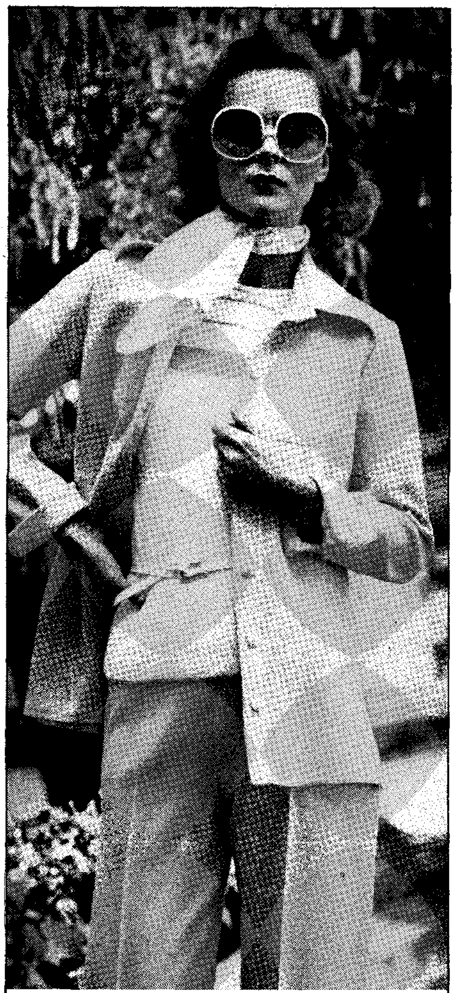

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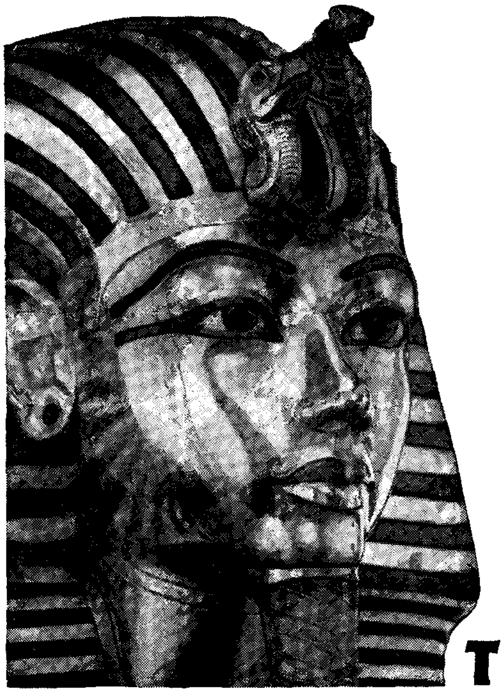
Lockheed specifically at Hawaii, he did not deny the prosecutor's statement that upon his return to Tokyo he had lost no time in *claiming* that Nixon had spoken in favor of Lockheed. Soon after he got back, according to the prosecutors, he told his rich friend Kenji Osano, who had just been hired by Kotchian, through Kodama, to work in Lockheed's behalf, "The truth of the matter is, when I went to Hawaii to confer with Nixon, Nixon said to me he would appreciate it if the plane that Japan is going to purchase would be Lockheed's. What are A.N.A.'s plans?"

Lockheed was still by no means convinced it had the A.N.A. deal sealed; in fact, Kotchian and his cohorts were full of *shimpai*—a Japanese word meaning "worry," which Kotchian had picked up and kept using as he scurried around Tokyo seeing his various agents and trying to pull all the political strings he could. He was operating out of his personal headquarters in Room 1070 at the Hotel Okura, which he felt in itself gave him a certain prestige, since it had just been vacated by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who had been in Tokyo prior to the Hawaii conference. (The room had been occupied in recent years by a host of prominent people, ranging from the Saudi Arabian oil negotiator Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani to the American entertainer Sammy Davis, Jr.) Kotchian's eagerness to get things moving now presented an ironic contrast to his earlier visits to Tokyo, for then he had been strenuously trying to achieve exactly the opposite—to delay a decision on Lockheed planes, because all the financial woes that Lockheed had been suffering had caused development of the TriStar to lag.

LOCKHEED feels that it has been made a scapegoat as a result of the Senate hearings and the S.E.C. and grand-jury investigations, but it would seem that it has only itself to blame, since the bribes and other payoffs it has engaged in have been so glaring. The company began developing the TriStar—a so-called wide-bodied, or double-aisled, plane, also known as the L-1011—in January, 1967, after having lost out to Boeing on a government contract to develop a supersonic transport (a program that was later dropped by Washington anyway, among other reasons because of the noise factor). The TriStar, utilizing the most modern technology, is generally considered a good plane, and by 1968 Lockheed had already won initial contracts from several major American airlines, including T.W.A., Eastern, and Delta. Kotchian, who had made the first of his fifteen trips to Japan back in 1961—some months after Lockheed, with Kodama's help, won out over Grumman in selling its fighters to the Japanese government—decided to scout out the chances of selling the TriStar to Japanese commercial airlines. His first target was Japan Air Lines, a largely government-owned corporation and, overall, Japan's biggest carrier. Kotchian wanted to sell Japan Air Lines not only the TriStar but also a commercial version of the C-5A Galaxy, which Lockheed had manufactured for the United States Air Force under one of many defense contracts it has had through the years. He made an initial presentation to Japan Air Lines in August, 1968, and a second presentation in November, and then, touching all bases, he paid a courtesy call on All Nippon Airways officials. J.A.L. subsequently asked the company to make a formal offer for the sale of some TriStars.

The planning, design, production, and selling of an airplane is a highly complicated procedure involving, among many other factors, what is known as "software." This embraces everything from training the customer's pilots and crew to helping him arrange his seating plans and lay out his routes and schedules. Ordinarily, a salesman, having done his homework on a certain airline, will make his first pitch to its engineering or planning department, explaining that his analyses of the company's route structure, passenger miles, and so forth, versus its competitor's, shows that it will need such-and-such a number of new aircraft in two or three years. Since most airlines are profit- rather than operations-minded, salesmen nowadays make as many as thirty trips to an airline's head office, carrying with them reams of financial estimates based on such factors as speed, size, and range. (Modern subsonic planes have roughly the same speed, but their size and range vary.) If the customer is interested, an offer is made to produce a certain number of planes at a specific price for delivery within sixteen to twenty-four months. "We keep coming back to the customer, over and over again," says one top salesman in Tokyo. "We're not like the Fuller Brush man, who pops in once a year." Usually, when an airline has made a decision, it will first sign a letter of intent, following this with a contract, which, in addition to a firm order for a certain number of planes, may include an option to purchase additional planes. The airline places a deposit of fifty or a hundred thousand dollars per optioned plane on the final purchase price, which in the case of a big 747 is more than fifty million dollars. If the option is not picked up, the plane becomes what is called a "white tail," and the manufacturer does his best to sell it elsewhere, even at a lower price, if necessary. Once a contract is signed, the customer is usually accorded three "outs." The first is the manufacturer's failure to conform to the customer's desires about configuration, cockpit construction, seating, and the like; the second concerns basic contract warranties, including programs for the training of pilot and crew which the manufacturer has agreed to provide; and the third deals with financing, including support by both government and private banks—usually a consortium—which serves to protect the seller as well as the buyer in case of default. As soon as a plane is contracted for, the manufacturer subcontracts for the engine and starts the basic construction himself, and the buyer pays between a quarter and a half of the purchase price during the year or two before delivery. In most cases, the manufacturer tries to complete the training program for the customer's pilot and crew by the time the first plane purchased is completed. But even after the whole contract is completed, the manufacturer maintains a team of his own with the customer, not only to offer advice but to look ahead to improvements and future sales. "For every plane you sell initially, you figure on selling three more," salesmen say. In addition, all manufacturers have crash teams on constant standby duty at their home base, so that the moment an accident occurs a team can be rushed off to the site.

In February, 1969, when Kotchian was asked to make J.A.L. a formal offer of TriStars, he brought two of his top negotiators to Tokyo, with the above strategy in mind, but in April, after ten days—"for some inexplicable reasons," as Kotchian put it—J.A.L. broke off the talks. At about the same time, Lockheed suffered a far more serious setback: an armed helicopter called the AH56A, also known as the Cheyenne, which the company was developing for the Pentagon for use in Vietnam and elsewhere, crashed during a test flight, and shortly thereafter the government cancelled its contract, charging default. The company was al-



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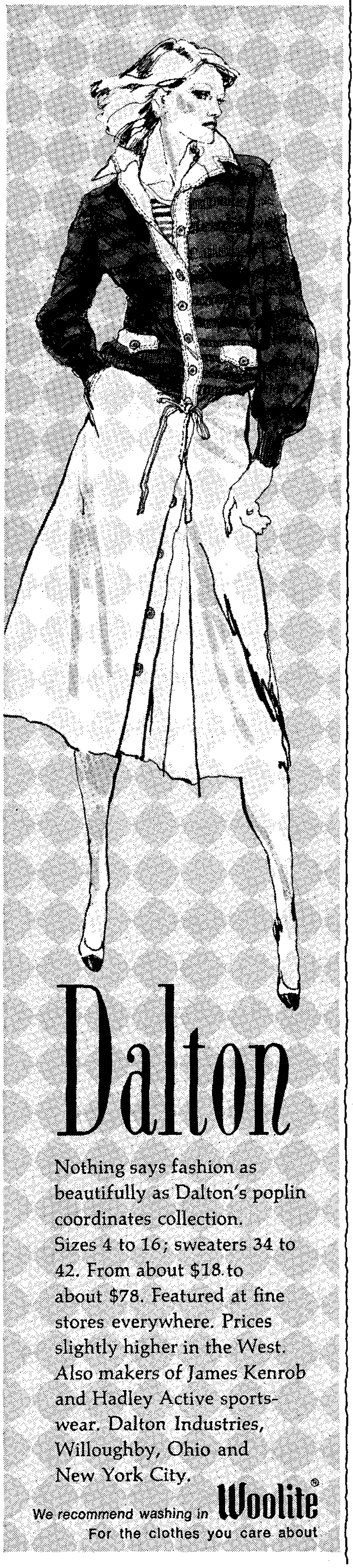
ready in difficult financial straits, and the cancellation made things all the more critical. Then Congress and the press began objecting to the development costs of the C5A Galaxy transport, but Lockheed, in the face of already substantial cost overruns, pressed its claims under its contract with the Pentagon. All this heightened reports of the company's deep trouble. In November, 1969, the Air Force cut down its order of Galaxys from a hundred and fifteen to eighty-one, and by the end of 1969 Lockheed's losses on its defense contracts totalled two hundred and ninety million dollars. None of these difficulties, which led to protracted negotiations both with the government and with the twenty-four major American banks the company was seeking more loans from, served to help its sales-promotion plans for the TriStar. These were further threatened by the fact that McDonnell Douglas had completed its development of the DC-10, based on earlier models, more rapidly than Lockheed was developing the TriStars, an altogether new plane. In 1969 and 1970 when two European consortiums of purchasers, embracing airlines in the Netherlands, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, France, Italy, Germany, and Belgium chose the DC-10 over the TriStar, Lockheed's fortunes were at their lowest ebb ever. "There is no way left but to win in the biggest market, Japan," Kotchian declared, in June of 1970, after learning that the second of the European consortiums had decided not to buy the TriStar. Having heard that All Nippon Airways had just established a committee to select airbuses, he set his sights on selling the TriStar to them. After the A.N.A. committee came to America and visited the offices of Boeing, Lockheed, and McDonnell Douglas, Kotchian went back to Tokyo in July, 1970. With the development of the DC-10 six months ahead of the TriStar, and Boeing also ahead with its plane, his chief purpose, as he put it, was "to gain time, or, in other words, to delay A.N.A.'s selection process."

LOCKHEED's problems were manifold. It was still trying to obtain a settlement with the Defense Department over the cancellation of its helicopter program and the rising costs of the Galaxy transport. It had no guarantees from the government for the future production of that plane, beyond the eighty-one to which the Air Force had now reduced its order, and although it was negotiating—successfully as it turned out—to increase its borrowings from the banks to three hundred and fifty million dollars, its financial condition was still precarious. At the same time, the British Rolls-Royce company, which was building engines for the TriStar, was having financial problems of its own, and the Conservatives, headed by Prime Minister Edward Heath, decided, a few months after they took office in June of 1970, not to rescue Rolls-Royce. In these difficult circumstances, Kotchian confronted Wakasa, who had just become president of A.N.A. and who earlier, as its vice-president, had headed its selection committee. Kotchian assured Wakasa that, despite all the problems, development of the TriStar was progressing, and that the first test flight would take place in November, 1970. Wakasa expressed interest, but said that the company had "no immediate plans for purchasing" airbuses. This was good news, since it served Kotchian's delaying action, but it was soon countered by the announcement that Rolls-Royce was on the verge of financial collapse. In December of 1970, Kotchian reported to Wakasa that the company's settlement with the Defense Department was pending and that the test flight of the TriStar had gone off on schedule and successfully. Wakasa was pleased to hear that, but he startled Kotchian by requesting that A.N.A. pilots be permitted to test the TriStar in flight in California the next month. Kotchian shot back to Burbank, where his engineers told him it would be impossible to meet Wakasa's request until May. Returning to Tokyo at the end of January, Kotchian relayed this message, whereupon Wakasa said that May would be too late, and that if Lockheed wanted its planes to be considered by A.N.A. it had better be ready by March at the latest, when he would send his investigation team to America to test-fly the planes of all three competing companies.

Early in February, 1971, Rolls-Royce went into receivership and stunned Lockheed by announcing that it couldn't produce engines for the TriStars. Lockheed immediately had to lay off nine thousand employees, and its financial survival was again in jeopardy. The Heath government said it would purchase some of Rolls-Royce's assets but refused to acknowledge any liability as far as the contracts with Lockheed were concerned. Kotchian, as he later wrote in his book, felt that "it was indeed a disastrous situation." As Lock-



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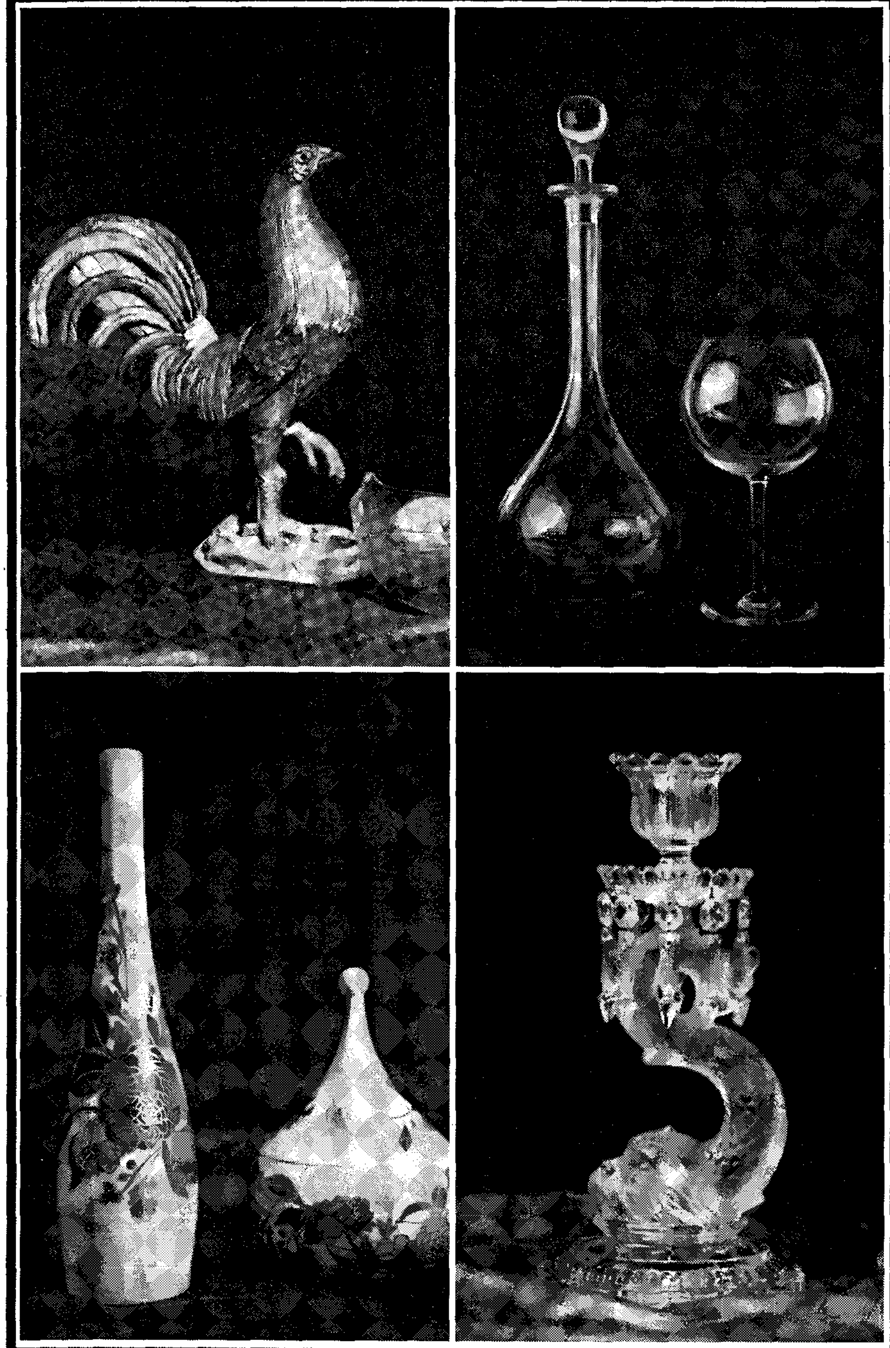
heed began exploring the possibility of using another engine for the TriStar, Haughton, the board chairman, started negotiations with the British to see if some sort of solution could somehow be worked out with Rolls-Royce. Meanwhile, Lockheed tried to pacify the prospective purchasers of the TriStar in America, assuring them that, despite all the problems, their orders for the plane would be filled. Finally, in March, a settlement was reached with the British, but it was a costly one for Lockheed. The price of each Rolls-Royce engine would be increased by a hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and, since the TriStar had three engines, this meant that the price of each plane would go up by at least five hundred and forty thousand. Kotchian figured that the cost would actually increase by a hundred thousand dollars or more beyond that, as a result of standby production costs and other ongoing expenses that Lockheed had incurred when work on the TriStar was brought to a virtual standstill by the Rolls-Royce bankruptcy. Because of these expenses, Lockheed needed some compensation from its prospective purchasers. Moreover, the British had demanded that the United States government give some guarantee of Lockheed's "financial viability." It had been a number of years since the government in Washington had rescued a large private corporation. But Kotchian and Haughton were aware that their only chance was to get a guarantee that would, in effect, "kill two birds with one stone," since without it the British government refused to move ahead with producing engines at Rolls-Royce. It was at this point that Nixon came to the rescue of the California-based firm by proposing a loan guarantee of a quarter-billion dollars for Lockheed. On July 30, 1971, the House of Representatives passed the bill by three votes, and three days later the Senate approved it by a single vote. It is difficult to imagine that Nixon did not elicit some promise from Lockheed to help support him in his bid for reëlection the following year.

While Lockheed was gratified to be bailed out with the government loan guarantee, it wasn't happy about the fact that the Rolls-Royce situation had forced up the price of its TriStars, and neither were Wakasa and the other A.N.A. officials when Kotchian told them about it. Kotchian, in fact, privately confessed that he was "rather pessimistic" about being able to outbid Douglas and Boeing in what was already a cutthroat competition to sell airbuses in Japan. His problem was



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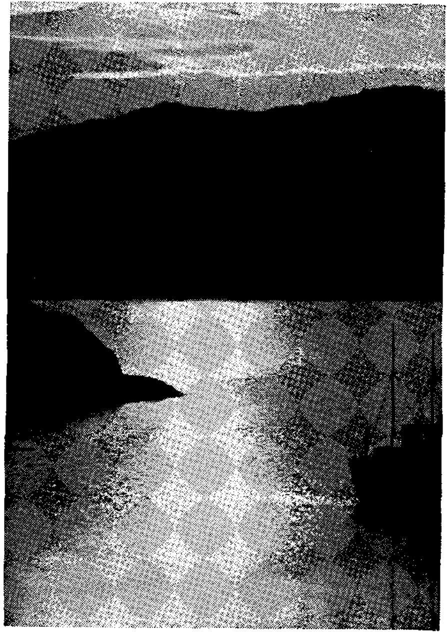

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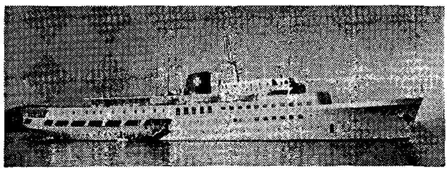

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momentarily alleviated by another tragedy—this time, not Lockheed's but A.N.A.'s. On the same day the House of Representatives approved the Lockheed loan guarantee, an A.N.A. Boeing 727 had collided in midair with an F-86 jet fighter of Japan's Air Self-Defense Force above the town of Morioka, in Iwate Prefecture, and all those aboard—a hundred and fifty-five passengers and a crew of seven—had died. Kotchian tactfully decided to postpone any further sales pitches for the time being. There was, in fact, no immediate need for A.N.A. to make a final decision, despite the competitive game that Wakasa himself was playing, because it had succeeded in getting the Japanese government to delay the introduction of wide-bodied jetliners on domestic lines. A.N.A. had been worried all along that J.A.L., which was mainly an international carrier, would try to increase its domestic traffic at A.N.A.'s expense by introducing airbuses before A.N.A. was ready to do so. Six months earlier—in January, 1971—Wakasa, according to the charges against him, had approached Tomisaburo Hashimoto, who was then the Minister of Transport, and asked him to use his influence to get J.A.L. to postpone the allocation of airbuses on domestic routes. Hashimoto, according to the prosecutors, said, "O.K. I myself think that J.A.L. and A.N.A. should allocate airbuses at the same time. I will comply with your request." Not long afterward, he instructed the Ministry's Civil Aviation Bureau to give J.A.L. what the Japanese call "administrative guidance" to this effect—government intervention in such cases being regarded as tantamount to a directive. Although J.A.L. was reluctant to accept the guidance, it complied, and the introduction of airbuses domestically was postponed until fiscal year 1974. Since it takes almost two years to order a plane and put it in use, this still meant that A.N.A. would have to get started soon, but Wakasa had at least forestalled his main competitor and won himself a little extra time—a move that, as it turned out, would benefit Lockheed immeasurably. According to the charges, Hashimoto, who is among those on trial, was given a five-million-yen payment in return for what he had done in A.N.A.'s behalf, and another of the defendants, Takayuki Sato, who was then parliamentary Vice-Minister of Transport, got two million yen. This money, together with sums that are alleged to have been paid by A.N.A. to Prime Minister Tanaka (in addition to the money he allegedly received from Marubeni) and to at least a dozen officials and members of the Diet, is an integral part of the Lockheed scandal in Japan and is described in court by the prosecutors attempting to trace illegal payments as "the A.N.A. route"—the two other illicit money channels being known as "the Marubeni route" and "the Kodama route."

UP until now, though of course Kotchian knew that Kodama was acting as Lockheed's secret agent, while Marubeni—at Kodama's suggestion—was the company's overt agent in Japan, Kotchian had never met Kodama. The reason for this, he explained in his book, was that "if I started seeing him, he would not see my subordinates." The man assigned to deal regularly with Kodama was John Clutter, who was now stationed in Tokyo. A Japanese named Taro Fukuda, who ran a public-relations firm and who, as Lockheed's local "strategist and interpreter," had introduced the company to Kodama way back, told Clutter that Kodama was unhappy, because he thought the fees he was getting from Lockheed were too small. In 1968, and again in 1969, according to figures revealed at the Senate subcommittee hearings, Kodama had received about two hundred thousand dollars, but in 1970 his fee had dropped to a hundred thousand dollars. On the basis of what his Lockheed associates told him, Kotchian was convinced that "if we were to ask Mr. Kodama to continue to help us in the sales campaign of the TriStar, we would have to increase his fees." After reading "Sugamo Diary," Kodama's account of his three years in prison after the war (it is one of half a dozen books that Kodama has written), Kotchian finally met him in October, 1971—at which point Lockheed's "delaying operation" vis-à-vis A.N.A. was starting to switch to a "hastening operation." This initial meeting took place not at Kodama's luxurious home in Setagaya ward or at his office but at a place in a residential area Kotchian could not identify. (It is customary among the Japanese to arrange first meetings such as this on neutral ground.) With Kotchian was Fukuda, and it was looked upon as a "get to know each other" meeting, as Kotchian described it. The talk was mostly about politics, though Kodama mentioned the fact that he knew the top man at J.A.L.—something that Kotchian was pleased to hear, because he still hoped to sell J.A.L. some TriStars.

"MR. KODAMA . . . was somewhat shorter in height than I had expected," Kotchian later wrote, "had cleanly cut short hair and a relatively soft voice. It was hard to imagine where the energy and capability were hidden in him, qualities that helped him turn around the disadvantageous situation of the F-104 fighter-plane sale back in the late nineteen-fifties. And yet, his way of analyzing political situations was quite articulate, although somewhat dogmatic." Lockheed was to be severely criticized at the Senate hearings by the Illinois Republican Senator Charles Percy, among others, for having retained "a man like Mr. Kodama engaged in the militaristic right-wing end of Japan, which brought a war on the world really, an attack on the United States" and for having gone into "areas of crime . . . just because [Kodama] is somehow able to deliver the business." Kotchian, in his book, staunchly defended Lockheed's action in retaining Kodama: he pointed out that Kodama's prison-mate Nobusuke Kishi had afterward become Prime Minister and "was considered a partner of the United States," and added, on a note of pique, "The United States government does not advise private industries, for example, that a certain person or certain persons should not be contacted in a friendly country because it is not considered desirable for United States foreign policy. Therefore, it is rather difficult for us, and for me particularly, to understand why one day, all of a sudden, I am told that this person was not desirable from the standpoint of American foreign policy." One reason that the government may not have given advice lies in the somewhat mysterious circumstances of Kodama's release from Sugamo Prison in 1948, along with Kishi and seventeen other men. The Americans were known to be eager at the time to build up the strength of the conservatives in the face of the emerging Communist Party influence, which had become strong after the release of many left-wingers from prison, on orders of General Douglas MacArthur. In issuing those orders, MacArthur had been influenced by liberal and left-wing members of the Occupation bureaucracy, who, among other things, wanted to get a strong labor-union movement started, and there was a severe clash at the time between the "reformists" and the conservatives in the Occupation hierarchy over this and other issues. After being

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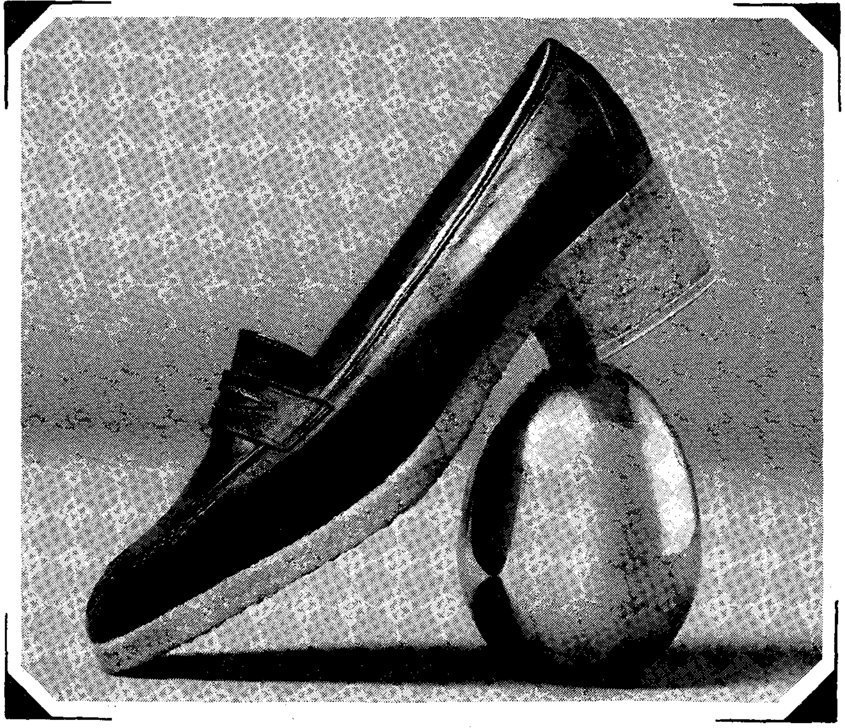

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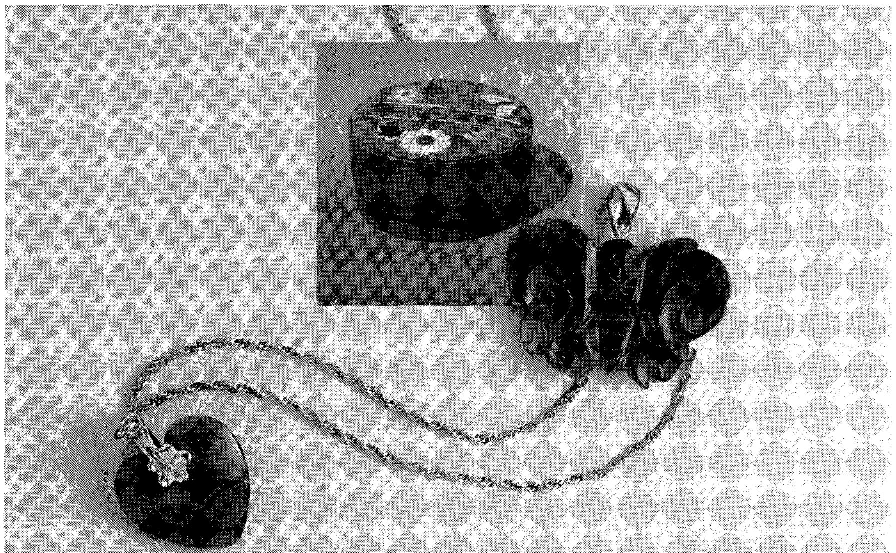

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released, Kodama is said to have cooperated with certain American officials in Japan, including the Army's Counter Intelligence Corps and, according to some reports, the Central Intelligence Agency, born in 1947. If there were such early contacts, the C.I.A. today denies any knowledge of them, maintaining that it has no current record of any association with Kodama. But a biographical file is known to exist in Washington, and, according to at least one former C.I.A. man, the agency knew all about Kodama's role in Lockheed's sale of its F-104 planes to the Japanese Defense Agency in the late fifties, and has kept track of Kodama's activities ever since.

At the Senate hearings, the record disclosed that between 1970 and 1972 Kodama's fees had jumped more than twentyfold, to two million two hundred and forty thousand dollars, and a series of receipts signed by Kodama was submitted which acknowledged only some of a total of forty-seven payments he received from Lockheed over the years—and was still receiving on the basis of each additional plane sold in Japan. After this evidence was presented, the following exchange took place between Senator Church and Kotchian:

CHURCH: All right.... His fees are going up fast. What exactly did Mr. Kodama do for them?

KOTCHIAN: Well, as I—

CHURCH: Did he introduce you to Mr. Osano?

KOTCHIAN: Yes, sir.

CHURCH: Who is Mr. Osano?

KOTCHIAN: He is a very, from my observation, a very influential businessman in Japan.

CHURCH: And what did Mr. Osano do for you?

KOTCHIAN: Well, we consulted with Mr. Osano about strategy, as well as with Mr. Kodama about how do we present our case and who do we see; to seek introductions, that sort of thing.

CHURCH: But you weren't paying him such sums of money just to arrange introductions, were you?

KOTCHIAN: Well, I think the fact that Mr. Kodama arranged my introduction to Mr. Osano, who I became quite well acquainted with when I was in Japan, was quite helpful to me because he was a very influential man. I think you should recognize that the Japanese establishment, if you want to call it that, is a fairly close-knit group of individuals, both in business and government, and somebody from the United States is not privy to enter into that group, and so you need some help.

CHURCH: Did you pay Mr. Osano money?

KOTCHIAN: No, sir.

CHURCH: Did Mr. Kodama pay any of the seven million dollars you finally turned over to him to Mr. Osano?

KOTCHIAN: I am not certain of that, sir, but it may have occurred. I believe it did. Yes, sir, because he worked with him on it.

CHURCH: Did you secure your objective in getting the decision delayed on the purchase of the aircraft?

KOTCHIAN: Well, we didn't, we didn't get a delay. Well, we got it delayed, I guess, until we were successful, yes.

CHURCH: And you were ultimately successful?

KOTCHIAN: Yes, sir.

CHURCH: Now, the truth of this is, isn't it, that Mr. Kodama was known to be a fixer; you paid him seven million dollars to accomplish certain objectives and the real objective was to try to get you that sale. That's really the truth of it, isn't it? And you didn't ask him how he would use the money or what he would do with it, or anything else. You just didn't ask him any further questions about it.

KOTCHIAN: We didn't ask him how he was going to use the money, sir, but we did work with him very— during that sales campaign I made ten trips to Japan and was there at the end for eleven weeks meeting with Mr. Kodama and Mr. Osano many times, and sought their help to plan the strategy. I had occasion where, in one particular occasion where there was a misunderstanding occurring at various levels in the government which could have been disastrous to my cause; and I asked them to talk to people to try to straighten that misunderstanding out. There were many instances like that....

CHURCH: And you apparently were satisfied you got your money's worth?

KOTCHIAN: Yes, sir.

CHURCH: Was there ever a time afterwards or during this connection with Mr. Kodama that you ever asked him to give you an accounting of what the money had been spent for?

KOTCHIAN: No sir.

ONCE Kotchian had settled the question of raising Kodama's fee for 1972, he and his fellow Lockheed campaigners felt that they were in a good position to enter the final round of the airbus contest in Japan. The Marubeni Corporation, as Lockheed's official agent, was poised to pursue the issue with A.N.A. and to use its influence with as many politicians as possible to help speed matters along, while Kodama and Osano (who was about to be brought into the picture) would operate behind the scenes in Lockheed's behalf. This two-track approach, Kotchian felt, as he made clear in his Senate testimony as well as in his book, was the logical one to pursue in Japan, where so much of what happens in business is based on who knows whom, and who can introduce an outsider—a *gaijin*, or foreigner—to the right person at the right time, or simply act, in Japanese fashion, for a fee, to achieve the outsider's objective. Kotchian himself was seeing as many people as he could. In January, 1972, he had met Kakuei Tanaka, who was

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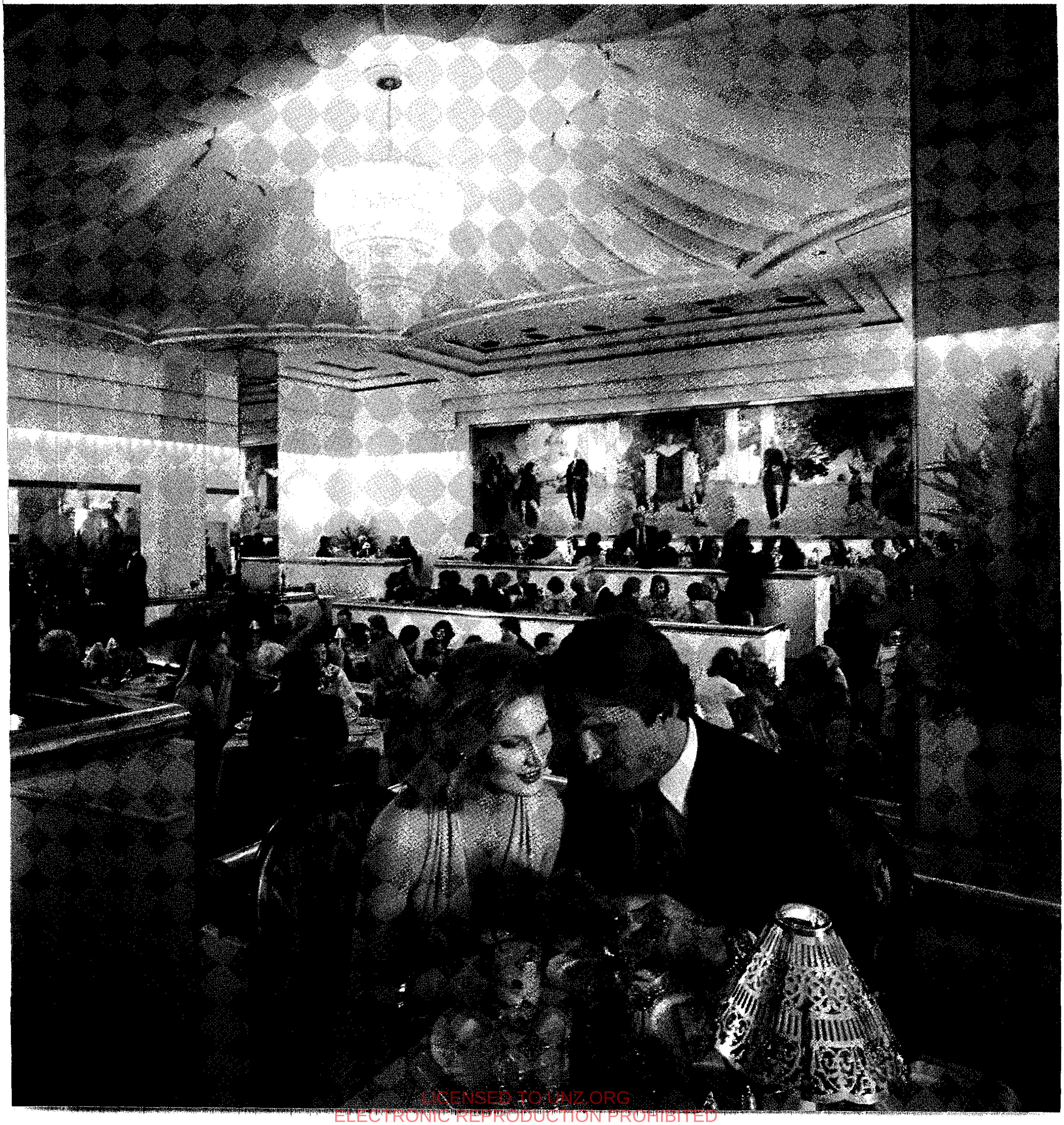

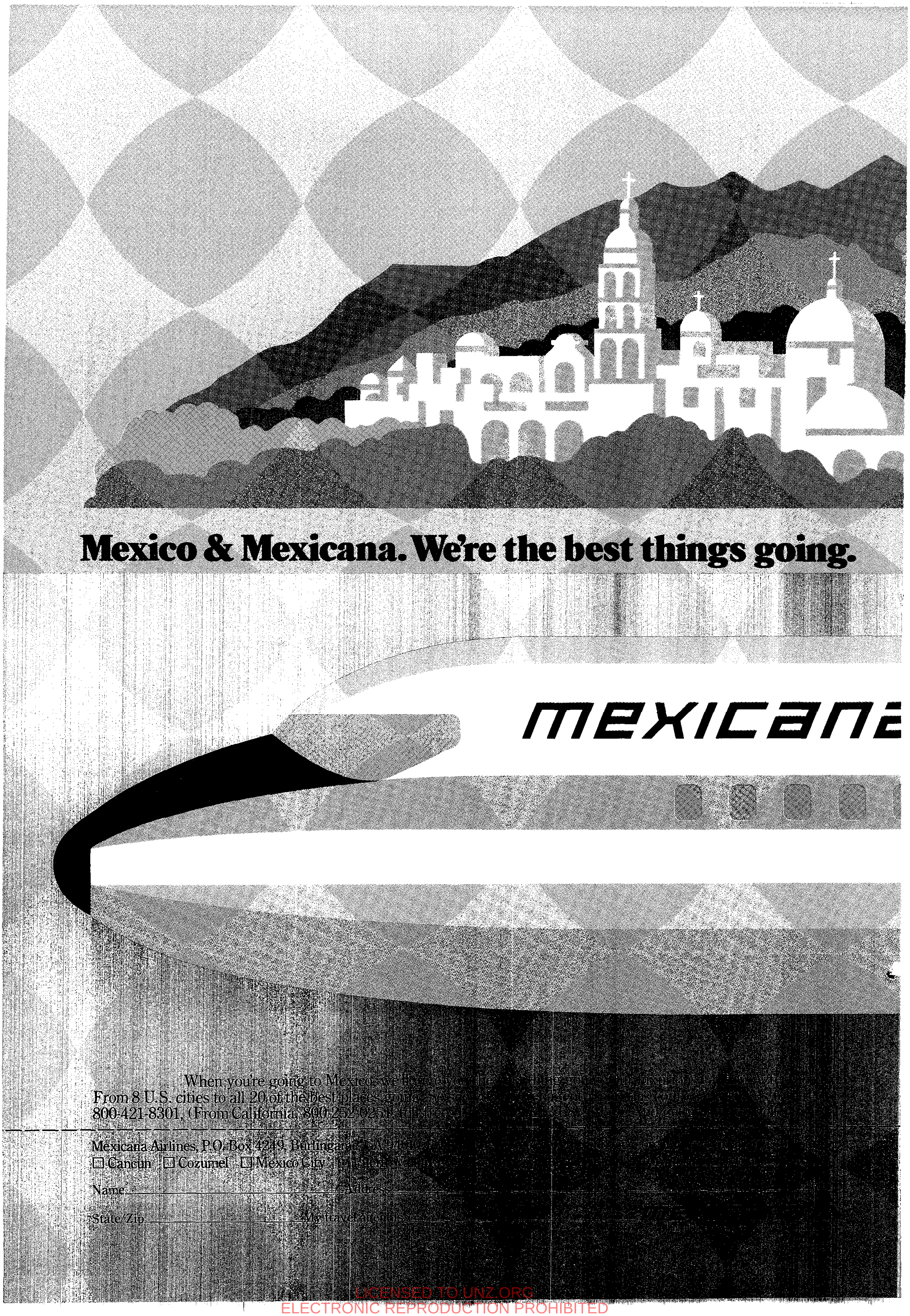
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then Minister of International Trade and Industry and was bent on becoming Prime Minister when the Liberal Democratic Party held its conference, a few months later, to choose the Party president—even though Takeo Fukuda was still the favorite. Kotchian's visit to Tanaka's office was a short one, lasting only twenty minutes, and his purpose was to broach the possibility of Lockheed's coöperating with a Japanese aircraft manufacturer in building a smaller, two-engine variety of the TriStar, which the Japanese wanted to produce domestically. Kotchian gave Tanaka a small plastic model of what he had in mind, and Tanaka indicated that he would look into the matter. Of more immediate importance, of course, was the sale of the three-engine TriStars to A.N.A., and it seems strange, in the circumstances, that Kotchian didn't mention this to Tanaka. Although Kotchian makes no reference to other meetings, it is said in Japan that he saw Tanaka at least two more times. At any rate, three months later, in April, both A.N.A. and J.A.L. asked Lockheed to make an offer, looking ahead to the introduction of airbuses by fiscal year 1974. Since 1969, when J.A.L. first asked for an offer, the price of a TriStar had risen by nearly a million dollars—to about seventeen and a half million—as a result of the increase in the cost of the Rolls-Royce engines and of Lockheed's other rising costs. Since this was the company's first offer to A.N.A., its prime target, Kotchian felt strongly that "even if our price had been raised, we still wanted to keep our price below that of our competitors"—McDonnell Douglas and Boeing.

Because of various commitments at home and elsewhere in the world, Kotchian didn't get back to Japan until June. When he went to A.N.A.'s offices to find out how soon the airline intended to buy airbuses, the cagey Wakasa said he didn't want to buy any—not even one—"unless it can land in Osaka's Itami Airport." For the first time, Kotchian realized the importance of the noise factor in Japan, where noise pollution has in recent years become a highly emotional local as well as national issue—especially in the busy industrial area of Osaka, the nation's second-largest city. Wakasa asked Kotchian to bring a TriStar to Japan as soon as he could to test its noise level in landing at Osaka. For help in this sort of matter, Kodama was the man, Kotchian figured, and Kodama met the emergency. He said he knew someone who could be "very helpful," and a few days later he introduced Kotchian to another of Japan's top power brokers, Ryoichi Sasakawa. Like Kodama, Sasakawa was a *kuromaku;* in fact, now that Kodama is in trouble as a result of the Lockheed scandal, and is sick besides, Sasakawa is regarded as the last of Japan's great old-time fixers. He and Kodama had known each other for almost fifty years and had been sometime rivals, dating back to their prewar right-wing activities. After the war they had both ended up in Sugamo Prison together. Following Sasakawa's release, he soon became an extremely wealthy man, partly as a result of being granted the national gambling concession on motorboat racing, which grosses more than a trillion yen a year. Though, like Kodama, he has acted as a go-between behind the scenes for politicians and businessmen, Sasakawa is more of a public figure. While he maintains that "*kuromaku* are only useful in a society where laws are ambiguous and law-enforcement agencies weak," he recently described himself to Bernard Krisher, of *Newsweek*, as "one of the last fools of this world," who has lasted so long only "because the others were too clever—they wanted social status and were greedy—so they failed."

Upon meeting Sasakawa, Kotchian noticed that his calling card listed as one of his many and more unusual titles the chairmanship of the "Aircraft Nuisance Prevention Association." After half an hour's conversation about the TriStar test in Osaka, Sasakawa said, "I'll do my best for you." Lockheed then scrambled to get a plane to Japan in time for the test in July—it had to borrow one from Eastern Air-lines, since none were available at Burbank—and arrangements were finally completed for a test to be held on July 23rd. When the plane landed at Osaka, Kotchian was highly distressed to find the airport full of noisy demonstrators opposing the landing; and even though he was convinced that the TriStar was less noisy than its competitors, he had fresh surges of doubt about selling any of the planes in Japan. At a reception after the landing, however, he was happily surprised to run into Sasakawa, who told him, with a smile, "I've been doing my best to help you." Apparently, he had been, for there was no further trouble from the demonstrators, and a short time later Kotchian found out that Sasakawa had followed up after the test flight by making several phone calls to Wakasa at A.N.A.,

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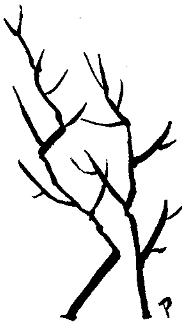
during which he indicated that the noise problem in Osaka was no longer anything to worry about.

THINGS were moving along quickly now and, so far, Kotchian felt, smoothly. Six days after the test flight, on July 29th, he met Kenji Osano, the wealthy businessman, for the first time. He did so on the recommendation of several of his Japanese contacts, who had told him that since Tanaka had won the Prime Ministership a few weeks earlier it would be a good idea to get to know Osano personally, because not only was Osano one of the largest private shareholders in both A.N.A. and J.A.L. but he was also a close friend of Tanaka's. At their first meeting, a brief one, Kotchian lost no time asking Osano's help in selling the TriStar in Japan, and it was at this point that, quickly following up, he arranged for Kodama formally to solicit Osano's aid in the campaign. Kotchian thereupon returned to California, but on August 19th, having decided that he should now "devote all my energy and time to the sales campaign in Japan," he took off again for Tokyo, with his wife. They were met at Haneda Airport by Clutter in a big black sedan furnished by Marubeni, and, after settling into Room 1070 at the Hotel Okura, Kotchian asked Clutter to arrange appointments at once with Kodama, Wakasa, and the top men at Marubeni. Within the next seventy-two hours, he was to find himself deeply embroiled in the alleged bribery of Prime Minister Tanaka—a process that may have started on August 21st, the day after his arrival, when, over lunch with Hiyama, he suggested that Hiyama see Tanaka before the Prime Minister left for Hawaii to meet Nixon. Afterward, Kotchian ruefully wrote, "I never thought that this conversation would eventually lead to the money payment, which I never brought up at the meeting." Whether the idea of a bribe to Tanaka sprang from this oblique luncheon suggestion that Hiyama see the Prime Minister or whether the Marubeni officials had already privately considered the possibility that such a payment would be necessary remains a moot point, and it may or may not come up during the long trial. In any event, as Kotchian says in his book, they broached it to him the following day, even before they saw Tanaka. Japanese observers who have become historians of business chicanery point out that back in 1958, when Lockheed was trying to beat out Grumman in selling fighter planes to Japan, Dai Ichi Bussan, Lockheed's earlier agent, was reported to have refused to accede to Lockheed's suggestion that money be passed, if necessary, whereupon Lockheed fired Dai Ichi Bussan, retained Kodama, and then Marubeni, and won the sale.

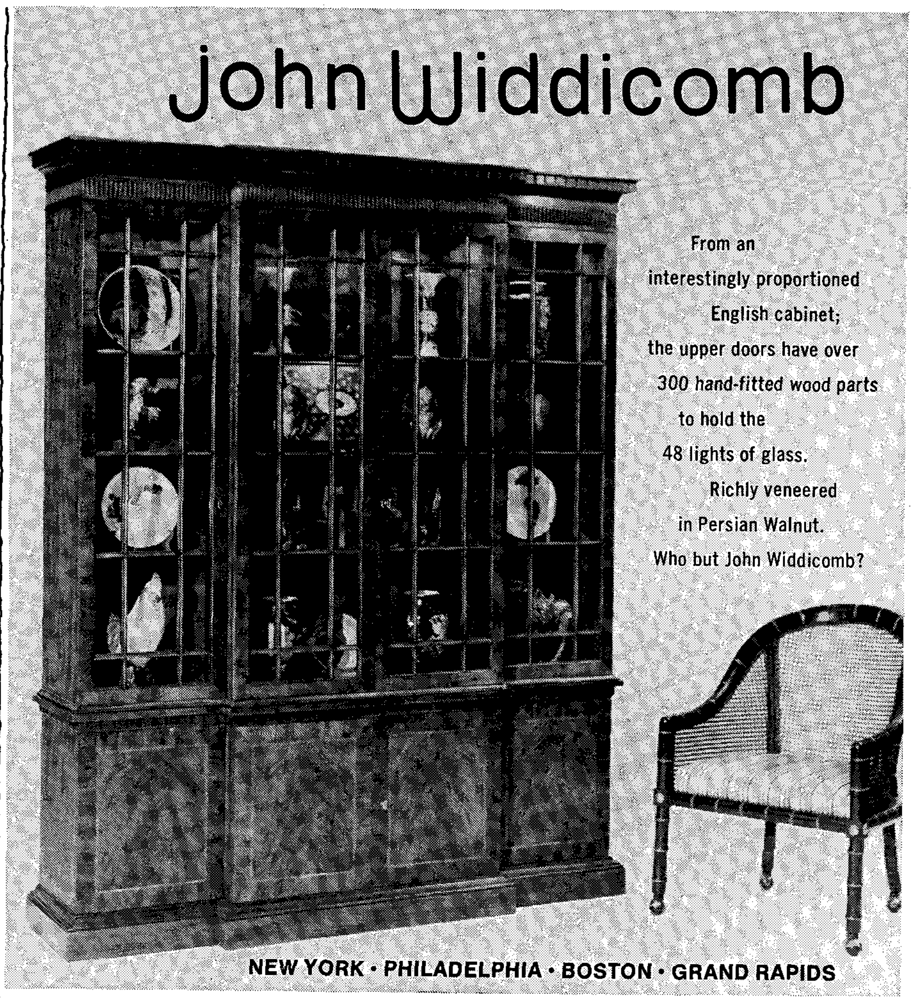


On September 1st—a week after Hiyama's alleged offer of a million six hundred thousand dollars to Tanaka to help Lockheed sell TriStars, and the second day of the Hawaii summit—Kotchian and Okubo, of Marubeni, visited A.N.A. and talked to Wakasa once more. This time, Wakasa had some more unpleasant surprises for Kotchian. He asked a number of difficult questions—mostly technical ones, such as whether the noise level in the TriStar cabin could be lowered, and whether it was true that the TriStar had had some tail-engine trouble. He also inquired into the current status of the Rolls-Royce company and its ability to deliver the engines for TriStar on time. The question of Douglas's claims that its DC-10 was quieter than the TriStar came up, too. Kotchian felt that it was a tough "oral examination," and suspected that some of Wakasa's questions had been planted by his competitors—particularly McDonnell Douglas. By September 5th, he had prepared five pages of answers for Wakasa, refuting the criticisms and citing facts to prove that in all respects the TriStar was a fine plane, better than the others. He also pointed out some of his competitors' shortcomings. He followed this up with a letter to Wakasa improving Lockheed's offer on the escalation price of its planes—usually the price of a plane goes up over the years, because of rising costs. Reviewing the company's public-relations campaign with his own team in Tokyo, Kotchian felt that "the initial rumor that Lockheed had the full support of the Nixon Administration had been successful." To give an "impression of fairness," Kotchian now drafted another plan to be given to Kodama and Osano to handle. In this one, looking ahead to Lockheed's selling A.N.A. twenty planes initially, and as many as forty-six eventually, he suggested that Lockheed should sell TriStars to A.N.A. for domestic use, and that J.A.L. should buy Boeing's intermediate jumbos for the same purpose and buy Douglas

DC-10s for its shorter international routes. He did this not only to give an "impression of fairness" but because he was quite aware that J.A.L. was planning to buy fewer planes than A.N.A.

DURING the next fortnight, while everything was ominously hanging in the balance and it was obvious that all three American airplane manufacturers trying to sell planes in Japan were reaching the climax of their bitter struggle, with each of them desperately trying to find out as much as possible about what the others were up to and were offering, Kotchian and his aides, in consultation with Rolls-Royce, kept trying to improve Lockheed's offer to A.N.A. A visit to Japan in mid-September by Prime Minister Edward Heath had included a long private talk with Tanaka, during which Heath had undoubtedly pushed the cause of Rolls-Royce, and thereby of Lockheed, by citing England's large trade imbalance with Japan. Probably aware of this, Kotchian, on September 29th, decided to tell A.N.A. that it would subsidize, to the tune of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, each old propeller-driven plane that A.N.A. wanted to sell once it had bought TriStars. As the competition grew fiercer, each passing day increased Kotchian's *shimpai*, and he and his wife did what they could to relax their nerves by taking short scenic trips around Japan. Then on October 5th, which Kotchian describes in his book as "the most painful and critical day in the long years of my aircraft career," he was awakened at six in the morning in his hotel room in Tokyo by a telephone call from his local public-relations expert and interpreter, Taro Fukuda, who told him that Lockheed was going to get a contract to sell some planes to J.A.L., while Douglas would get a contract to sell DC-10s to A.N.A., and that Osano had arranged the deal.

Kotchian, by his own account, nearly "jumped out of my skin" in dismay. The proposed arrangement, he pointed out to Fukuda, wasn't nearly as good as it sounded, for a variety of reasons—mostly because A.N.A. needed more planes than J.A.L. and needed them sooner, and because a Douglas sale to A.N.A. would mean more sales for Lockheed's competitor elsewhere in the Far East. Kotchian immediately regarded the whole idea as another "plot" against Lockheed, probably launched by Douglas, no doubt forgetting that he had come up with his



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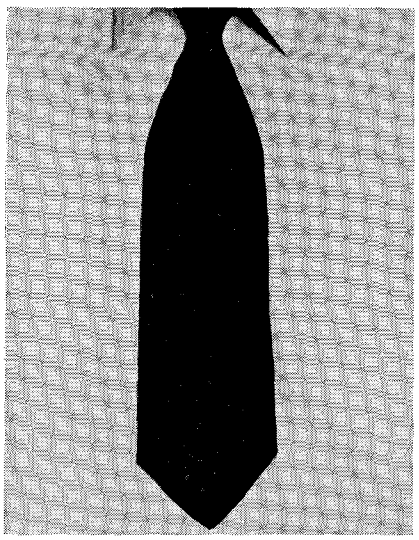

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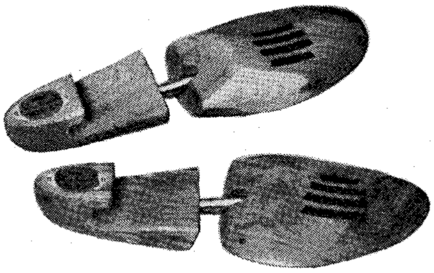

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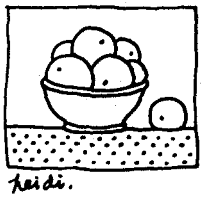
own compromise plan, which would favor Lockheed over Douglas and Boeing. He quickly arranged to see Osano, who was leaving for Hawaii in a few hours. Osano was annoyed at hearing Kotchian's complaint, called him "ungrateful," and said there was nothing he could do to change things, then huffily broke off the conversation and said he had to rush to catch his plane. Dejected, Kotchian returned to the Hotel Okura and made an appointment to see his ace in the hole, Kodama, that evening, at Kodama's downtown office. Because they didn't want to sign in after hours at the front entrance, Fukuda and Kotchian went up the back stairs, where they found themselves locked out until a janitor showed them how to get in. Kodama immediately grasped the difficulty as Kotchian outlined it to him, and said that there had probably been a mistake by "some people in the higher echelon of the government who do not understand the whole picture." He thereupon made a phone call, ostensibly to Yasuhiro Nakasone, who was then Minister of International Trade and Industry, and, according to what Kodama told the distraught Kotchian, Nakasone promised to take up the matter the following morning. Whether Kodama actually spoke to Nakasone or just pretended to do so while he was speaking to someone else is another of the minor mysteries of the Lockheed case. Nakasone, whose name has frequently come up in the scandal, has denied he ever spoke to Kodama or ever received any money from Lockheed or its agents, and last April he testified to this in the Diet. In any event, at noon the next day, after a bad night's sleep, Kotchian received another call from Fukuda, who told him that Kodama had heard from Nakasone that the situation had been "reversed" and that whatever "plot" existed had failed.

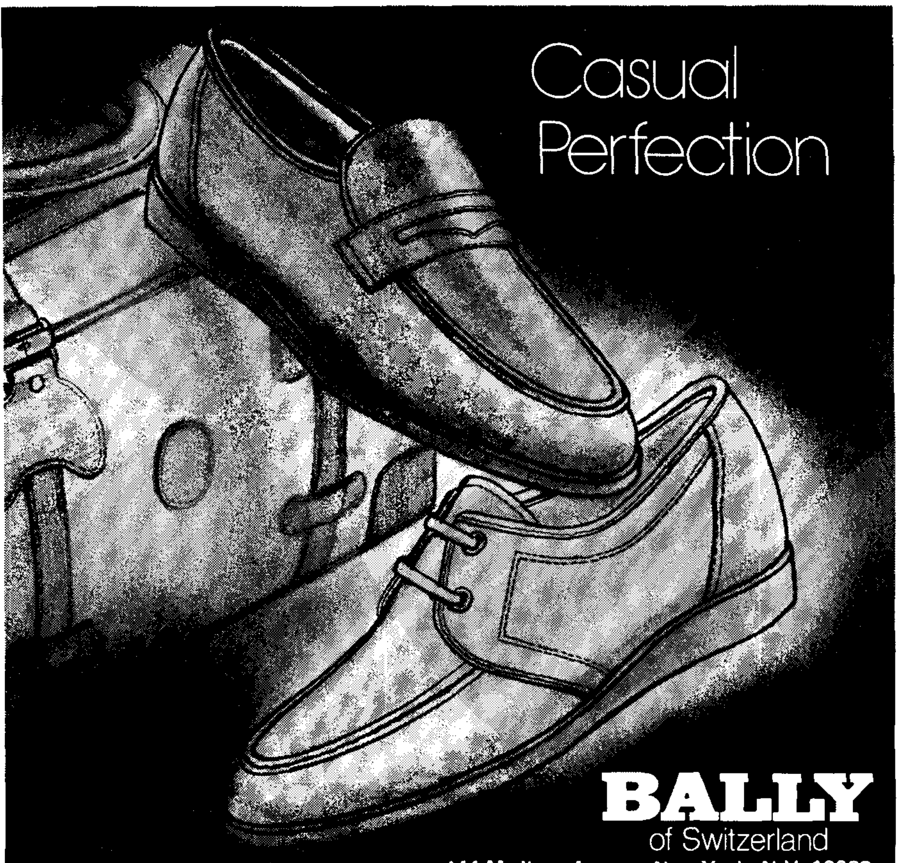


At five o'clock that same afternoon—October 6th—Kotchian was asked to come to the A.N.A. offices, and there A.N.A.'s vice-president, Naoji Watanabe, asked him if Lockheed could improve its offer, and indicated that the airline would like the price per TriStar to be reduced by about a million dollars. Watanabe also said that A.N.A. wanted an increase in the advertising allotment to three hundred thousand dollars per plane from Lockheed, an extension of the backstop price for the disposal of its old planes to include those which A.N.A. would have to dispose of if it exercised its option to purchase an additional number of TriStars, and a ceiling on the interest rates that A.N.A. would have to pay if there was a delay in arranging a government loan. Kotchian thought that these terms were "severe," but he figured that his competitors were facing the same "squeeze" and that he had no choice but to make the best new offer he could. At the trials, however, the prosecutors, in their opening statements, suggested that there was more to it than this: that while A.N.A. was undoubtedly seeking the best terms it could get, it was also quietly letting Kotchian know what he would have to do—beyond these terms—to beat the Douglas and Boeing offers.

On October 9th, Lockheed made its improved offer, which amounted to only about a third of what A.N.A. had requested. The situation now slid into another period of delay, during which Kotchian relieved his *shimpai* by taking some more trips with his wife to nearby resorts. On October 14th, Hiyama again visited Tanaka, and, according to the prosecutors, Tanaka told him that everything was "going to be all right" on the A.N.A.-Lockheed deal. Two days later, on the sixteenth, Osano, who had returned from Hawaii, saw Tanaka and afterward, at Tanaka's suggestion, saw Watanabe, to whom he relayed the message that President Nixon was alleged to have given Tanaka at the Hawaii summit—that he would be gratified if A.N.A. bought Lockheed TriStars. "I was glad to receive good news for a change, otherwise with so much *shimpai* I might have a nervous breakdown," Kotchian wrote in his book. His optimism increased as reports began appearing in the press that Lockheed was going to get the contract. Moreover, according to the prosecutors, Tanaka himself, on October 24th, told both Wasaka and Watanabe that Nixon had asked him to help Lockheed and that Nixon "would greatly appreciate it" if A.N.A. chose the TriStar. Wasaka indicated that he intended to do so.

Kotchian's troubles were not yet over. On October 29th, after three days of suffering with a high fever, he received a phone call at 10:30 P.M. from Marubeni's Okubo, who told him excitedly that if he did three things he could clinch the A.N.A. deal. Two of them were minor: A.N.A. wanted a hundred Lockheed maintenance men and technical experts temporarily stationed at five Japanese airports, and wanted a guarantee that maintenance and fuel-consumption costs would not exceed Lockheed's estimates. But the third was a fresh shocker for Kotchian. Okubo said that four hundred thousand dollars more was needed, or a hundred and twenty million yen, three-fourths of it to go to Wakasa and the rest to be distributed by A.N.A. to six politicians, whose names Kotchian jotted down on a pad in his hotel room. He was unable to get it all clear on the phone, however, and asked Okubo to come to the hotel. Okubo showed up at midnight, and he and Kotchian went over the proposition in detail. Three hundred thousand dollars, or ninety million yen, he said, was to go to Wakasa as a rebate of fifty thousand dollars on each of the first six TriStars that A.N.A. bought. The remaining hundred thousand dollars, or thirty million yen, was to be divided among the six politicians, two of whom had been responsible for the administrative-guidance ruling almost two years ago which had given A.N.A. time to consider more carefully what sort of plane it wanted to buy. These two were Hashimoto, the former Minister of Transport, who was now secretary general of the Liberal Democratic Party, and Sato, the former parliamentary Vice-Minister of Transport. Both are on trial today. The four others were among the dozen or so Diet members who are alleged to have received part of the thirty million yen, none of whom have been indicted, according to the prosecutors, because they had no official responsibility to determine the purchase of planes. Okubo told Kotchian he had to have the thirty million yen the following morning and the remaining ninety million yen as soon as possible. Kotchian wrote in his book, "If some third party had heard this conversation, he could ask why I responded to this request for secret payments. However, I must admit that it was extremely persuasive and attractive at that time when someone came up to me and confidently told me that 'If I do this, I would surely get A.N.A.'s order in twenty-four hours.' For any businessman who is dealing with commercial and trade matters, would it be possible to decline a request of certain amounts of money when that money would enable him to get the business award? For someone like myself, who had been struggling against plots and severe competition for over two months, it was almost impossible to dismiss this opportunity."

At six o'clock the next morning, October 30th, Kotchian called up Clut-



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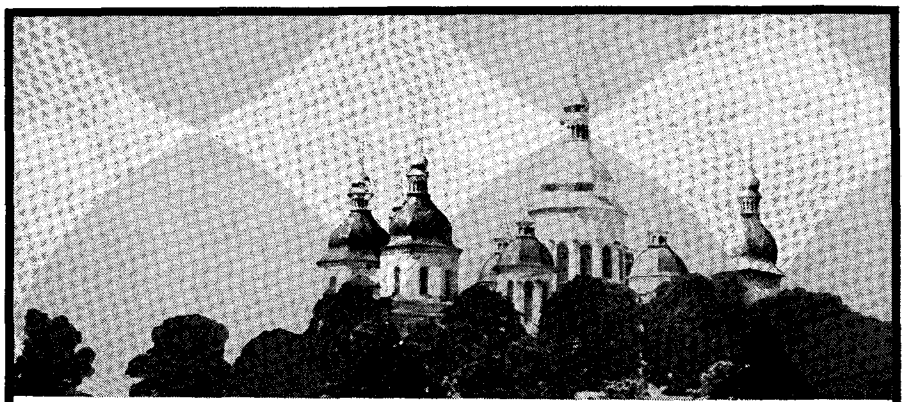

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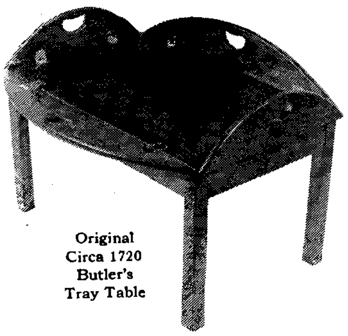

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ter and asked him to come to the hotel, where, an hour later, he told Clutter that thirty million yen had to be raised by ten o'clock. Clutter, to Kotchian's vast relief, said that it could be arranged, and Kotchian told him to deliver the money to Okubo at Marubeni, and to start working on getting the additional ninety million yen for A.N.A. as soon as possible. (It was delivered to A.N.A. a week later.) That same day, the thirtieth, the Lockheed executives were asked to come to the A.N.A. offices at 5:30 P.M. Despite his high fever, Kotchian got dressed and went along, with Clutter and another of the Lockheed negotiators, Peter Mingrone, and as soon as they got there they were given the good news that A.N.A. would buy six TriStars to start with and take an option on more. "I was surely very happy when I heard this and had a warm feeling inside me," Kotchian later wrote. The following evening, which, Kotchian noted, was Halloween, Lockheed celebrated with a champagne party in Kotchian's room at the Okura. "Everybody's face looked so happy and bright," Kotchian wrote in his book. "Champagne was opened, one bottle after another. . . . When I poured a glass of champagne on top of Mr. Mingrone's head, the party became even happier." Some three weeks earlier, one member of the Lockheed staff had brought a large *daruma*—a papier-mâché figure of a famous Buddhist monk of that name—to the room. Traditionally, in Japan, when a wish is made, the left eye of a *daruma* is painted in, and if the wish comes true the right eye is also painted in. During the party, Kotchian painted in the right eye. But eight months later, at the end of June, 1973, the *daruma's* right eye would blink. For then Kotchian would be called upon to provide the money he had pledged for delivery to Prime Minister Tanaka for allegedly having helped secure the TriStar sale, and thus the most sensational sequence of events of the Lockheed scandal in Japan, culminating in Tanaka's arrest and indictment, would be set in motion. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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CLEAR DAYS IN THE OFFICE OF "LOVE" MAGAZINE

[*From a set of editorial guidelines prepared for contributors to "Love"*]

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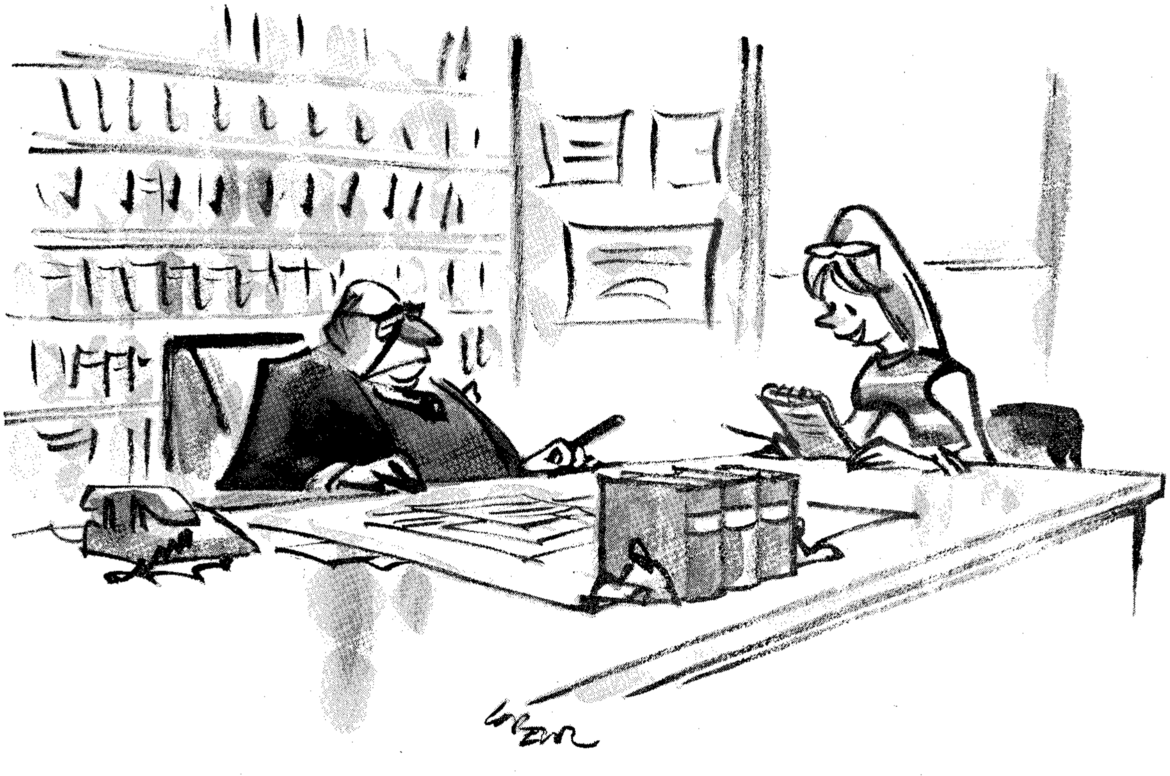
U.S. JOURNAL: DENVER

SURVIVAL

THE dominant characteristic of the Denver Symphony Orchestra has always been the simple fact of its existence. There are no other major symphony orchestras for five hundred miles in any direction. The Symphony has been considered a civic resource that, in the words of one of its supporters, "separates Denver from some place like Cheyenne." The separation may be particularly valued in Denver because it took place so recently: although there has been some form of civic orchestra in Denver since the beginning of the century, the Denver Symphony became a professional orchestra only in 1945. Less than a dozen years later, the chairman of one of its fund-raising drives spoke of its continued existence as a matter of "whether Denver will remain a first-class city with a first-class cultural life or become a second-class city with a second-class cultural life." The chairman of a recent fund-raising drive has spoken of a symphony orchestra as being one element necessary for a "whole city." These days, a symphony orchestra happens to be one of the prerequisites for what civic boosters across the country usually refer to as a "major-league city." There is a sort of checklist. Denver, which already has major-league teams in four sports as well as a symphony orchestra and two expensive new museums, now seems to be acquiring a major-league baseball team, and the prospect is treated by some people in town as the equivalent of filling an inside straight.

A symphony orchestra, like a major-league baseball team, is said to be one of the cultural institutions necessary to attract corporate headquarters from cities that have been major league long enough to have become dirty or dangerous. Denver has been particularly successful lately in attracting corporations—so many high-rise office buildings are under construction that downtown Denver looks like a rookery for the Forty-Story Crane—but not long ago it found itself about to lose its orchestra. Eight weeks after the season was scheduled to open last fall, no concerts had been played. The musicians, who had pronounced themselves willing to play temporarily under the terms of a contract that had just expired, were "locked out" by the board of the Denver Symphony Association, whose proposal for a new three-year contract had the rare distinction in these inflationary times of offering employees considerably less per year than they had been making before. When a new contract was finally agreed on, in November—a contract that did reduce the number of work weeks and therefore the annual salary of musicians—it was contingent on the ability of a special fund-raising drive to produce the half-million-dollar difference between the two sides that seemed invulnerable to negotiation. The half-million dollars had to be raised in less than four weeks, and the ground rules specified that it include no money that would ordinarily be given through the regular fund-raising campaign. The most money the Denver Symphony Association had ever acquired in a full year of fund raising—a year full of benefit events that require months of planning—was eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The half-million dollars was called the Survival Fund, which led a lot of people in Denver to conclude that the Symphony would not survive.

IN cities the size of Denver, symphony-orchestra associations have often been dominated by those families that have been richest longest. The Denver Symphony became a professional orchestra in 1945 because Mrs. Margaret Phipps made some guarantees that made it possible to hire a professional conductor. Mrs. Phipps's husband, Senator Lawrence Phipps, had not arrived in Denver until after the turn of the century, but he had brought a lot of Carnegie steel money with him. (Phipps came to Colorado because the climate had been prescribed for someone in the family who was tubercular—a prescription that drew so many people with money or talent to Denver that one amateur historian of the town, a newspaperman named Roscoe Fleming, suggested in the forties that the city commemorate the tubercle bacillus in stone.) The first professional conductor hired by the Denver Symphony, Saul Caston, lived for a time in the tennis house on the Phipps estate. As late as 1962, when a group of citizens calling themselves the Better Music Associates exerted pressure for Caston's resignation, one of the concerns expressed in the local press was that the campaign might be considered an affront to the Phipps family, whose regular contributions still amounted to a quarter of the money raised in the an-



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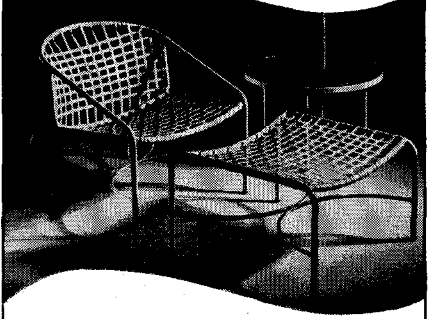

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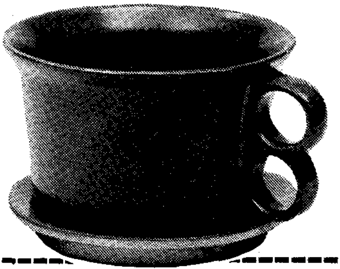

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nual fund drive. Most of the rest of the money came from only a dozen contributors—many of them representatives of the wealthy, sometimes interlocking families known as Old Denver, or even the Denver 400. Old Denver is young enough so that many of the patriarchs of the wealthiest families were alive when the Symphony became professional in 1945. Denver was still particularly sensitive in those days about its reputation as a rough town of the pioneer West; the patriarchs, many of whom had made their money in rather rough enterprises themselves, had sent their children all the way back to the East Coast for the sort of education and culture appropriate to symphony patrons. "The three generations of American business dynasties—i.e., the builder, the stuffed shirt, and the wastrel—are all represented in Denver," Fleming wrote in 1947. "But the second stage is perhaps represented most numerously."

The early days of the Denver Symphony included the deficits and financial crises common to American cultural institutions, of course, but even into the sixties the work of the Symphony Association remained what one current board member calls "a comfortable sort of thing." The Phipps family sometimes took care of an awkward deficit. The débutante cotillion had been established as the Symphony's most important fund-raising event. Old Denver attended the Tuesday-night subscription series, with the last four rows of the parquet reserved for the Symphony Debs. The Better Music Associates' campaign against Caston may have been the single example of the musical overshadowing the social in discussions of the Symphony by its devotees, and the B.M.A. dissolved after Caston's resignation.

In the middle sixties, the Denver Symphony Orchestra began to expand into an operation much too large to be considered a comfortable sort of thing. The budget increased nearly tenfold in a dozen years. The season went from twenty weeks in 1963-64 to forty-six weeks in 1976-77. The impetus for the growth came partly from a huge grant made in 1966 to American orchestras by the Ford Foundation. Denver's share was a million dollars in Ford Motor stock, collectible in ten years if it had been matched by locally raised endowment funds, plus the dividends from the stock during the wait, plus three-quarters of a million dollars in operating funds. All over the country, the Ford grant pushed quasi-professional orchestras toward full professionalism and a full-year season. Denver seemed ready. The city was booming. Once thought of as a place whose economy was based on regional offices and outposts of federal bureaus, Denver had begun to attract oil companies after the Second World War, when more and more oil was discovered in the huge region it serves as commercial capital. The office buildings that began to sprout in downtown Denver in the past several years represent an accelerated influx of corporations involved in one part or another of what is known locally as the energy business. The music director hired by the Symphony Association in 1970, Brian Priestman, was suitable for boom days—a man acknowledged by both his admirers and his critics to be a brilliant promoter of the Symphony. ("If he could use the baton the way he uses the mouth," one musician said recently, "he would be a second Toscanini.") The season began to expand and salaries for musicians began to rise—although not so high that many musicians could get by without a second job. The orchestra increasingly was composed of musicians who had come to Denver specifically to play in the Symphony. The city, with financing from a bond issue and matching private gifts, began constructing a new concert hall, at a cost of thirteen million dollars.

The Symphony Association raised more and more money every year—in addition to the endowment money raised to match the Ford grant and the concert-hall money raised to match the bond issue—but the budget was balanced only by borrowing steadily against the Ford stock. Apparently, there was some hope that a new benefactor—perhaps the federal government—would appear to take Ford's place. The Symphony news in Denver's daily newspapers remained rather cheerful. The new concert hall was on schedule to open in March, 1978. As late as last May, at the annual meeting of the Denver Symphony Association, the outgoing president reported that under his stewardship the Association had finished the year in the black—which happened to be true only because the million dollars in Ford stock had just been sold to pay ten years of accumulated debts. Symphony subscribers presumably looked forward to a season that would be enhanced by a flashy new concert hall—unless they also happened to be subscribers to an alternative weekly called *Straight Creek Journal*, whose editor, Ron Wolf, wrote in July that, given the way contract negotiations were shaping up, the new concert hall might open in March without a symphony orchestra to play in it.

THE boom, it now appears, did not really reach the Symphony. The number of seriously rich people in Denver increased dramatically, but, as one Symphony Association board member put the matter recently, with some effort at restraint, "The oil industry has never been a big supporter of the Symphony." The high rises going up downtown make Denver appear wonderfully prosperous compared to the deteriorating industrial cities of the East, but they do not produce endowment money of the sort that Eastern industrialists began leaving to orchestras even before the expansion of the major leagues. The Symphony Association still retained the tone of Old Denver but not necessarily its money. After a large capital donation to the matching funds of the new concert hall and the Ford grant, for instance, the Phipps Foundation is now giving less money to the Symphony annually than it did fifteen years ago. The incumbent Phippses are known in Denver as owners of the Denver Broncos rather than as patrons of the Symphony. In fact, since a seat tax voted by the city council a few years ago to pay for expanding the Broncos' stadium draws seventy-five thousand dollars a year from Symphony tickets, it might be said that the Symphony is these days providing much more money for the enterprises of the Phipps family than the Phipps family is providing for the Symphony.

In the view of those who run the Association board, the musicians had simply been given too much too soon during the Ford years—meaning that an inflexible attitude on reducing labor costs was the only alternative to bankruptcy. "They pushed us to budgets beyond those the community could really support," one board member said recently. "Our only mistake was not doing this two negotiations ago." The lockout caused a lot of discussion about just how much classical music Denver could support. Association board members, pointing to a disastrous summer season that greatly increased the orchestra's deficit, speak of the possibility that Denver, an outdoor city with a young population, may not be ready for a summer season of symphonic music. The musicians, who tend to believe that the Denver musical audience has been underrated by the Symphony management, say that there is no way to know wheth-

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er a summer season of classical music could be supported because no one has ever tried it: last summer's debacle had guest artists like Mel Tormé and Red Skelton. The growth of the past decade did bring a lot of classical-music lovers to Denver. The city now has a commercially successful radio station, KVOD, that plays nothing but classical music. The KVOD Marathon, a sale of donated goods and services, brings much more money to the Symphony every year than the débutante cotillion. But the presence of the new music lovers has been reflected only partially in the Symphony audience and not at all in the composition of the Symphony Association board. It is said that in Denver the most serious music lovers congregate around a chamber-music series, using the intervals to pass disdainful remarks about the Symphony crowd.

Some musicians say that the real goal of the Association was a return to the days when the orchestra was "a comfortable sort of thing"—the days of limited seasons and less frantic fund raising and fewer hired hands who seemed to enjoy being disrespectful to their patrons. "What they wanted was to get the orchestra down to a size they can manage and in the process teach the musicians a lesson," a musician who has spent some years with the Symphony said recently. There being no conference championships awarded in symphonic music, the argument goes, trustees who have no strong connection with music themselves tend to be unwilling to shoulder the considerable burdens involved in improving or expanding the orchestra. The glories of the annual débutante cotillion are not, after all, affected one way or another by the size of the orchestra or the quality of the woodwind section. It was even suggested by some that the orchestra is almost incidental to the affairs of the Association. Gene Amole, one of the co-owners and announcers at KVOD, noticed that three weeks after the lockout had begun an Association newsletter chatted about the Le Bistro art-sales benefit and the Symphony Guild's new "Haydn in the Kitchen" cookbook and a number of other activities without mentioning the fact that no concerts were being held. "Basically," he said later, "they don't need the band."

THE announcement of the Survival Fund was not greeted with universal enthusiasm. When the Denver city council was approached for a donation, an editorial in the *Rocky Mountain News* said, "The symphony, clad in

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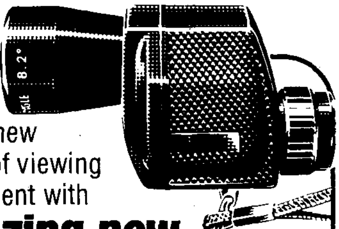

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evening clothes and opera cape, has thrust itself to the head of a long line of worthwhile needs." Some musicians said that the board was thrusting on the public the fruits of its own mismanagement. But even people who resented the need for the fund tended to support it. Fifty thousand dollars was raised from the Denver city council—although practically nothing came in from the city councils in wealthier suburbs. KVOD, after agonizing for a while about whether its listeners could be asked again, generated an enormous flow of small donations. The "public" members of the Survival Fund committee—appointed by the Governor, Richard Lamm, who had helped arrange the settlement—raised money from some individuals and corporations that had not previously been Symphony supporters. Symphony guilds collected money at shopping centers and at Broncos games. To the astonishment of a lot of people in Denver—some of them members of the Survival Fund committee—the half-million dollars was raised in time.

A lot of bitterness and second thoughts remain, of course. Nobody knows how the regular Symphony drive or the other cultural causes in Denver will be affected by the sudden collection of a half-million dollars of donatable money. The new contract has still not been signed, differences having emerged in how the two sides remember what had previously been agreed upon. The musicians continue to display bumper stickers asking for the firing of the manager who presided over the lockout and the summer season. There is some talk in Denver of trying to broaden the board of the Association a bit—to include people who have some musical background, perhaps, or even a musician. The musicians see the success of the Survival Fund as proof that the Association had not overextended itself in raising money for the regular budget. Some people see the success as an indication that many more residents of Denver are interested in classical music than anyone—particularly anyone who had anything to do with the management of the Denver Symphony Orchestra—had thought. Some people see it as a heartwarming example of what can happen when an entire community works to save a cultural asset. And some people see it as evidence that what strikes a lot of residents of Denver as important about the Symphony is not its quality or its size or its repertoire but simply its existence.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

"The Duellists"/"The Battle of Chile"

SET in Europe in the Napoleonic period, the English film "The Duellists," from Joseph Conrad's sixty-odd-page story "The Duel," is about a cavalry officer's sudden flare-up of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer which grows into a private war. Lieutenant Feraud challenges Lieutenant D'Hubert to a duel and is injured, and the duel ends. But not in Feraud's mind. For the next fifteen years, whenever there are interludes of peace and Feraud isn't using his skills and tenacity on France's enemies, he seeks out D'Hubert and challenges him to further duels. These encounters—and the injuries that result—are a lifelong horror to the equable, rational D'Hubert. The origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend, like the causes of the larger wars that they're both fighting in. Differences in class, in temperament, in regional background all enter into the enmity that the short, dark, powerfully built Feraud (Harvey Keitel) feels toward the lanky, fair-haired aristocrat D'Hubert (Keith Carradine). Everything fuels Feraud's bitterness; with the righteousness of the spiteful, he convinces himself that the quarrel represents a matter of political conscience. And when, a general, Feraud is involuntarily retired from the Army after Napoleon's defeat, and is broken by the emptiness of his existence as a pensioner, his learning where D'Hubert is to be found resurrects him. As Conrad put it, "A mere fighter all his life, a cavalry man, a *sabreur*, he conceived war with the utmost simplicity, as, in the main, a massed lot of personal contests, a sort of gregarious duelling. And here he had in hand a war of his own. He revived. The shadow of peace passed away from him like the shadow of death."

TAYLOR I SUA
QVESTIA IDEVEL

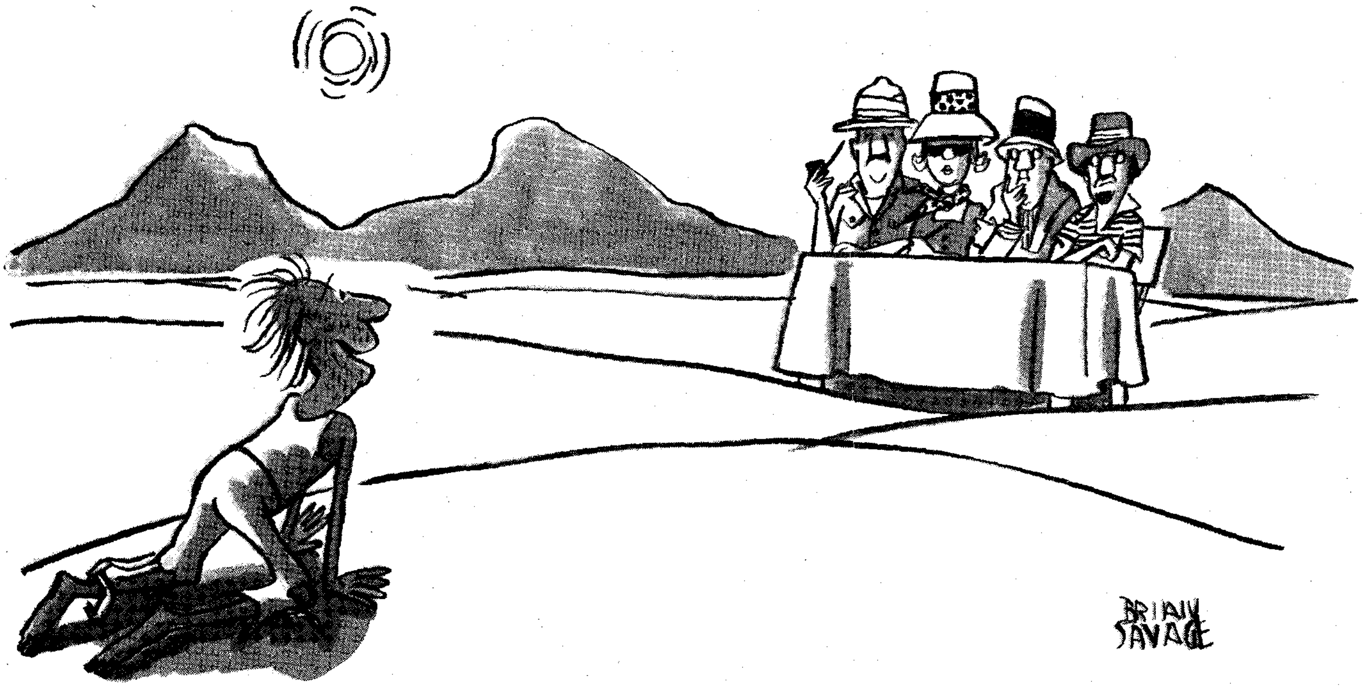
The film follows the Conrad story, without attempting to dramatize the events or to heighten their meaning. It doesn't even prepare the situations or introduce the subsidiary characters; they simply come and go, and at times we have a second's confusion as to who they are or whether we've met them before. The attitude toward the duels themselves (as toward the wars, in which the two men fight on the same side, and even, in Napoleon's army in Russia, side by side) is always factual and slightly ironic. The film is shot from the point of view of D'Hubert, a man with a graceful, satirical intelligence who becomes the prisoner of Feraud's obsession and can't quite believe it. Feraud is like a malignant God on his tail. Yet we're not asked to feel sympathy for D'Hubert, or to feel suspense when he's in jeopardy. "The Duellists" is an epic yarn: we sit back and observe it, and it's consistently entertaining—and eerily beautiful.

The special quality of the film is that the drama doesn't emerge from what the actors say and do—the drama is in the play of light and shadow against what the actors do. The grouping of the figures and their distance from the camera—whether they're close or at a short remove or mere specks in a landscape—are already inscribed in our memories. We've seen these people, these rivers and stone buildings and hussars' uniforms in Géricault, Gérard, Prud'hon, Gros; we've seen this strong light and the clear, deep shadows and the puritan, gray backgrounds in the paintings of the Le Nain brothers. Usually, a movie in which every composition suggests an Old Master is emptily pictorial—it doesn't move and its beauty is weak. What keeps the compositions here from palling is that they're more than imitative; they have a graphic power of their own, as if they'd been shot by a nineteenth-century Haskell Wexler, and they're coolly impassioned. You watch almost unblinking, because the imagery is so lustrous, yet a story of obsessive enmity is being told by way of these images. This light, which is so strong, isn't sunny. The vernal hills, the morning mists, the severe lowering skies—it's all ravishing yet ambiguous and unsettling.

This is the first feature film by the thirty-nine-year-old English director Ridley Scott, who attended the Royal College of Art, in London. While still at school, he made his first movie in 16-mm., and his interest in becoming a painter shifted to stage design and to film. Afterward, he worked at the BBC as a set designer and then as the director of a number of television series; eventually, he set up his own production company to make commercials. Some of the sense we get here of controlled turbulence, with the artist's feelings concentrated in the amber glow on the side of an old building, or in the fluting of a woman's bonnet, may be due to Scott's serving as his own camera operator. He's literally directing from behind the camera, and the imagery has an expressive tone, like the sentences of a writer whose flow of feelings is richer than any explicit statement he can make.

The film's flaws match up with those of the story—and in both cases seem not so much artistic as mechanical. Conrad, a Pole who didn't learn English until he was almost twenty, doesn't show a great ear in this tale (based on an actual compulsive French duellist), and the characters, who are all French, talk in an infelicitous English, salted with French phrases (" 'What an ass I was to think I could have missed him,' he muttered to himself. 'He was exposed *en plein*—the fool!—for quite a couple of seconds' "). The script that Gerald Vaughan-Hughes wrote for Scott is in straightforward language, with just enough formality (especially in D'Hubert's choice of words) to seem right for the Napoleonic period. The movie has its own linguistic oddities, though. Partly in order to get distribution, Scott used a mixed American and British cast. The American principals—Carradine, Keitel, and Cristina Raines, as the girl D'Hubert falls in love with—are surrounded by British performers, among them Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, John McEnery, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen, and with both groups pretending to be French there is an awkward disparity. These British, with their thumping stage voices, don't suggest Frenchness any more than the Americans do (perhaps even less), but we're so used to seeing English performers in period uniforms that their confident strutting may seem right to us, while the Americans may look somewhat ludicrous and appear to be underacting—lacking in tension, callow, unfinished. If the cast were all British, though, "The Duellists" would probably be far less engaging. The English actors are so up in their lines—so cadenced and glib—that they might be wearing BBC T-shirts. In terms of the camera, there are disadvantages to being the inheritors of an acting tradition; the Americans manage to speak without such a clatter of diction—without giving themselves theatrical airs.

It's a transatlantic innocence-versus-experience comedy to see Keith Carradine playing a scene with Albert Finney—as Fouché, the Minister of Police. Finney doesn't just make his presence felt; he fills the screen and then some—he comes on like British gangbusters. One thing about the British: when they



"Thank God! A panel of experts!"

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get in a fancy-dress part, they let you know how much they love to act, and some of their hammy enjoyment is infectious. Finney's full-throated, rumbling Fouché is a big-time, scene-stealing impersonation (which would make more sense if Fouché had been an actor rather than a cop). Working very simply, on intuition, without that crust of "acting," Carradine draws us into D'Hubert's train of thought in the quietest possible way. His performance is short on presence; he needs to suggest greater resources in his character. He could use more tension, his speech is a little too American blurred-laconic, and there is one shot of him in which his idea of military bearing seems to be a stiff bounce. But his lightweight, colloquial performance gives this movie charm.

Carradine's freshness makes it possible for us to accept D'Hubert as the embodiment of honor, flexibility, reason. (Conrad wrote him as an incredibly—metaphorically—good man.) Walking in the country, Carradine blends into the pastoral vistas and the children's games. His D'Hubert thrives on peace just as Keitel's Feraud thrives on war. Feraud belongs with men in dark inns; his beady-eyed, secretive look is enough to cloud over Paradise. Yet Feraud could conceivably be more than he is here. Keitel doesn't give sides to his character; he plays only Feraud's central drive—the implacability. (Implacability may come a little too naturally to Keitel; it narrows him as an actor.) His performance has great concentration, but Feraud needs a few spangles, some looseness, or even wildness, with his comrades-in-arms and his followers, something from which to swing over into his monomania. In his own dogged way, Keitel is potent, though, and at the end his Feraud is a marvellous image, in his crow's black coat and black tricorne, with his thinking processes hidden and warped—a man devoured by bitterness.

The film is never totally convincing; there's a make-believe, costume-picture aspect to it, and a storytelling starchiness. And perhaps the conflicts and what they mean don't emerge sufficiently; the even-tempered, episodic approach suggests "Masterpiece Theatre" technique on a bigger screen. (On a modern subject, that could be deadly.) But it's a film with a love of light; it's infatuated with the continuity of dramatic techniques in painting and in movies. The emotional discord in the images affects one's susceptibilities like the pealing of bells. (No bell ever seems to be struck for the first time.) Carradine and Cristina Raines have a lamblike ease together, and in the scene when D'Hubert and his lady plight their troth and kiss, their white horses, standing just behind them, nuzzle each other. This is either the luckiest shot a beginner movie director ever caught or the most entranced bit of planning a beginner ever dared.

GREAT films rarely arrive as unheralded as "The Battle of Chile," a two-part, three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the events leading to the fall of Allende. This film doesn't even present itself with fanfare, and it takes a while to get going. It opens in March of 1973 with inquiring reporters asking people how they're going to vote in the coming congressional election, which amounts to a plebiscite on the Allende government. The election is taking place after Allende has been in office for over two years and has been trying to reorganize the society and move it toward Socialism within the framework of democratic government. His Popular Unity coalition was put into office with only a third of the popular vote, so he has been on shaky ground. His efforts to nationalize certain industries have brought on a squeeze from the banking and industrial community and from foreign interests (especially the United States), and Chile is suffering economic deprivations.

The interviews show us the colliding points of view in the country and the self-assurance of each group, but we don't have enough background information to sort out the material and we tend to look at it in human-interest terms, enjoying the faces, being amazed at the unembarrassed articulateness of the Chileans. The mikes are shoved at them and they talk; this goes on for a long time, and we seem to be getting no more than a bystanders' view of history. Up through the election—in which Allende makes a small gain (to 43.4 per cent of the votes), though the opposition bloc also makes a gain (to 54.6 per cent), and the result is a continuing stalemate—we have a sense of the limitations of photographic journal-

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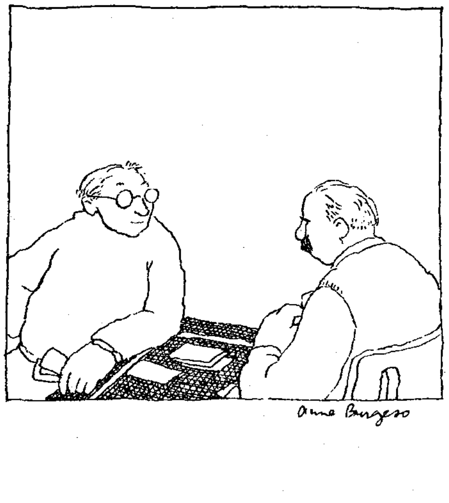
ism when it comes to analyzing what's going on. Besides the man-in-the-street interviews, the film seems to give us only the public actions—the speeches, the violent confrontations, the mobs and meetings, the parades with workers chanting funny, dirty rhymed slogans—and none of the inner workings. Those are supplied by an English narrator (a woman), who keeps interpreting for us. She is concise in exactly the wrong way. We need to have groups identified and their positions explained. When the miners in the nationalized copper mines strike, we want to know the issues; she tells us that the less politically sophisticated workers were deceived by the Fascists, while "the more politically knowledgeable stay on the job." There may be considerable truth here, but this kind of thing can drive one a little crazy. She gives us a strict ideological account—almost a parody of Marxism—in which everything that happens is the result of the imperialists' and the industrialists' strategy.

There is no suggestion of any form of regimentation under Allende, yet his supporters talk in terms of "worker consciousness" and other standard formulations which make us wonder where the indoctrination is coming from. When the miners' strike against the government ends (the narrator tells us that it "falls apart"), Allende mobilizes the masses at a big rally and calls out, "Jump if you're not a Fascist!"—and a half-million people jump. It's a staggering image. But, oh, for a more open-minded narrator. We're told that the last strikers "have taken refuge at Catholic University." Who is it that they're taking refuge from—that benevolent papa pleading for a show of support? According to the film, any opposition to Allende is corrupt—as if there were no conceivable good reason to oppose him. Clearly, Allende, who isn't in control of most of the Army units, is hemmed in. The public transportation system is disintegrating: Chile can't get spare parts because of the American embargo. From that big rally on through the street violence that follows, Part I ("The Insurrection of the Bourgeoisie") is terrifyingly well done. It concludes with newsreel footage from the camera of an Argentine who was photographing the skirmishes in the street. An Army man takes slow, careful aim right at us and kills the cameraman, and the image spins skyward. It's an intrusion for the narrator to say of that Army man, "This is the face of Fascism;" that's the voice of ideology, the diminisher.

Part II ("The Coup d'Etat") begins with that summer's insurrectionary right-wing violence against the government; rebel Army troops seize control of downtown Santiago and fire at the Presidential palace, but this attempted coup is put down in a few hours. Now the film gets to its central question: Can a society dedicated to constitutional law make the transition to Socialism peaceably? The Marxist argument has always been that violence comes not from the revolution but from the counter-revolution, and that the workers have to be prepared to defend the revolution by violent means. And Chile serves as a demonstration. There appears to be no way that Allende's legally constituted revolutionary government can move toward Socialism within a legal, democratic framework. It can't defend itself against the industrialists' counter-revolutionary moves unless it suspends constitutional guarantees, forms a people's militia, and claps the opposition in jail. (Could Allende do that without precipitating an immediate right-wing putsch? Maybe not, but in the view here that was his only chance.) The film leaps from one group to another, from meetings of the Chilean Congress to bombings to street demonstrations to workers' discussions. It shows the different elements in the explosive situation with so much clarity that it's a Marxist tract in which the contradictions of capitalism have sprung to life. At a union meeting, the faces are intense and involved, but there are divided, competing strategies among the left-wing groups that support the government, and the workers have a tremendous concern for legality. Meanwhile, Allende is desperately wheeling and horse-trading to get the congressional support he needs, and failing. We actually see the country cracking open. The inner workings are now so public that they can be photographed. Allende asks Congress to declare martial law—which would give him the power to appoint military personnel. It's his only chance of preventing another af-



tempt at a military coup. He is refused, and that same day troops go into the factories, searching for weapons. The violence escalates while Allende's supporters argue whether they should be armed or not, and, step by step, the legal government is overthrown.

This documentary cross-section view of a collapsing government is surely unprecedented. Everybody in the country seems to know that a coup d'etat is coming, and people talk about it freely and coherently. No one seems apathetic, not even the middle-class women, who speak vigorously about how much they hate Socialism. Has there ever been a more articulate culture? Now we understand why the picture laid all that inquiring-reporter groundwork: everybody knows that it's just a matter of time, yet the people who have the most to lose can't get together enough to do anything. Then Allende's naval aide-de-camp, Captain Araya, is killed, and at the funeral the camera moves around solemnly, in closeup, scanning the high-ranking officers gathered there—General Pinochet among them—as if they were a sculptural group. This is the military brass of Chile shown in all its formality, and at a time of utter stillness. We see these handsome, well-coiffed heads in their dress-uniform collars and hats, and this funeral is the funeral of a society. It's like a classic passage in Tolstoy. We know from this frieze, a monument to the past, that there's no hope for Socialism in Chile. In July, the truck owners, funded by the C.I.A., begin their long strike, which paralyzes the distribution of food, gasoline, and fuel, and there is a call for Allende to resign. Instead, he holds another rally, and eight hundred thousand people, give or take a few, arrive in the afternoon and stick around into the night. But those people have no weapons. On September 11th, the Navy (in touch with United States destroyers that are standing by) institutes the coup d'etat, and the Air Force bombs the state radio station. We hear Allende say he won't resign. The palace is bombarded from the air. And then we see the chiefs of the junta on television, presenting themselves as the new government. They announce that they'll return the country to order, after three years of Marxist cancer.

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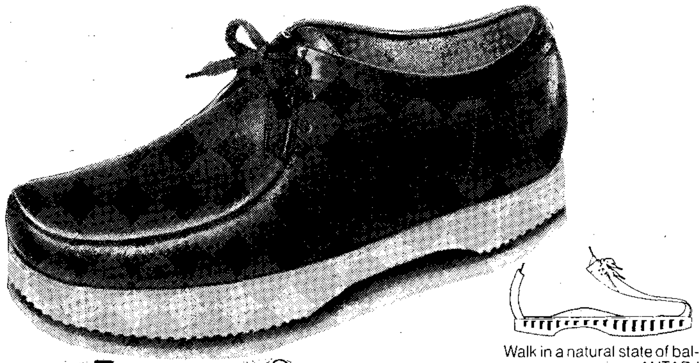

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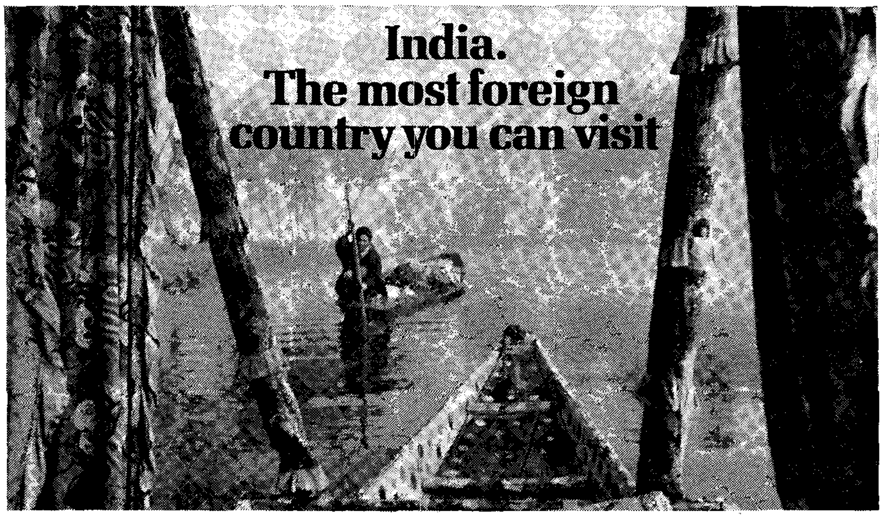

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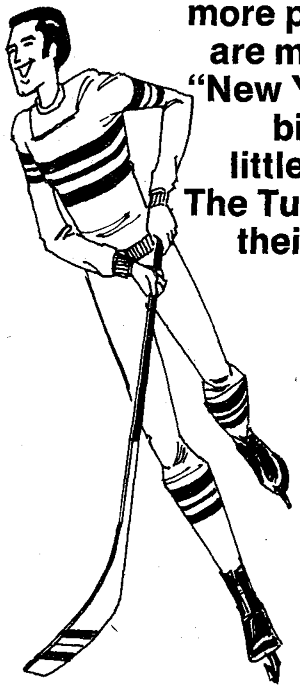

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Chris Marker produce a work of this magnitude? The answer has to be partly, at least: through Marxist discipline. The young Chilean director, Patricio Guzmán, and his associates (all Chileans except for one Spaniard) had a sense of purpose. They considered themselves a collective, and they were making a work of political analysis. The twenty hours of footage they shot had to be smuggled out of the country; four of the filmmakers spent some time in custody, and the cameraman, Jorge Muller, hasn't been heard of since his imprisonment. The others fled separately, assembled in Cuba, and, together with a well-known Chilean film editor, Pedro Chaskel, and both Chilean and Cuban advisers, worked on the movie. (A planned Part III has yet to be completed.) There is still the sheer technical skill to account for—the quality of the sound, the camerawork that is discreet and mobile and live, and, above all, the editing, which is so smooth and unemphatic that it never calls attention to itself. Chaskel has an immensely subtle, fluid new technique; Part II has the effect of one long, continuous shot. He owes something to the Italian neorealists, but his other influences aren't easy to place—maybe the early Russians, though he gets the emotion without the shock cuts, in legato.

Patricio Guzmán is, of course, the organizing force behind this production, and its controlling intelligence. He has said, in an interview with Julianne Burton (in the magazine *Socialist Revolution*), that during the street battles he could anticipate what was going to happen and, standing next to the cameraman, tell him when to pan or lower the camera or raise it. That is, he was so attuned to the possibilities in the situation that it was almost as if he were directing the action; he could use the fiction-film methods that he had studied at film school in Madrid in the late sixties. But if the imagination here is Guzmán's, so is the vise put on the material. The footage is so spectacular and so sensitively shot that one tends to laugh off the narrator's rigid, instructional approach, but it soaks in, because the whole film is structured to make the same analysis. When we listen to a fiery young leftist urging his comrades to arm in that summer of 1973, we can't help wondering if he's alive—or half alive—but Guzmán doesn't encourage elegiac speculations. His is a no-nonsense, revolutionary approach; he is recording the political process as Marx and Lenin described it. That was how he and his group selected

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what to film: they worked from an outline. In "The Battle of Chile," the United States serves as the imperialist enemy that proves the necessity for revolutionaries to arm their supporters and lock up their potential enemies. Chile is set up as a model failure.

Guzmán and his associates have taken a relentlessly non-aesthetic approach, yet with their artistic sensibilities and superb taste "The Battle of Chile" is an elegy in spite of them. For us, it is an accusatory elegy. Aesthetically, this is a major film, and that gives force even to the patterning of its charges. We may have less faith than the moviemakers do in the masterminding powers of the C.I.A., but their dogmatic Marxist view of the role of the United States in Chile seems to coincide with all too many facts. Our own newspapers have given us corroborative evidence. But what else was going on? What was the United States counterpunching at, and why? And when the narrator tells us that the most powerful TV channel in Chile was funded by the Ford Foundation, what was involved in that? It's not enough for "The Battle of Chile" to run for a couple of weekends at the Film Forum. It needs to be seen on public television, with those government officials who formed our policy toward Allende explaining what interests they believed they were furthering. We're owed more discussion of what the United States was up to—even if we can get it only through the public-service sponsorship of Mobil, Exxon, or I.T.T. —PAULINE KAEL

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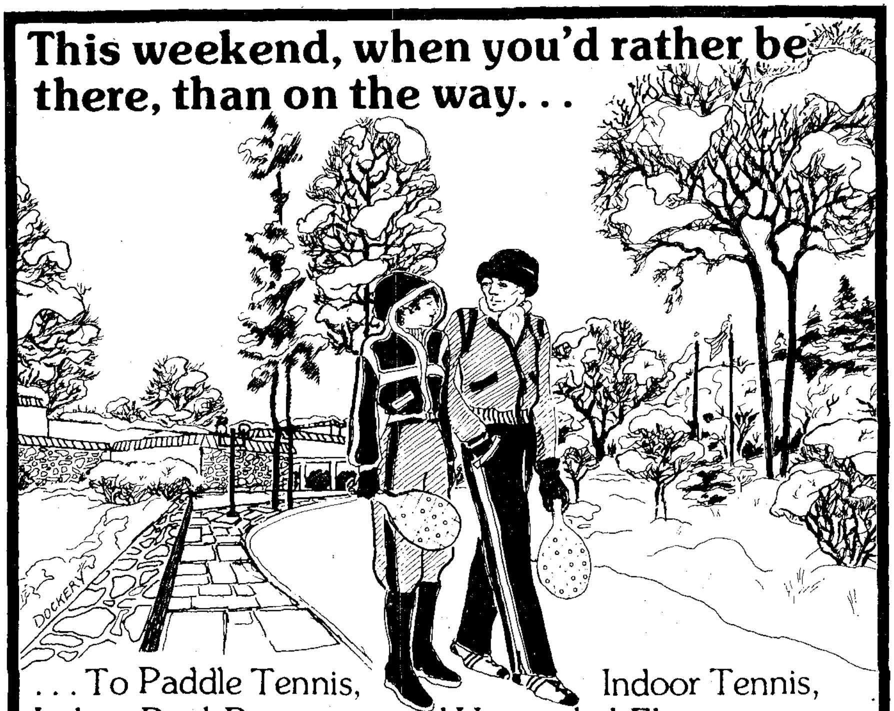

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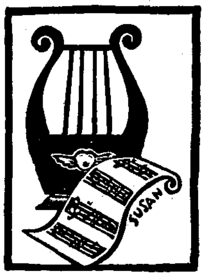
MUSICAL EVENTS

Grand Opera

THE Teatro alla Scala, Milan, which opened on August 3, 1778, with a performance of Antonio Salieri's "L'Europa Riconosciuta," is celebrating its bicentennial in an unusually long season, broken only in August. It opened and will end with "Don Carlos," and Verdi dominates the bicentennial bill: besides "Don Carlos," there are "Un Ballo in Maschera," "I Masnadieri," "La Forza del Destino," "Il Trovatore," and "Simon Boccanegra"—six of the nine grand operas due. The fare is serious: no Rossini, Donizetti, or Bellini, and no verismo but "Madama Butterfly." "Manon Lescaut" is the only other Puccini. The new opera—like most important European houses, La Scala "creates" an opera each season—is Luciano Berio's "La Vera Storia." Luigi Nono's "Al Gran Sole Carico d'Amore" is being revived. The main repertory is completed by "Die Entführung," "Fidelio" (brought by the Vienna State Opera), "Tristan" (conducted by Carlos Kleiber, staged by Wolfgang Wagner), Monteverdi's "Orfeo," "Ulisse," and "Poppea" (brought by the Zurich Opera), a Ravel double bill, and, in the Piccola Scala, "The Beggar's Opera" in the Britten version. There are also ballets, music-theatre bills, and many orchestral concerts (Abbado, Bernstein, Giulini, Mehta, Mravinsky, and Solti among the conductors) and chamber and solo recitals. Schubert receives extended attention in the year that marks the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his death. The Teatro Lirico and the Palazzo dello Sport are used for shows less aptly housed in the formal, beautiful, neoclassical spaces of La Scala itself; Verdi's Requiem will be sung in the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. In the Royal Palace, a huge exhibition is taking shape, devoted not to performers but to the role played in operatic, social, and political history by—in the proud words of the season's brochure—"a theatre that is a model to the world . . . the first to free itself, in 1921, from the yoke of private capital."

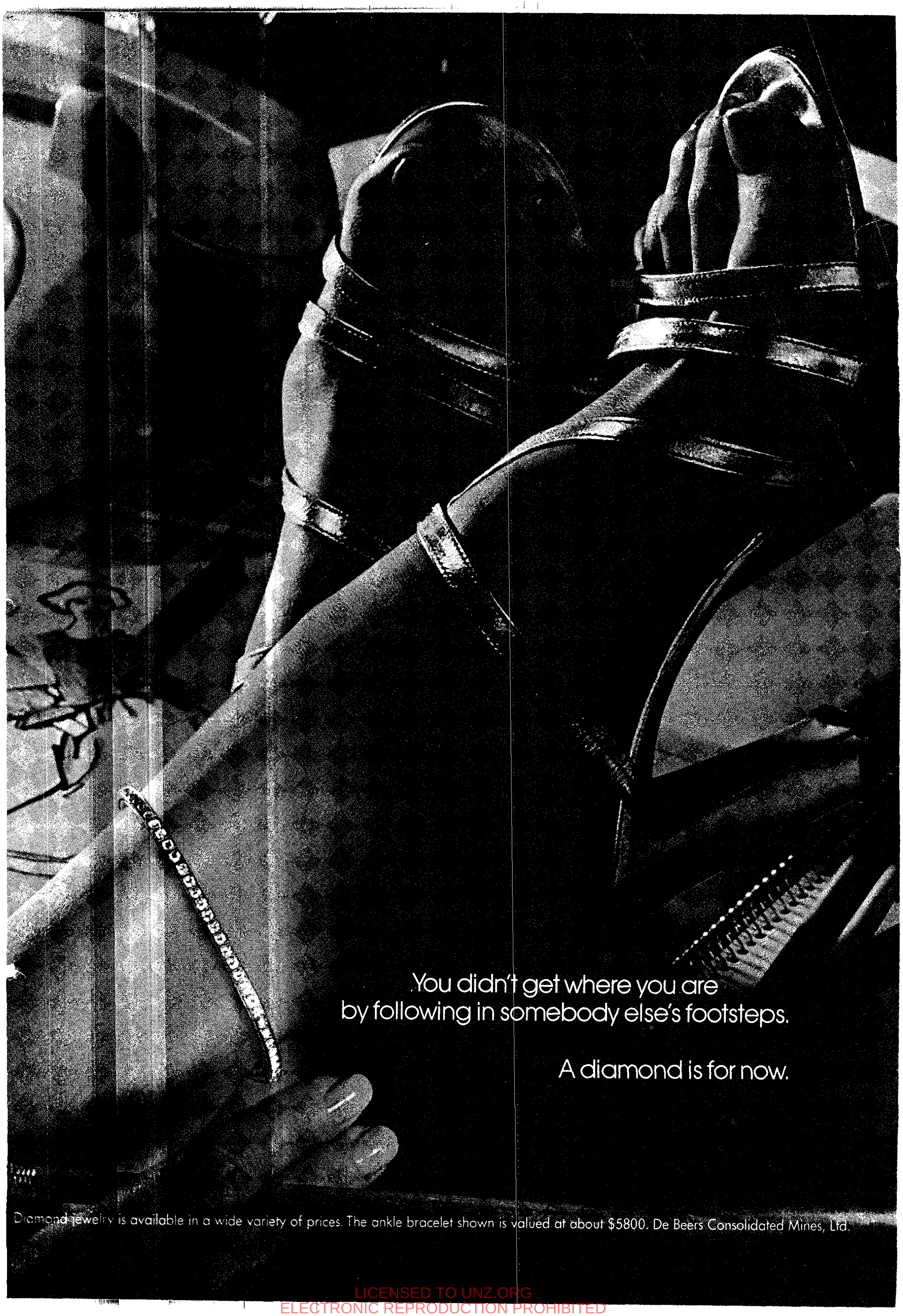


La Scala, like Covent Garden, is run on the *stagione* system, which means concentrating on only two or three operas at a time and trying to keep them at performance pitch with stable, fully rehearsed casts. In the first seven weeks of the season, only two operas appear, "Don Carlos" eleven times and "Ballo" seven, both with double casts; all the performances are conducted by Claudio Abbado, the artistic director of the company. "Don Carlos," staged by Luca Ronconi and designed by Luciano Damiani, was performed from the new Ricordi edition, prepared by Ursula Günther and Luciano Petazzoni—a variorum score that contains nearly all the music Verdi composed for the opera in 1865-67, in 1872, and in 1882-83; i.e., the published Paris, Naples, and Milan versions together with the hitherto unpublished scenes cut before the Paris première (physically cut from Verdi's autograph) which David Rosen and I turned up in the archives of the Paris Opera a few years ago. From this wealth of overlapping material—for all but one of the eight scenes (the auto-da-fé) there are two or three alternatives—a conductor and director must choose what they want to perform, and by that choice they determine in large part the character of a production. The eyes of the world were focussed on the Scala's new "Don Carlos"—literally, when one performance went out on *mondovisione* to some twenty countries. James Levine, in New York, was one of the international audience who appeared on the screen during an intermission; he plans a new "Don Carlos" for the Metropolitan next season.

It would be impossible to discuss the Scala production in any detail without first setting out something about the work's nature and some of its complicated history. In the last few decades, it has come to the forefront of the Verdian repertory—in Germany (powerful productions in Hamburg, Munich, and Berlin), Austria (where Karajan has conducted two stagings at the Salzburg Festival, one directed by Gustaf Gründgens, the other by him), America (where it rejoined the Met repertory in 1950), Britain (where it is in the Royal, English National, and Welsh National repertories), and Italy (where Rome and Milan have paid special attention to it; the new Scala production is the fifth different staging there since the war). "Don Carlos" is the Verdi opera of which I have seen most productions; it would not have been so for a critic in the first half of the century. In the last decade, the work has also come to the forefront of Verdian scholarship: not only extra music but many, many documents (contracts, libretto drafts, copious correspondence relating to every stage of its history, rehearsal schedules, early scene designs, etc.) have been turned up which help to explain why it is the kind—or, in view of the revisions it underwent, the kinds—of opera it is.

"DON CARLOS" is Verdi's most ambitious opera, one that combines his theatrical flair for portraying human beings in extreme plights, rent by conflicting emotional and moral imperatives, with lofty *grand-opéra* pageantry used—more seriously than in the Scribe-Meyerbeer shows—to demonstrate a belief in political and personal freedom. Subaltern characters from Schiller's play—the main source of the libretto—are eliminated, but important crowd scenes are added. Verdi described his piece as an attempt to "transform our theatres," and for nearly twenty years he struggled to give it a shape at once practical, performable without unauthorized cuts, attractive to the general public, and *faithful* to his vision of an elevated, ennobling drama. The Paris "Don Carlos," even after the pre-performance cuts, was a very long piece—"as long as 'Trovatore' and 'Traviata' together," the composer said. Philip II of Spain and his son Don Carlos form the common base of three different emotional triangles, whose third points are Elizabeth of Valois (affianced to Carlos, then married to Philip), the Princess of Eboli (Philip's mistress, but in love with Carlos), and Rodrigo, Marquis of Posa (loved and trusted by both Philip and Carlos). If one plots a diagram of passions, joining the five characters by lines of love or desire, two further triangles emerge, on a common base of Elizabeth and Eboli, since both women love Carlos (Eboli's fury as a woman scorned precipitates the catastrophe) and both have shared Philip's bed. In a short *romance* for Carlos, three long duets for Elizabeth and Carlos, three extended solos for Philip, Eboli, and Elizabeth, a duet for Carlos and Posa, and a duet trio for Eboli, Carlos, and then Posa, the relationships are explored; two further duets, for Elizabeth and Eboli (about their love for Carlos) and for Carlos and Philip (about their love for Posa), formed part of the original scheme and were composed but then were cut before the première.

This more-than-Metastasian tangle would be matter enough for an enthralling opera, but, in addition, on the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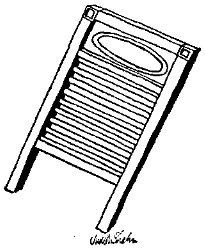
decisions and deeds of the five individuals depend the fates of three nations—France, Flanders, and Spain—and, by extension, of all the people in Philip's vast empire. Posa is the spokesman of liberty; in a duet with Philip he denounces oppression—to "save" Flanders, a country and its people are being destroyed (during performances at the time of the Vietnam war, his words rang out with terrible vividness)—and urges the King to inspire the world by a model of just government. The Grand Inquisitor is the spokesman of oppression; in a duet with Philip he denounces any tolerance for freedom of thought or action. The librettists, Joseph Méry and Camille du Locle, added this duet to their scheme at Verdi's demand; Verdi himself prescribed that the Inquisitor should be, as in Schiller, "blind and extremely old," and in chilling, powerful music the composer voiced his hatred of Church dominion over men's minds and lives. Emotions and politics are inextricable. In Act I, Elizabeth, in love with Carlos, accepts Philip's hand only to seal a truce between Spain and France and thus end her countrymen's suffering during a cruel war. In the Act IV quartet, three characters sing of personal distress and the fourth comes to a political decision. Posa's principal air, in Act IV, mingles affection for Carlos with an exhortation to him to free Spain and Flanders. In the final duet, Elizabeth bids Carlos "mount Calvary" (Napoleon III's censors added shocked marginal exclamations in the copy of the libretto submitted to them) and save his people. Events come to a public crisis in the second scene of Act III, the auto-da-fé, which Verdi described as the heart of his opera: Carlos, leading a band of Flemish deputies, defies his father. In Acts IV and V, the private consequences of his impetuous, premature defiance are explored. Acts III, IV, and V all end with a bitter affirmation of the Church's unshaken supremacy. A consolatory Voice from Heaven, singing out while heretics are burned alive at the end of Act III, is hardly more than an illusory, almost ironic comment. (Verdi directed that no one onstage should pay any attention to it.) The Inquisitor's voice at the end of Act IV brings an insurgent, rebellious mob to its knees. And at the very end of the opera, when the Emperor Charles V appears, as if rising from the tomb, to rescue Carlos from the hands of the Inquisition, he does so declaring that only in death can a hero discover the peace he longs for. Verdi's view of life was tragic. In "Don Carlos," both his pessimism and his insistence that a man nevertheless must struggle unceasingly for what he believes to be right were given their fullest expression.



No wonder the work proved unwieldy. Practical considerations also affected the embodiment of the grandiose vision: among them the facts that in mid-composition the role of Eboli was reassigned from a contralto (Rosine Bloch, an Azucena) to a soprano (Pauline Gueymard, a Leonora); that the first Carlos, Morère, was inexperienced (the monologue with which, originally, he was intended to open Act V was rewritten as an air for the prima donna); that the opera had to end in time for spectators to catch the last trains to the suburbs; and that Paris audiences expected an extended ballet (Verdi supplied "La Pérégrina"—not the divertissement that Balanchine has recently made of it but a ballet whose scenario is keyed into the plot). After the first night, Verdi authorized another small cut (the insurrection at the end of Act IV). In 1872, for Naples, whither he went to direct "an accurate execution embodying all the reforms demanded by modern art," he made another small cut and recomposed part of the crucial Philip-Posa duet. In 1882, when "Otello" was already taking shape, he set about a thoroughgoing revision and abridgment, removing the first act (in Fontainebleau) and salvaging from it only Carlos's *romance*, which he rewrote and added to the new Act I; dropping the ballet; stripping dialogues and ensembles of "all that is purely musical, retaining only what is necessary for the dramatic action;" again recomposing the Philip-Posa duet, in a yet more powerful form; and bringing Acts IV and V—now III and IV—to rapid, abrupt conclusions ("All those massive choruses weigh on my stomach"). He left the big solos unchanged, as expansive moments set now in a swift-moving drama whose musical manner adumbrates that of "Otello." This four-act "Don Carlos," translated into Italian, had its first performance, at La Scala, in 1884. Two years later, in Modena, there appeared—with the composer's consent and approval, it was said—yet another version, in which the unrevised Act I preceded the four revised acts. This was published, in Italian transla-

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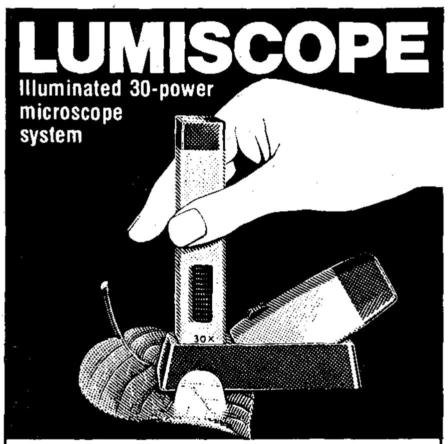

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tion only, to form the familiar five-act score heard in the Solti and Giulini recordings. It was taken up by La Scala in 1960.

Particular interest has always attached to Verdi's "flawed masterpieces"—operas he did not get right at first but valued and later sought to strengthen: "Macbeth," "Simon Boccanegra," "La Forza del Destino," and "Don Carlos." And, as I remarked above, in recent years most interest has attached to "Don Carlos," whose various versions record the development of his musical, his dramatic, and even his political thinking during the quarter century between "La Forza" (1862) and "Otello" (1887). The new Scala "Don Carlos" is the latest in a line of important productions each of which has shed new light on the work. Notable among them were Luchino Visconti's of the "Modena" score (Covent Garden, 1958); the BBC's studio presentation of the "Paris" score amplified by the newly discovered ("pre-Paris") passages (1973); Sarah Caldwell's theatrical proving of that very long edition (Boston, 1973); and Karajan's contrary championship (Salzburg, 1975) of the short "Milan" score further abridged by eight large cuts. In addition, Venice (1973), the English National Opera (1974), and Munich (1975) have essayed mixtures of "pre-Paris" and "Modena." The next major production due is the Metropolitan's.

BASICALLY, La Scala decided on a five-act "Modena" score lengthened by two "pre-Paris" scenes: the opening chorus of suffering French peasantry and the Carlos-Philip duet of mourning over the slain Posa (whose melody Verdi later reworked as the "Lacrimosa" of his Requiem). But "Paris" was preferred for the final scene (a chorus of inquisitors thundering repeated maledictions, instead of the swift close of the revision, and curtain-fall pianissimo in A, not fortissimo in B) and also for the start of Act III (a nocturnal fête in the Queen's gardens, where Elizabeth and Eboli change masks); after it, instead of the "Paris" ballet or the "Milan/Modena" instrumental prelude to Carlos's entry into the garden, a "pre-Paris" fragment—an ineffective and rejected partial reprise of the offstage "Mandolines" chorus—had its first public hearing. Ronconi visualized the opera as one long funeral procession, proceeding from right to left across the back of a bare stage, against mono-

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chrome backcloths made of some translucent plastic material: a solemn Triumph of Death, with dignitaries beneath baldachinos, monks, mourners, regiments of soldiers, victims, oppressors, and elaborate cars bearing images of the Great Reaper. Nearly three hundred supers were engaged, and eight hundred costumes were made. The processional way was slightly raised; on the front part of the stage, individuals advanced to enact the private dramas. On either side of them, tall wings made of aluminum represented massed tombs, and here the chorus was clustered. Otherwise, there was only the mortuary slab, with recumbent effigy, of Charles V, front-center on the empty stage. It appeared when, at the end of Act I, a shrouding snow-cloth that had represented the forest of Fontainebleau was pulled away, and there it stayed throughout the evening (except in Philip's study, which was represented by two lecterns), serving in subsequent scenes, with faintly ridiculous effect, as a kind of uncomfortable garden bench: there was nothing else for anyone to sit on or lean against. Eboli began the Veil Song balanced on Charles's marble ankles and the garden duet perched beside his head. It may have been Ronconi's idea to suggest the Emperor's stern will still dominating the whole world from his Yuste retreat. As Prescott, whose "History of the Reign of Philip the Second" is a subsidiary source for the libretto, remarked, "Charles was not master of that ignoble philosophy which enabled Diocletian to turn with contentment from the cares of an empire to those of a cabbage-garden. . . . Not only did the emperor continue to show an interest in public affairs, but he took a prominent part, even from the depths of his retreat, in the management of them." After celebrating his own funeral, Charles added a codicil to his will enjoining his son Philip to bring to justice every heretic in his dominions, without favor or mercy to anyone, and to cherish the Holy Inquisition as the best instrument for accomplishing that good work. Such an idea would better match the "Milan" score, which does begin and end at Yuste. But, in any case, Ronconi did not seem to take the Emperor very seriously: from behind his slab, Charles popped up and down on cue, through a trapdoor, like a jack-in-the-box; he was not the awe-inspiring apparition Verdi described, revealed as the bronze gates of the imperial chapel crash open.

Damiani (the scenographer of the

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Scala "Macbeth" seen in Washington in 1976) is a master designer. His scenes for the Piccolo Teatro's "Galileo" and the famous Salzburg "Entführung" were unforgettable in their Brunelleschian harmony of color and proportion, and the pictures he composed for "Don Carlos," with richly costumed figures dwarfed by the huge, plain backcloths, were also very beautiful. In the program book, he wrote, "For me, Spain is gray. Thus with the silver of the royal trumpets: metal corroded, tarnished, purulent, a pus that should seem to have oozed from those tombs." But not everything was gray. One backcloth was; others were deep green, canary yellow, intense blue, and sanguine, and they were lit in a way that made them glow. He and Ronconi had created a vision of a rich world cruelly traversed and dominated by tyranny and death, celebrated in lugubrious ceremony. Even the merry masquers of the garden scene were dressed in sinister parodies of auto-da-fé costumes. The long, slow funeral procession was, during the long evening, but once disturbed, when the insurgents ran on in the contrary direction; the arrival of the Inquisitor soon put a stop to that deasil movement. The effect of the whole was not truly Verdian; it was schematic, unvaried, and, after a while, cold. Verdi planned a succession of contrasting stage pictures, set up at different depths not only for practical reasons of swift scene changing but also to provide variety of visual and acoustic density. In the authorized production book for the opera, the stage plan is divided into twelve strips, and scenes are indicated which vary in depth from two for Philip's study, through six for the cloister and eight for the prison, to the full twelve—the stage thrown open to its farthest depth—for the auto-da-fé. One disadvantage of a unit set (the Metropolitan "Prophète" also suffered from it) is a monotony not only of scenery but also of size. Ronconi added monotony of motion; and his idea of physically separating the personal and political actions, by downstage prowling and upstage procession, on different levels, contradicted the essentially Verdian fusion of private emotion with social and moral responsibility. Like many stagings that seek to demonstrate a director's particular thoughts about a work rather than present it as its creator intended, this "Don Carlos" underlined just one—admittedly important—truth about the piece and did so by impoverishing the rich, complicated, unschematic, and, above all, moving drama of human personalities. Ronconi's staging sometimes defeated his own as well as Verdi's ends: it was hard to pay much attention to the details of Posa's denunciation of Philip's policy—in that duet to which the composer attached such importance—when behind the singers an enormous, spectacular barque laden with corpses was being trundled across the stage. Verdi's words and music lost their vividness. And the finale was comical: during the maledictions a posse of monks carrying a big cross chased Carlos and Elizabeth round and round the Emperor's tomb, as if in a children's game. Incidentally, the unit set and bare stage did not represent a bid for economy, as in Bayreuth's first postwar scenes or the Met "Prophète;" the cost of the production was reported as three hundred and fourteen million lire, or about three hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

Verdi cared about the destiny of nations—and also, passionately, about the behavior of individuals. Ronconi is a director who evidently prefers to create explanatory tableaux rather than to work in detail with individual actors. (His staging of "Il Trovatore," which opened the Florence season, and of Gluck's "Orfeo," which was on show in Bologna, confirmed it.) And, *stagione* system or no, it seems that the soloists of his "Don Carlos" were underrehearsed. The production had a rough critical ride, and the director answered his critics by saying, "I know well the shortcomings of shows like the Scala 'Don Carlos,' given that singers continue to perform exactly as they have before. . . . Above all, when it happens that an opera's protagonist arrives in the theatre two days before the show, as happened this time, it is plain that I cannot make good certain shortcomings." Four of the principals were those of Karajan's second Salzburg production: Mirella Freni (Elizabeth), José Carreras (who in 1976 took over the title role there from Placido Domingo), Piero Cappuccilli (Posa), and Nicolai Ghiaurov (Philip). All four are admirable singers and, in a conventional way, reasonably accomplished actors. Karajan has taught them to move through their roles with apt, dignified demeanor, and Ronconi seemed to expect no more of them. In any case, his lighting was seldom bright enough for expressions to be read. Since all four had signed away certain rights in their performances to Karajan, who plans to film his production, a different quartet

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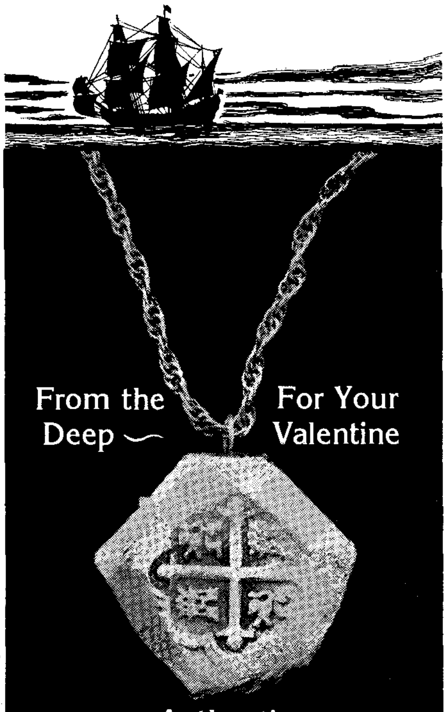
was engaged for the *mondovisione* evening: Margaret Price, Domingo, Renato Bruson, and Yevgeny Nesterenko. Closeup camerawork unkindly drew attention to the facial blandness of the first three and revealed the passion with which Nesterenko felt his part. But the complete change of cast (the Eboli, the Inquisitor, and the Charles V were also different from those I saw in La Scala) scarcely altered the effect of the whole—which emphasized how thoroughly Ronconi had de-individualized the drama.

Price and Domingo have the fuller, spinto, large-bodied voices needed for much of the music; Freni, a lyric soprano, produced sweeter, more affecting sound in the gentle passages ("très doux" is a repeated marking in Elizabeth's role), and Carreras, a lyric tenor, is a more romantic protagonist. Between the Posas there was little to choose; both have uncommonly beautiful and even baritones, Cappuccilli's being the grander and Bruson's slightly the more varied in color. Ghiaurov (whom I first heard at La Scala, seventeen years ago, as a thunderous Inquisitor to Boris Christoff's King) sings Philip with force and majesty; Nesterenko (a Bolshoi Boris) has a more purely focussed bass, with which he drew a supple, precise line. Nadine Denize, my Eboli in the theatre, and Elena Obraztsova, the Eboli on the screen, were both effective, the former being more elegant, the latter more flamboyantly audacious. Nesterenko had been the first-night Inquisitor; in the theatre I heard Bengt Rundgren, who was a shade too plain, and over the air Giovanni Foiani, powerful at the top but weak on the important low notes. (Theatre and television performances cannot be directly compared, of course, but the broadcast sound gave a pretty faithful account of voices that I know well in life.) All the singing, in fact, was on a very high international level, but the production made the soloists seem less important than usual, and there was little dramatic interplay between them (which in this, of all operas, is a grievous fault). The large Scala chorus, clustered against the aluminum wings, sang nobly, but its role in the drama, too, had been subdued; the procession of supers formed the principal crowd. Ronconi was even reported as claiming that today an opera is a show to be seen rather than heard. Abbado can hardly agree. His conducting was magnificent, and so was the playing of the Scala orchestra, a body that seemed to unite the virtues of his two other or-



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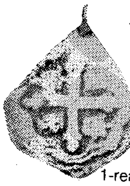

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chestras—the Vienna Philharmonic's richness and warmth of tone, especially of string tone, and the London Symphony's vigor and precision. His reading was highly colored and very theatrical but not showy. The music gleamed with brighter lights and the contrasts were fiercer than those of Giulini's performance; the phrasing was more natural, less self-consciously exquisite, than Karajan's. And when—as in Posa's "C'est mon jour suprême"—Verdi wrote "pianissimo" and "très doux," the singing *was* very soft and very sweet. The small, correct details printed for the first time in the Günther-Petazzoni score may seem, taken singly, to be minutiae such as make little difference to the run of a whole performance; but I feel sure that their cumulative contribution to the musical excellence of this execution was large.

THE performance I attended began at seven-thirty and ended at midnight. There were two intermissions. There were also sections missing from the first and the last duet (which, however, had both been given complete on the first night, I was told). When music that Verdi himself chose to cut is reinstated at the expense of music that he chose to retain, I almost begin to wish that I had left those extra scenes in the Paris Opera library undisturbed. It was thrilling to me to hear Abbado and the Scala orchestra bring to life, so richly, music that had gradually taken shape, line by line, under my eyes as I prized open the stuck-down pages of the 1867 orchestral parts, one after another, and copied them to build up a full score. Nevertheless, the "Don Carlos" performances of recent years have led me to this conclusion: that companies with the resources and time for it should do "Modena" complete; that if, for any reason, abridgment is necessary, it should be Verdi's abridgment—i.e., "Milan" complete rather than "Modena" with cuts; that if, on the other hand, a company still has extra time in hand, it might *consider* beginning with the "pre-Paris" prelude and opening chorus. After hearing that piece in six different productions now, I feel less sure about recommending it than once I did; it makes a dramatic point, but it has weak passages, and there is much to be said for the sudden, striking start that Verdi put in its place. The Carlos-Philip "Lacrimosa" duet, the other "pre-Paris" number included at La Scala, begins magnificently but bursts into the tonic major in a blatant way; and, in any case, Verdi's feeling

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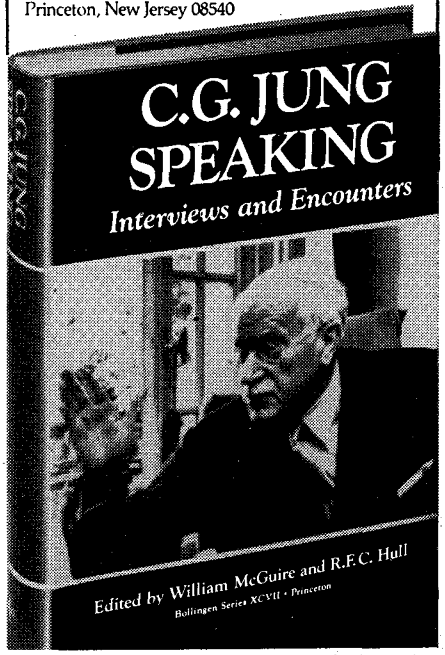
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that after the death of Posa the act should move "*vite, vite, vite*" to its close was surely justified. Neither the Scala's "Paris" addition (the nocturnal fête) nor its "Paris" substitution (the inquisitors' finale) is any improvement on "Milan/Modena." Of course, any music that Verdi wrote in 1866, in full maturity, is worth hearing; a recording, a concert performance, an occasional production (as in Boston) of the very long *ur*-"Carlos" would be welcome. So would a recording of the "Naples" Philip-Posa duet. It is the mixed versions that have proved unconvincing. The English National essayed one close to La Scala's—mainly "Modena," plus the "pre-Paris" opening chorus and "Lacrimosa" duet and the "Paris" fête and quiet close—but, rightly, abandoned it for something closer to "Modena" when it failed to work well in the theatre. The Scala version reflected Ronconi's ideas in that for every crowd scene (except the insurrection) the most extensive available version was chosen.

The opera was sung in Italian translation, as in Italy it should be. But it was still basically that old translation which, although it passed under the composer's eye, has "furor" for "ciel" and assigns "cielo" to the angry outburst expressing "colère;" divides the two syllables of "speme" across a breath mark; cannot make up its mind whether the soprano's name is Elisabetta or Isabella; and turns direct statements (such as "Mon cœur est plein de votre image") into fancy ones (such as "Vêr voi schiude il pensier i vanni"). In phrase after phrase, Verdi's original rhythms are spoiled. Since the Metropolitan is unlikely to perform "Don Carlos" in English, I hope that it decides to do it in the original.

A final word in praise of the Scala program book, ninety-three pages long (not counting the advertisements, grouped at the back), packed with information, commentary, history, and iconography, and including a libretto and a facsimile of the printed "Modena" production book. The *Radiocorriere* for the week of the broadcast also contained the full libretto.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

[N.B. In modern party terms the *Left* of the Constituent was the *Right* of the Legislative (though the actual *personnel* was by law different), and the *Left* of the Legislative was (at first) the *Right* of the Convention.]—*An Encyclopedia of World History, edited by William L. Langer, 5th revised edition.*

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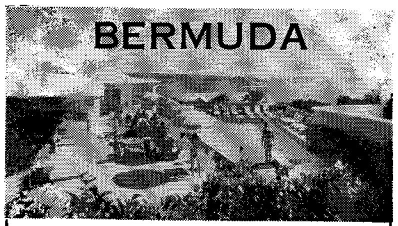

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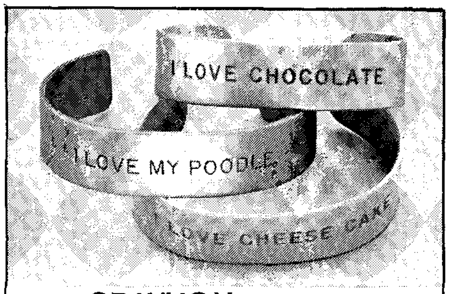

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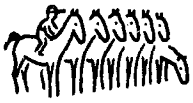

WITH the temperature in the low thirties and the Big A looking like a Christmas card, there were chills aplenty for the crowd that came out to the track last Saturday for the running of the Interborough Handicap, at six furlongs. Furthermore, members of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, having failed to agree on a new contract with the New York Racing Association, were on strike, and many of the ticket-sellers' windows were closed in sympathy. (Those windows that *were* open were manned by administrative personnel.) But horseplayers are a bulldog breed, and 12,499 of them turned up to bet $1,344,289—a surprisingly handsome amount in all the circumstances. There were only six runners in the $50,000-added Interborough. Tetrarquina came from off the pace to win by half a length from One Sum.

THERE were chills at Bowie, too. After the fifth race, jockeys who had riding engagements in the remaining events told the stewards that to continue would be beyond the call of duty, so the management called the last four races off. Attendance was only 8,194, and the mutuel handle for the day was $493,359.

IT was like old times to see the famous Belmont colors in the Tropical Park Derby, which was run at Calder last Saturday. They were carried by August Belmont IV's Quadratic. He was the favorite in the mile-and-a-sixteenth race, but he crossed the line a half length behind Dr. Valeri, a 116–1 shot who came from last in a field of eleven to take the winner's purse in what was this year's first $100,000 race for three-year-olds.

HIALEAH PARK was all set last Monday for a grand opening of its winter season, to be as gay and glamorous, if possible, as the ones that Joe Widener used to have when he was running the meeting. (Widener would bring a special trainload of fashionables and owners of big stables down from Palm Beach for the occasion.) Seattle Slew had been scheduled to lead the parade to the post for the Tallahassee Handicap, which began the meeting, and it would have been

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the first public appearance since the summer of last year's Triple Crown winner, who was recently voted 1977 Horse of the Year. Unfortunately, Slew went off his feed and ran a temperature on the Friday before the race. His stable said that the ailment was a low-grade infection, which might have been serious; however, he showed marked improvement the next day. Slew seems to be a particularly unlucky horse. Things have been happening to keep him from the races ever since he was beaten sixteen lengths by J. O. Tobin in the Swaps Handicap at Hollywood Park last July. It's a pity—he's too nice a horse to have so many misfortunes.

As had been expected, Affirmed, from Louis Wolfson's Harbor View Farm, was assigned top weight of 126 pounds in the Experimental Free Handicap, at a mile and a furlong. The Experimental, as you probably know, is not a race but a year-end assessment of two-year-olds. Calumet Farm's Alydar, who was Affirmed's closest rival last season, is in at 125 pounds. Tommy Trotter, the official handicapper to the Jockey Club, assigned weights to two hundred and thirty-three juveniles—quite a chore. Affirmed, the big, good-looking chestnut colt by Exclusive Native out of Won't Tell You, by Crafty Admiral, is trained by Laz Barrera. He started nine times, won seven, finished second in the two others, and earned $343,477. Alydar did beat him in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park last autumn, but Affirmed turned the tables and beat Alydar a few weeks later in the Laurel Futurity, one of the more thrilling races of the season. The top weight in the Experimental is usually the early winter-book favorite for the Kentucky Derby. At present, Affirmed is training at Santa Anita for the San Vicente Stakes on February 8th. From all accounts, he's going well. He will be ridden in his California races by Steve Cauthen. Lakeville Miss, top weight among the fillies, was assigned 119 pounds. One pound below her are Caesar's Wish, B. Thoughtful, Stub, and the Canadian-bred L'Alezane. I'm not amused by the names of some of the other fillies—My Little Maggie, Plains and Simple, Tempermental Pet—but I suppose it's hard to name a horse these days. —Audax Minor

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AROUND CITY HALL

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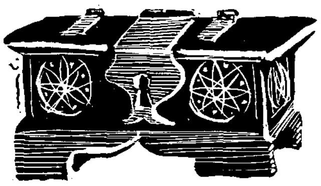
THE upbeat, and even antic, spirit that has dominated much of the news out of City Hall lately could only reinforce the impression that New Yorkers live in a world of their own—a view that has long been popular among Americans elsewhere and that, unfortunately for the city, seems to be particularly in vogue among congressional leaders, whom New York is now importuning once again for a promise of money to keep it from going under financially. At frequent intervals during the past several months, prominent members of the House of Representatives and the Senate have pronounced it highly unlikely that in a congressional-election year their colleagues would oblige this widely unloved city with an extension of the federal seasonal-loan program that has kept New York in day-to-day funds since, after many weeks of bitter and stormy debate, Congress voted it into law in December of 1975. Each such warning has brought immediate counterwarnings from prominent fiscal experts that the city will go bankrupt if Congress does not renew the loan arrangement (which will otherwise lapse on June 30th) or—far better, in the local view—commit itself to a long-term rescue effort such as a federal guarantee of local borrowing, which would allow the city to restructure its vast accumulated debt.



As soon as New York's new mayor, former Manhattan Representative Edward Koch, was sworn in, on the first of this month, he was faced with a United States Treasury requirement that within three weeks he come up with a city financial plan for the next four fiscal years, projecting the deficits for each of these years and stating how his administration plans to deal with them. The Carter Administration, which has been making relatively sympathetic sounds, will use this document to try to demonstrate to Congress that New York is a reformed city in fiscal matters. Last April, shortly before Mayor Abraham Beame announced his candidacy for reëlection, he put the deficit for the fiscal year that begins next July 1st at eighty-six million dollars. In November, after he was out of the running, he revised the estimate to two hundred and forty-nine million. During the mayoral campaign, with the concurrence of City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, Koch predicted that it would be at least four hundred million. As a demonstration of the city's reformed ways, the successive predictions have not been helpful to supporters of the city's case.

Two days after the Koch administration took office, it began to seem that, as far as Congress was concerned, it might not matter much what the real deficit numbers were or what the new mayor planned to do about them. On January 3rd, it was revealed that during Christmas week Senator William Proxmire, of Wisconsin, chairman of the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee, which will play the key role in any Senate action on this matter, and Senator Edward Brooke, of Massachusetts, the ranking Republican committee member, had sent a letter to the White House declaring that, as a result of their committee's hearings on New York's money troubles in December, their present judgment was that Washington should not lend the city any money at all after June 30th. Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal had told the committee that bankruptcy for New York would be against the national interest. The senators' letter to Carter argued that the renewal of the city's short-term loans "would not necessarily serve the best interests of the federal government or the nation," since it would only encourage other cities to be profligate, on the theory that Washington would bail them out. New York, according to the letter, had access to ample resources other than the federal Treasury. For months, Proxmire had been publicly doubting the wisdom of renewing the loans, but some local officials had hopefully suggested that he was taking this position only for negotiating purposes.

Any suspicion that Proxmire might not find the penny-pinching, hard-liner role congenial was discouraged, however, by his response to the headline over a December 16th column by the *Daily News* Washington correspondent James Wieghart, attacking Proxmire's stand. The headline was "LET'S HEAR IT FOR SEN. SCROOGE (D.-WIS.)." In 1975, of course, the national reaction to the *News'* famous headline "FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD" evidently helped turn the tide for the city by persuading President Ford and his advisers that consigning New York to bankruptcy was not the surefire political move they had apparently believed it to be. That headline may also have affected other political careers. In an attempt to explain his 1976 defeat by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, New York's Republican Senator James Buckley said he had got "wrapped into the *Daily News* headline." This time, however, it seemed that headline power would not work. The Senator from Wisconsin showed no dismay over the *News* comparison or over the fact that the Scrooge reference now turns up routinely in local news stories about him. At his Christmas party for his senatorial staff, he wore a name tag that he had hand-lettered and that identified him as "Senator Scrooge," while two of his aides wore tags reading "Bah!" and "Humbug!"

Among the resources on which the city should rely rather than on those of the federal government, according to the Proxmire-Brooke letter to the White House, were the local municipal-employee pension funds. These funds already have thirty-five per cent of their total holdings invested in city securities, although the investment of more than ten per cent of a pension fund's money in the stock of an employer company or agency is considered perilous, and a federal law (which was amended two years ago to make an exception for the New York situation) forbids it. Thus, the creative and precedent-setting arrangement that found partial solution to the city's financial troubles in the use of the pension funds of its own employees is now not only taken for granted but virtually mandated by the Senate Banking Committee leaders. (It has been noted with some bitterness here that when the Lockheed Corporation had a financial crisis in 1971 and successfully sought a federal guarantee for its loans, Congress did not insist that the company borrow instead from its employee pension fund.) Awkwardly, the city's attempts this spring to persuade the municipal-union pension funds to increase their investments in city securities ("We're not going to go with it," Jack Bigel, the consultant to most of the city's unions, has declared) will be under way at the same time as the negotiations for new contracts for the two hundred thousand city employees—and virtually all those contracts will expire by July 1st. In none of these budget-deficit estimates was any account taken of the cost of wage and benefit increases for the unions. Since the last raise for most unions was the six per cent granted in 1974, and some of that was deferred (there have also been cost-of-living increases in return for claimed increases in productivity), there seems to be no chance at all that union leaders will settle for a wage freeze. On the other side of the table, Koch has said that if the city doesn't have the money there will be no raises, and that if strikes are then threatened "I can't be intimidated." What almost certainly lies ahead for New York in the coming months is *Sturm*, *Drang*, and frequent invocations of phrases suitable for Armageddon, along with many new versions of those 1975 political cartoons in which the city was shown foundering on fiscal shoals, stretching out a limp hand for a federal lifeline, or going down for the third time.

"Actually, I'm just coming down off a kind of surprising haircut, and I think I'll just hang around the house for a while."

• •

IF the prospects for the city are so grim, how is it that two days after Koch was sworn in the *Times* published a poll, taken during the third week in December for that paper and WCBS-TV, reporting that New Yorkers' confidence that the city will get better and better in the next few years had gone up eleven percentage points since the same question was asked last August, and that when asked whether "you are proud to say that you live in New York City" nearly four out of five local citizens answered in the affirmative? For that matter, in view of all the crises and disasters that threaten to overwhelm the city, how is it that the atmosphere at City Hall since the Koch administration took over has been not only jolly but positively ebullient? "New York is not a problem. It is a stroke of genius," Koch assured his fellow New Yorkers in his inaugural speech, and during the next few days, trailed by reporters, television crews, and friends from the Manhattan Democratic reform movement that has been his political home, he turned the mayor's operation at City Hall into a kind of itinerant kaffeeklatsch as he roved about the corridors in his shirtsleeves, openly expressing his enjoyment of his new role ("Isn't this marvellous? Isn't this terrific?") and assuring his listeners that he was "having a ball" and that one of the most important things in life "is never to take yourself too seriously." Nothing, it is believed by news editors, is more appealing to readers than stories about powerful people willing to demonstrate that they are just folks. There were local newspaper stories about how Koch took the M6 Broadway bus to his inauguration (although he did not then walk home, as Thomas Jefferson walked to his boarding house), and about how, that afternoon, he left the car assigned to him and hopped on the press bus, saying he was not the limousine type, and promised that in his administration commissioners would use public transportation rather than chauffeur-driven city cars, as they had in previous administrations. There were stories about how he always made his own breakfast, in the manner of Gerald Ford and the English muffins. (One reporter who had written two successive just-folks breakfast stories and faced still another threatened to spoil everything by beginning the next one, "And the third day he rose . . .") There were accounts of how, mayor or not, Koch planned to go on taking his own shirts to the laundry (a reminder of Jimmy Carter carrying his own suit bag). And there was Koch's decision after giving it a few nights' try that he would not live full time in Gracie Mansion—the home of all mayors beginning with Fiorello LaGuardia—but would stay close to the people by also continuing to live in his three-room Greenwich Village apartment (shades of Governor Jerry Brown).

On his inauguration day, Koch did briefly seem to have something less than folksy in mind as he stood coatless in the cold wind and heard himself hailed by the Rabbi Arthur Schneier, of the Park East Synagogue, who gave the invocation, as "a new frontiersman for urban America," and, in his own speech, rang some changes on "Ask not what your country can do for you." The ceremony had barely ended, however, when he made it clear that the politician he would prefer to be compared to was not John Kennedy. Nor was it, of course, his predecessor, whom he had jeered at so caustically during the mayoral campaign. Referring to a press comment that, as the city's second Jewish mayor, he might turn out to be a six-foot Abe Beame, Koch said indignantly, "Can't you see I'm a six-foot *Fiorello LaGuardia*?" In the days just before he was sworn in, Koch told a *Newsday* reporter that he wanted to be like LaGuardia, because he "stayed in touch with people," and informed a group of *Times* editors and reporters of a political statement he planned to make in refurbishing the mayor's office. He would move out the desk used by several previous mayors, which was a copy of the writing table used by President George Washington in 1790, when this city was the nation's capital (an arrangement that, if it had continued, would surely have led the officers of the central government, like those in Paris and London, to take a less detached attitude toward the financial health of their country's largest city). Instead, Koch said, he would use the large mahogany desk then standing at the end of a City Hall corridor, which, according to an attached plaque, had been LaGuardia's. It turned out that, having been designed for the five-foot Little Flower, the desk had to be remodelled for the taller Koch, and he ordered it done. As he explained to the *Times* editors, he regarded the moving in of the LaGuardia desk as a signal that "it's finally happened—we're here." It would, he said, "somehow or other capture the moment—this is going to sound terrible—capture the moment the people took over City Hall. That's the way I feel about it, that the people are taking over City Hall."

ALTHOUGH, of course, it could not last, during the weeks just before and after Koch took office actions of a kind that have often set off considerable public outcry when they were committed by other city politicians were accepted with little fuss. It was as if a decision had been made somewhere that in return for replacing Beame, whose name had come to be a reminder of all the more dismal aspects of the fiscal crisis and the ineptitude with which it was handled in its early stages, his successor was to be treated with a certain temporary indulgence. Watching, Beame expressed amazement as, one after another, between the election and inauguration day, most of Koch's significant appointments went to former colleagues in his congressional or law office, to his campaign workers, to his financial supporters or their relatives—even to his district leader. "If I do it, they call it cronyism, and if he does it, it's good government," Beame said sadly. He did not comment—in public, at least—on the fact that, with the exception of Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, who was named deputy mayor for management, and a few people from out of town, nearly all of Koch's more significant appointees in this period were residents of the new mayor's home borough of Manhattan, which has about a fifth of the city's population. Of his seven deputy mayors, four are Manhattan residents, and one, David Brown, a former member of Koch's congressional staff who now lives in East Hampton, had a Manhattan address until two and a half years ago. It was not hard to conjure up the furor that would have broken out if Beame, as he took office, had made so high a percentage of his appointments from his home borough of Brooklyn, which has a population at least half again the size of Manhattan's. It wasn't until January 5th, eight weeks after Koch began naming the members of his administration, that he introduced, at a press conference in City Hall's Blue Room, his first appointee from Queens—Stanley Lupkin, the new commissioner of investigation. At that time, he had not made a single major appointment from either Brooklyn or Staten Island. On the same occasion, he introduced Philip Michael as the new deputy commissioner of investigation. The naming of deputy commissioners does not usually rate a ceremony in the Blue Room, and there was some suspicion that Michael had been thus honored so that Koch could point out that he lived in the Bronx.

Koch's reaction to the Proxmire-Brooke letter to the President was to remark confidently that the senators were "yet to be convinced" that the city's need for the federal loans was "a matter of equity and justice." The opposition of the leaders of the senatorial committee was considered especially ominous by less optimistic New Yorkers, since in 1975 the members of the Senate had been far more understanding of the city's problem than the members of the House, who passed the New York loan bill by only a ten-vote margin. Besides the municipal-union pension funds, the resources that the senators' letter recommended that the city depend on rather than clamor for further federal commitments were the city and state treasuries, state-employee pension funds, and the big New York commercial banks. The letter seemed to suggest that New York would be able to get back into the private credit market—from which it has been frozen out since March of 1975—in a relatively short time, despite the fact that last November a plan for an issue of short-term city notes had to be abruptly cancelled after Moody's Investors Service gave the securities its lowest possible investment-grade credit rating. In view of that judgment, the trustees of the union pension funds have every reason to argue that it would be highly irresponsible of them to endanger their members' future security by making such investments. A similar line will no doubt be taken by the New York banks, which will have an additional excuse to stay away from city paper; in the last couple of years, several of them had reportedly been put on the Comptroller of the Currency's list of "problem" banks, partly on the ground that they overinvested in unsound securities, including those of the city. And during the hearings of Senator Proxmire's committee the chairman explained several times that he opposed a loan renewal for New York because he well remembered that city and state officials had assured him in 1975 that that year's federal rescue effort would be the last the city would need. After the

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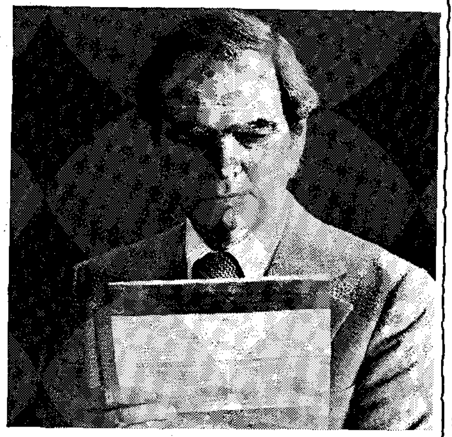

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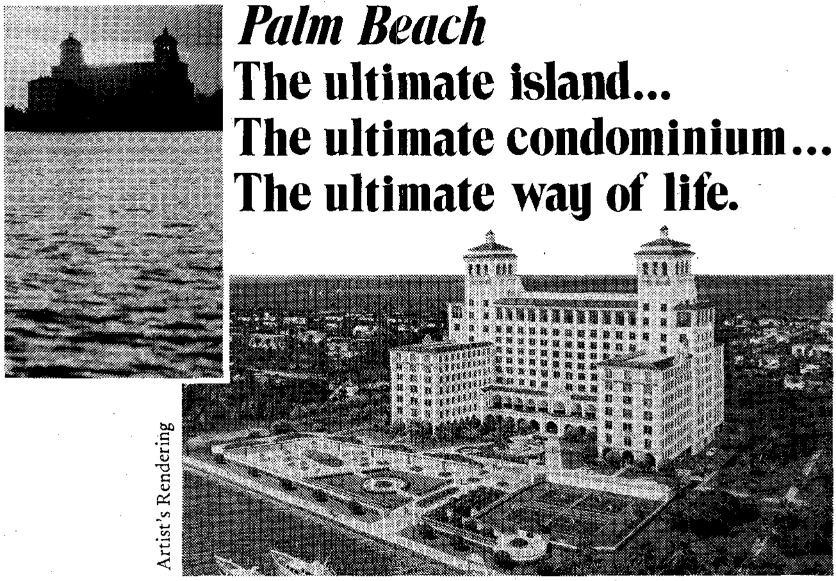
senators' letter was published, Walter Wriston, the chairman of Citibank, which is New York's largest bank, announced that he, too, was "cursed with a memory," and reminded Proxmire that in 1975 the Senator had criticized the city's banks for having gone in very heavily and in some cases too far for investments in New York City notes and bonds. "He can't have it both ways. You can't say at one point the banks have been imprudent in buying too many city securities and then again say they ought to buy more," Wriston complained.

Felix Rohatyn, who is chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, the state agency set up in June of 1975 to sell the bonds that no one would buy from the city directly, had a complaint of his own about the hearings of Senator Proxmire's committee. He pointed out that the senators' casual references to the city's possibly going bankrupt (they had tossed the word back and forth "like a Frisbee," he said, while Senator Moynihan described his colleagues as having thrown the term around "like a hand grenade") were bound to do further damage to New York securities. Sure enough, not all of the latest issue of MAC bonds could be sold, and after the Proxmire-Brooke letter was published those that had been sold earlier declined in value. Rohatyn has also warned that even if the city should win a renewal of the seasonal loans from Washington they would serve only as "a bridge to nowhere," since, two years after this special short-term federal assistance began, the city's debt is slightly above what it was at the height of the fiscal crisis in mid-1975. The reason for this is that the very high cost of borrowing has now brought the city's annual debt service to two billion dollars a year. The only way New York can ever get back on its feet is by bringing down its interest and repayment costs through a refinancing arrangement, and that would be possible only, as Mayor Koch and Governor Hugh Carey have now agreed to argue in Washington, if the federal government will guarantee long-term bonds for the city. Asked what the city could do to persuade Congress to give the city's case a better hearing, Rohatyn said, "I don't know. We've done everything but put on a saffron-yellow robe and set ourselves on fire down there."

There are indications that in the weeks to come those city leaders from both the public and the private sector who are joined in the latest effort to keep the city from insolvency will be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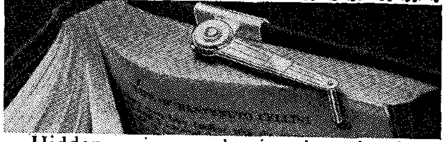

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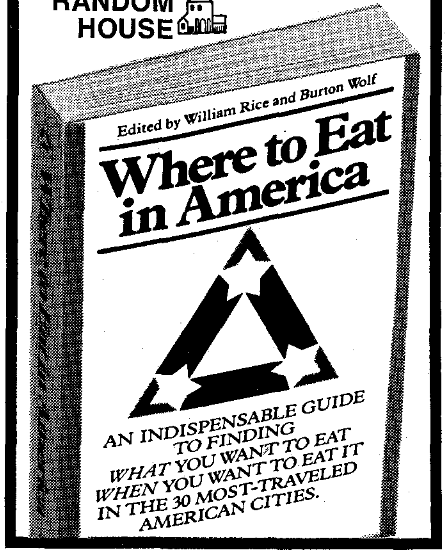
appealing not to the consciences of those who might make the difference but to their hardheaded business sense—even their avarice. The municipal-union leaders will be reminded that up to now investment in city securities has brought them a nice profit. In the nineteen-sixties and early seventies, the pension funds were managed in such a way that their annual return ran as low as two and a half to three per cent. The interest rate of the MAC bonds that the funds have been buying in the last two years has been as high as ten and a half per cent, and the new bonds are bringing eight and a half. There will also be the argument that if investment in the city offers some risk to the security of municipal workers, so does the prospect of municipal bankruptcy. And some of the witnesses before Proxmire's committee declared that bankruptcy of the city could well mean bankruptcy of the state, and imperil state employees. The state-employee pension funds, which the Senate Banking Committee recommended as one resource for the city, own no city securities, since they are controlled by a single trustee, seventy-seven-year-old State Comptroller Arthur Levitt, who believes such an investment to be unsound. Levitt, a Democrat, has announced his intention of running for a seventh term this year. ("What else would I do?" he asked Democratic officials who inquired about his plans.) He opposes such investment as contrary to "strict fiduciary concepts." It will frequently be recalled for him that the single time he was persuaded to invest twenty-five million dollars of the state pension funds in MAC bonds—in October of 1975, one of the city's near-default weeks—the ten-and-a-half-per-cent interest rate brought the funds a profit of one and a half million dollars when he sold the bonds a few months later.

Congress and the Carter Administration will be reminded that despite the fact that the loan arrangement for the city is constantly described as a "bailout"—a metaphor that may refer to something other than a sinking ship—the investment has also been a profitable one for the federal government. The city has repaid all the loans on time, or even before they came due. The 1975 agreement passed by Congress required that the interest charged the city be one per cent higher than the interest paid by the federal government to borrow the money. Thus, after deducting some expenses connected with the loans, the net profit to the United States Treasury has so far been about ten million dollars. (In some discussions of the possibility of congressional renewal of the loan agreement, it has been proposed that the punitive surcharge be doubled. Profligacy does not pay.) Rohatyn likes to point out that since the securities Washington sold to raise money to lend to New York, unlike the ordinary municipal bonds that the city would have sold if it could have, are subject to federal income tax, the government has made two hundred million dollars more on the city's financial distress. Besides all these debating points, supporters of the city's case will undoubtedly be relying on the rhetorical thunder and other persuasive qualities of Senator Moynihan, who earlier this month followed up the thirteen-page letter to the White House from the senators on the Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee with a six-page letter of his own. "The single object of urban policy in the United States in the years immediately ahead must be to prevent the bankruptcy of New York City," he told the President, and then threatened him with getting wrapped in a headline of sorts. "If New York City goes bankrupt," the New York senator assured Carter, "nothing else will be noted, nothing else will be remembered. It would be the only thing this Congress and your Administration would be remembered for."

MEANWHILE, at the Koch City Hall things have begun to settle down, and there are signs that the time of indulgence is over. The press has noted that Koch is spending less time on buses and subways and more time riding around in the mayor's chauffeur-driven car, which he inherited from Beame, and which in fact is not a traditional limousine but a blue Chrysler Newport. In the glaring light that is trained on New York's mayor at all times, it was noted that on his sixth day in office he had himself driven the few blocks that lie between Police Headquarters and Chinatown. One by one, city officials have been filing for permission to have cars assigned to them. City Corporation Counsel Allen Schwartz, Koch's onetime law partner, successfully argued that he should have a chauffeur-driven car because travelling home late at night by subway is "difficult, exhausting, and wasteful"—which was no news to most New Yorkers, who often find such travel difficult and exhausting in the daytime also. A claim by Koch's office that the Mayor's plan to maintain two residences (he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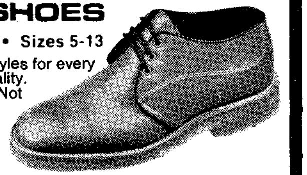
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will use Gracie Mansion for meetings and ceremonial functions and stay there three or four nights a week) would not cost the city money was openly questioned. Much larger questions, involving his sense of timing, were raised by the news, released just as New York prepared to go again to Congress cup in hand, that he was raising the salaries of twenty-one hundred city executives by three thousand to seven thousand dollars a year, bringing the annual income of a deputy mayor to fifty-seven thousand five hundred dollars. At City Hall for as long as anyone can remember, New Yorkers paying visits to the mayor were allowed to wait for him on two pewlike benches in the corridor just beyond his outer office; five days after Koch was sworn in, the benches were moved to a point just inside the rotunda. Callers on the mayor who had said he was bringing City Hall back to the people will now cool their heels beyond a buzzered metal gate controlled by City Hall police guards. There have also been some sardonic comments on a recent *Congressional Quarterly* report concerning last year's congressional attendance records. Although during the mayoral campaign Koch spoke almost daily of the vital need to clean out of city government the seldom-shows and other nonproductive types who don't earn their day's pay, the *Quarterly's* report showed that in 1977—when, of course, he was running for mayor—Koch had the third-worst attendance record of any member of the House. The two members whose records were worse than his were said to have "severe health problems." In a body in which, because of careful bunching of roll-call votes, the average attendance is ninety per cent, Koch's score was thirty-six per cent. Two steps above him, in fifth place, was the city's new deputy mayor for management, former Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, who was also busy running for mayor last year. The report could be of some use to labor leaders in the critical contract negotiations just ahead, and could give Senator Proxmire one more reason to act sanctimonious and superior, since his attendance record was a hundred per cent.

—ANDY LOGAN

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The Los Angeles Rams' Rafael Septien, a 5-foot-9 rookie from Southwest Louisiana and Mexico City, missed a 45-yard field goal with six seconds left, then, after a running-into-the-kitchen penalty on the Redskins, missed a 40-yarder as time ran out.—*Washington Post.*

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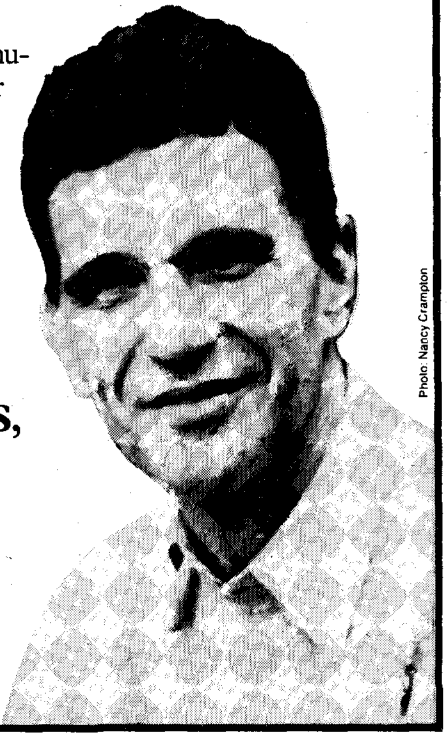

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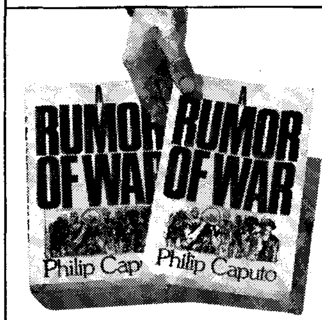

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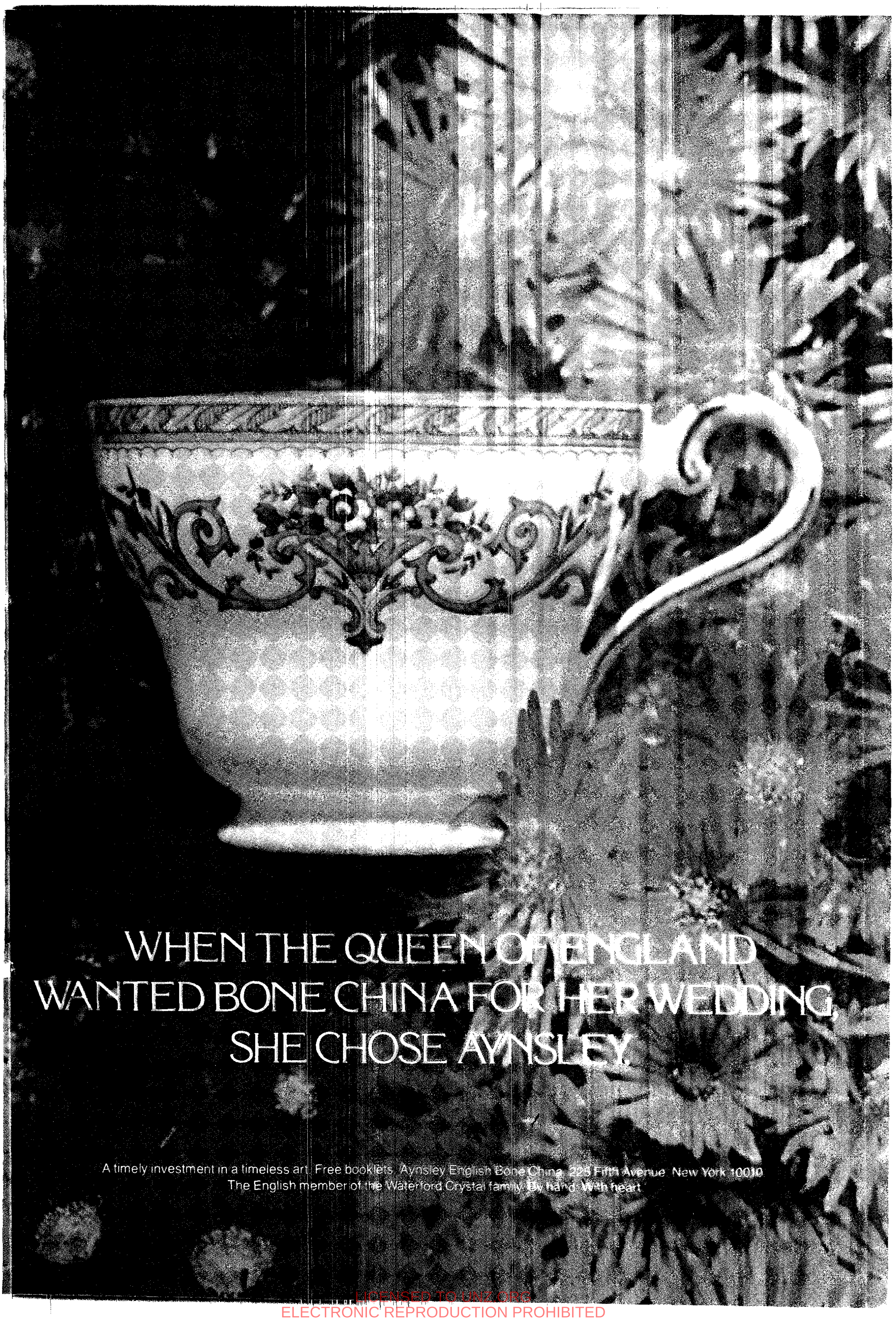
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